

v. 28 - 29

Error in volume

Oct - Dec vol 28

Jan - June v. 29

year 1920 - 21

THE
SMITH COLLEGE
MONTHLY



OCTOBER 1920

1066-7

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL		1
SATYR-LOVERS	<i>Marion Ellet, 1921</i>	2
MIST AND STEEL	<i>Margaret Cobb, 1921</i>	3
LYRIC	<i>Edith Hill Bayles, 1921</i>	5
EDUCATION AND COLLEGE (Harvard Prize Essay)	<i>Russell Chapin, Harvard, 1921</i>	5
OCTOBER SONGS	<i>Elizabeth Rintels, 1921</i>	9
THE INNKEEPER'S WIFE	<i>Adelaide Cozzens, 1922</i>	10
LOST	<i>Evelyn Price, 1924</i>	14
SNOW, THE GREAT DEMOCRATIZER	<i>Dorothy Butts, 1921</i>	14
A LITTLE LEAVEN	<i>Mary Short, 1921</i>	16
YOUR WORDS	<i>Athena McFadden, 1922</i>	19
THE SILENT CHAPEL	<i>Dorothy Benson, 1922</i>	19
WHERE THE ROADS LIE DOWN TO REST	<i>Margaret Storrs, 1922</i>	20
MOON-MAGIC	<i>Dorothy Benson, 1922</i>	21
NORTHAMPTON AT NIGHT	<i>Dorothy Butts, 1921</i>	21
EDITOR'S TABLE		
AN OYSTER BAR	<i>Winifred Whiton, 1921</i>	22
THE FAERIE QUEENE	<i>Harriet Bergtold, 1922</i>	23
AS WE SAY AT COLLEGE	<i>Julia Lincoln, 1922</i>	24
HER ROOM	<i>Barbara McKay, 1922</i>	26
BOOK REVIEWS		28
AFTER COLLEGE		29

Entered at the Post Office at Northampton, Massachusetts, as second class matter
Metcalf Printing Company, Northampton, Mass.

"Acceptance for mailing at special rates of postage provided for in Section 1103,
Act of October 3, 1917. Authorized October 31, 1918."

THE SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

Vol. XXVIII

OCTOBER 1920

No. 1

MONTHLY STAFF

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

EDITH HILL BAYLES 1921

MANAGING EDITOR

MARGARET TILDSLEY 1922

EXCHANGE EDITOR

FLORENCE WOLFE 1921

LITERARY EDITORS

CLARINDA BUCK 1921

ELEANOR CHILTON 1922

DOROTHY BUTTS 1921

MARION ELLET 1921

BUSINESS MANAGER

DOROTHY STEARNS 1921

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS

FREDA HAAS 1921

DOROTHY SCHUYLER 1921

VIRGINIA HATFIELD 1922

EDITORIAL

The editors of the Monthly hope that the new cover of the magazine will be "an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace." That is, it is one of many changes which they will make in an effort to improve the magazine. Suggestions from the readers for the improvement of the magazine will be welcomed by the Board.

We want to make the Monthly interesting to the general reader. Of course, "one can lead a horse to water," etc., but we believe that by sweetening the water and decorating the trough, miracles can be accomplished.

We want *you* to read the Monthly. If it's not worth reading, don't subscribe. But if you do subscribe, show some interest in your purchase; get your money's worth. We believe that the worth is there, if only you'll take the trouble to look for it.

FRESHMEN—

Don't be afraid to contribute to the Monthly. We want to see your work—all of it. We have very high standards, and we hope to be able to keep them high; we will probably reject most of what you write, but we want—and you want—our acceptance to stand for recognition of real worth.

There is surely in college, and in your class, a great deal of the type of writing we are looking for. Your own writing may be just what we want. Let us see it, anyway, and *keep on* letting us see it.

SATYR-LOVERS

MARION ELLET

I'm glad we'll meet when Indian Summer comes
 To woo again our drowsy purple hills
 With the caress of drifting smoky haze
 And with the shifting flecks of golden light.
 We'll meet at the old trysting place, high up
 In that still glade that looks out toward the sea,
 And where the clear pool, with its pebbly marge,
 Mirrors the heavy clusters of wild grapes.
 When the rich year is at its prime we'll come,
 And there shall be one glad, most glorious day
 Of sun, of laughter and of comradeship.
 Even like the Indian Summer we shall come,
 Laden with treasure and with wealth untold,
 The fruitage gleaned from our long wanderings.
 There shall be peace from starry, windless nights,
 And memories of pungent, odorous glens,
 And dreams from out the distance, and strange songs.
 Ah, beauty past believing we shall bring.
 You'll smile and lay your dream-hoard at my feet.
 We'll talk of the far-winding paths we've found.
 We'll speak a little of the scars we've won,
 And of the cruel injustices of chance.
 We'll weep a little at the fear of death,
 And then we'll laugh at death and scars and all.
 You'll sing me the bold ballads you have made,
 And we shall dance and laugh and dance again,
 Like the wild satyr-children that we are.
 One glad, one mad, most glorious day! and then—
 When the last flaming splendor of that day
 Burns in the western shadow-land, I'll see
 In your grey eyes the longing for the road.
 I would not hold you when that longing comes,
 And so, we'll say good-bye, and each shall take
 His separate pathway down the steep hillside,
 Where the first darkness of the evening lurks;
 And each shall seek for Beauty in those ways,
 In those strange winding ways that we have loved.
 Only, if so the woodland gods be kind,
 When Indian Summer comes again we'll meet
 In our high glade that looks out toward the sea.

MIST AND STEEL

MARGARET COBB

It is one of those velvety soft nights when it is neither winter nor fall but has almost a hint of spring in its mistiness. The dampness is not rain but comes so perilously near to rain that it is felt as an ominous presence. Trees close by the road have the mysterious appearance of trees in pictures by Corot; sounds remind one of the music of Debussy. Now, I think you have the stage set for the drama. In the shadowy depths of the background lurks a mysterious cow bell. Two figures emerge and stroll upstage. The girl steps a little to one side of her companion, and throwing her arms about her head in the attitude of a priestess before the altar cries, "Oh, what a night to be alive!"

Carefully appraising her expression the man says, with nicely adjusted enthusiasm, "Yes, isn't it now!"

"Sometimes I feel as though I could choke with joy on a night like this. Then I feel that those trees are going to shut down on me and strangle me with their branches, and yet I know they won't. What if that big one should fall! To be pinned under it!" Almost terrified at the idea she has suggested to herself she turns to the man. He is regarding her with interest and an expression which startles her. There is no response to her mood in him. Quick to sense this lack she says hastily, "But really, you know, I think it must be fascinating to be a civil engineer."

"Well, it's not what I should call fascinating, but it is a means of getting your bread and butter."

"Oh, but to build bridges that millions of people will cross every day, and to know that by the fraction of an inch you hold in your hands the lives of all those people. That is the most wonderful power that I can imagine. It is real service, too."

"Yes, I should like very much to build a bridge."

"Do you know, I think bridges are the most enchanting things that men have made. There is something about the swing and sweep of a suspension bridge that thrills me to the soul. Don't you think they express the personality of their builders—all bridges, I mean? Some skim over the tops of the highest masts while others just fold themselves up and get out of the way when a ship comes past. Each has its own personality which was put there by its builder."

"I never thought of it that way, but you may be right. A bridge means something achieved. It means that a new field is open. I don't know but that it means a step forward. So the man that has built the bridge must be a big man or he couldn't have done it."

When other men see the finished work they say, 'There is the work of a man that knows his business.' So the bridge is the symbol of the greatness of the builder."

The girl shrugs her shoulders and turns away poking the ground with her toe. Shaking her head she says, "No, that isn't what I meant. A bridge may be a symbol of greatness; it may be a glorious monument to its builder, but it also has a soul of its own. It is something that makes it distinguishable from any other bridge. Why, you'd know Brooklyn Bridge wherever you saw it. There is a quality in the bridge itself which endears it to you."

"Familiar objects seem dearer, if that is what you mean, Anne? I don't see where the personality of the builder comes in there. After the bridge is built the builder has it only as a tribute to himself. He has wealth and power and prestige. A man who has built a bridge is made."

All is quiet for a few minutes. The man stands with his hands behind him, seeing nothing of his surroundings. Anne pokes the ground between stealthy glances at him. At last Anne speaks—enunciating very slowly and distinctly as an oracle might, "What sort of a bridge would you build, Peter?"

A light comes into Peter's eyes, only the barest gleam but expressing hope and fear and joy. He starts to speak; stops; but cannot resist the temptation to confide in one so evidently interested.

"This isn't to be told, you know!" Breathlessly she shakes her head. He has some dreams, shadowy and well hidden. But now they are to be brought forth and she will know them. She will know this man better than anyone else. His eyes have a dreamy look, a meditative smile plays around his lips. He turns toward Anne. Her eyes shine like stars and she is almost on tiptoe before him. He takes a step forward and the dreaminess falls from him.

"Hang it all, Anne, why have we been talking about bridges all this time? You shouldn't look so entrancingly pretty if you don't want me to fall head over heels in love with you. Anne, I thought I should say nothing tonight, but I am fairly sure that what I want to happen tomorrow will happen, so—O Anne, there are no words can tell how much you mean to me. Anne, may I marry you?"

Anne steps back, aghast for a minute. Then she shyly puts her hands on his arms and says, "Yes, Peter, you may.—But" restraining him, "Tell me first what kind of a bridge you would build."

Peter laughs and answers as to a child, "Why, I shall build the new railroad bridge over the Ohio river for the Pennsylvania, if I get the contract tomorrow."

LYRIC

EDITH HILL BAYLES

O, a golden moon is a lovers' moon,
Glowing warm through the languorous night;

And a silver moon is a poets' moon,
With dreams a-gleam in its clear, cold light;

But the wan day-moon is my moon,
(The wan day-moon like a pale, high kite!)
The wan day-moon is my moon,
Is my moon,
The wan day-moon is my delight.

EDUCATION AND COLLEGE

RUSSELL CHAPIN, HARVARD, 1921

HARVARD PRIZE ESSAY

Tradition is our only assurance that education may be found within an American college. Socrates has not arisen to challenge a faculty of arts and sciences to define education and prove they are dispensers of it. But since an untaught youth can be shorn of his intellectual curiosity, and may have the growth of his reasoning powers retarded in a university which professes, at the same time, to educate him, it is not unimportant that the question, What is education? should be asked. In the light of the answer, it would be profitable to examine the system of instruction of a typical advanced college, such as Harvard, and measure its capacity to bring about the desired result.

The most common error is to consider education an accomplishment, as so many facts accumulated, so many courses passed, or so many degrees taken. It is not an accomplishment; it is a process. This process is composed of two simultaneous and complementary phases. One is disillusionment. It implies the general destruction of those Idols of Tribe, Cave, Market-place, and Theatre, which accumulate in every youthful brain, through the adoption of an iconoclastic or scientific attitude of mind. The second phase consists in training the judgment, by passing in review the various forces of life, weighing and valuing them, and relating them in the right proportion to each other and one's self. Unless a man has an idea of what "work," "men," "liberty," "success" are, and their value, he will begin his supposedly purposeful life, not as a rational being,

but as the puppet of tradition, ignorance, and his own inertia. If, at the end of four years, a college graduate has not built up a set of standards, or acquired the habit of dissecting and weighing the forces in the world about him, with the purpose of erecting some standards that will serve him as the basis of a philosophy of life, he has not been educated. The function of a university is to supply this process. If it does not, it has little right to be considered an educational institution.

What does Harvard provide? Its system of instruction is the lecture-course method. Twice a week the students attend lectures. A third time they meet in small sections, write a fifteen or twenty minute paper on some point chosen from the assigned reading, and spend the remainder of the hour asking and answering questions. An hour examination and a final examination complete the machinery of the system.

How do the students react to it? In lectures they jot down as many facts and opinions as they can. The "outside" reading, assigned in conjunction with the course, is gone over once, and written notes are taken on those portions deemed important. Note-taking becomes a regular habit, and along with it is developed a significant idiosyncrasy. The students conceive a passion for facts tabulated in 1, 2, 3, 4, order. Should a paragraph or a lecturer begin, "The *six* causes for the growth of free trade sentiment in England were First—Second—Third, etc.," down go all six in a fever of excitement, lest one should be overlooked. The students care nothing for the causes themselves, their relative value, how they actually affect conditions, or whether there might not be other ones, but only for the fact that there are six of them, which later they can easily memorize without having to extract them from a complicated passage or jumbled notes.

In the section meeting, the students write on a question chosen primarily to test whether they have covered the whole of the required reading and attended the lectures. The question can, therefore, always be answered by stretching the memory. A thought criticism is not desired, and can not be expected when study time must be spent preparing a dozen points to the same degree of excellence, although only one will be written on. Desultory questions follow. With fifteen brains puzzled by as many different phases of a subject, discussion is unproductive. A general clearing up of the least comprehended points is the most fruitful result possible.

The method of studying for exams and section papers consists in attempting to stretch the memory to its elastic limit. Notes are read and reread until as many facts and opinions as possible are lodged in the mind. Sometimes the assistance of a tutor, such as the Widow, is sought. All Mr. Nolen has done is to copy in miniature the Harvard system of instruction, and render it a hundred times more efficient. What it takes four months for the college to teach, he

teaches in two days, using the same method. With infinite care and patience, he has collected all that each professor has ever said on any subject, and summarized it with rare ability. He can reduce a hundred pages of book reading to one of typewritten notes, and leaves out nothing of importance. Harvard gives no greater substance though spreading her courses over a longer period of time.

This is the system and the normal reaction to it. Its great defect is that it trains the memory at the expense of the reason. The university has made the mistake of believing the opinions of its faculty are in themselves of educational value. They are not. Their only value is as critical instruments in assisting the students to form their own opinions. The function of a university is to teach youth how to think. Harvard teaches only what has been thought. No effort is made to cultivate a scientific attitude of mind. Disillusionment occurs only by chance, and is not the result of purposeful inquiry. There is no attempt to force the construction of standards. The inference is clear. Harvard does not provide a process by means of which a student may receive education.

After such a conclusion, the suggestion of remedies is necessarily in order. A few follow. First, abolish compulsory attendance at lectures, even though it deprive the deans of that portion of their work which must be highly amusing to their sense of humor, that of insuring an audience to lecturers by checking up the attendance of recalcitrant school-boys, who are old enough to know better.

Secondly, do away with the eternal vigilance of weekly and bi-weekly tests. It is as impossible for a student as it is for a business man to produce good final results if he must be prepared to stand an inspection at every intermediate step.

Third, make personal contact between professors and students a reality. Each student ought to have an hour a week with some member of the faculty to guide his study and test his thinking. A student as one in a group of fifteen can learn but little from an instructor in a position of an authority of whom he dares ask but three consecutive questions. The only relationship in which true learning is possible is when both are on an equal plane, equal, in the sense that both are seekers of knowledge, with the instructor helping the student to make each point sure for himself.

There are obvious objections to these recommendations. First, the students would not attend the lectures. It is true they would not attend those that did not interest them. However, this would cause no great harm, for they receive little benefit from lectures in which they are not interested, and such time could be more profitably spent otherwise.

A second and more valid objection is that the students would do no work unless they were constantly checked up by means of tests. The only answer is that they could not get less out of their work than they do now. Were the above remedies adopted it would still

be possible, as under the present system, to eliminate at the end of a year or two, those who feel studies are only an evil in an otherwise very pleasant existence. Those who come now with some degree of intellectual curiosity, have that curiosity blighted within two years. They become tired of memorizing closed subjects. What interest can they have in studies on which the college does not care to have them speculate?

The objections to the third point, that of a more intimate relationship between instructors and students, are, either that it would disrupt the existing routine of the faculty or that it would be too large an undertaking for the present equipment and staff. There is no doubt that it would cause a change in the faculty's mode of existence, but it does not necessarily mean a change for the worse. Certainly it would be no more boresome or deadening to a professor's intellect to explore the channels of a student's brain, than to lecture to an unresponsive audience, especially when the same lecture has been delivered five times previously.

In regard to the other objection, it is only necessary to multiply the total faculty membership by 18, the number of hours it might be expected each could contribute per week, and divide by the number of students at college. Such a simple calculation will show beyond a doubt that the faculty would more than go round on the hour a week per student basis.

There are many other remedies possible, and many more objections to these well-known suggestions. All need qualification and further refinement. They do indicate, however, the direction which reforms in the system of instruction should take, in order that the college may truly perform its function of turning out educated men.

OCTOBER SONGS

ELIZABETH RINTELS

I

October rains are grey and sad and still,
A soft weeping for the end to come
Of all the glowing times of riotous fall
That sings and dances to her waiting tomb.

The tears fall gently on the yellowing fields,
On purple mists of asters on the hill,
On proud red trees of glory—all sadly
Weeping and weeping, soft and grey and still.

II

October nights are cold and crystal-clear,
Tanged with the sweet sharp scent of full-blown fall,
Strewn on the ground, the dry leaves crisp and curl,
High over head, the midnight sky's a whirl
Of gem-cut stars that wink and flirt and call.

Witchcraft's abroad, ghosts gay and debonair,
White as the moon, still as the fast approaching snow,
Flickering up and up, follow the heady breeze,
Dance with the dark shadows of the trees,
The ghosts so swift and light, the shadows ponderous and slow.

All night that white, white band is merry mad,
All night they revel 'neath the star-gemmed sky,
No sound they make on curling leaves and crisp,
Frolicking gay as any will o' the wisp,
Till crack of dawn when, dancing still, they vanish like a sigh.

THE INNKEEPER'S WIFE

ADELAIDE COZZENS

A slovenly woman stood holding aside the curtain from the window of the little Polish inn. She was the wife of the innkeeper. The country trolley passed so near the side of the house that the woman could reach out and almost touch it.

The inn stood in that part of the town occupied by the factory hands. Twenty years ago, it had been a demure New England village—today the whirr of machinery was heard in the streets drowning the sound of the mellow-toned church bell—and clouds of black smoke hung over the roofs and settled on the colonial doorways whose tarnished knockers had once been their owners' pride. An influx of foreign laborers—Poles and Russians for the most part—swarmed through the streets going to and from the mills. They lived in cheap frame houses, lately built, that crowded into the backyards of the dignified old houses and from which odors of foreign cooking and dirt issued at different hours of the day. These people lived according to the customs of their home lands. Meat shops, grocery stores, their church, the barber shop, were owned by Slavs, and Alex Worjeck kept their own inn.

Anna, the wife of Alex, did the work. She cooked, swept, and sewed for Alex and her three small children. She seemed to work all day yet to accomplish nothing. Her house was not clean. There were always soiled pots on the stove in the kitchen where the family lived. In the morning, she roused any lingering guest of the night before and sent him off when the factory whistle blew. Glasses from the night before too had to be washed, the bar was swabbed off, and having swept the floor of her kitchen; she sat down, a dumb, brooding expression on her face.

When Alex made money, he bade her buy gaily colored dresses from the peddler who sold his wares from the back of a rickety wagon while his horse—an old rack of bones—stood not even blinking his eyelids while Alex bargained with the driver. Anna felt sorry for the beast, though she was not conscious of the emotion to give it a name. There was nothing in her mind that excited her self-pity to suggest a resemblance between herself and the horse. If life had gone wrong with Alex, or if the meal Anna cooked for him was not to his taste, he beat her, as the peddler beat his horse, until she whimpered to be let alone. At not yet thirty years of age, there were deep lines in her face. She had been a mother three times before her young body was sufficiently developed to bear the burden, so she was misshapen and ugly. Her limp hair, thin, streaked with gray, straggled

over her forehead into her eyes. But there was a heritage that still held traces of beauty especially remarkable in a peasant woman. From some anarchist ancestor, dreamer of a free Poland, perhaps, she had inherited hands with tapering fingers. At least, they would have tapered had they not been swollen and scarred from work and neglect. The nails were grimy. Anna neither realized her possibilities nor cared that she had been pretty once.

Alex Worjeck himself was short, and considered a good-looking man in the eyes of his countrymen. He seemed always to be counting his profits with every tinkle of the glasses that he heard from behind the bar. Something of a politician, his oily smile, meant to express unbounded geniality, usually put his guests on their guard. They paid especial attention in counting their change when he handed it to them with such a smile. If they found themselves a few cents short and dared to say so, Alex would apologize and pass the correct amount suavely protesting that his customer was justified in reminding him of a small error that he, Alex, a man of integrity, was sorry should occur.

On Sundays he wore a starched white vest spanned by a heavy watch-chain with a big locket on it. He took unmitigated pride in the white vest front and seemed not to notice the spots that accumulated there after every infrequent laundering. He almost never swept the bar room. Once a week, he loaded cases of empty bottles on the trolley and carried in to the cellar cases of full ones. This was Alex's work day.

The trolley waited at the switch usually about twenty minutes. There was a ruddy young motorman who passed Alex's saloon every day. His smile alone could have been his excuse for living, yet he was an ambitious fellow. He smiled on everything, on everybody, and stuck to his job. This run, though it took him from his own town, had brought a raise in his pay which enabled him to send his little sister to school. Being the head of his family—of mother and sister—his anxiety to make good was doubly commendable.

The branch line over which his route took him was the only connecting link between the villages along the way and the city. The railroad owned the trolley line and ran it instead of going to the expense of another branch railroad.

Anna looked out and smiled at the boy while the car waited at the switch. The motorman jumped down from his box to the ground, hopped on the step, and beat a tattoo with his foot. He exchanged the greetings of the day with Anna in friendly fashion. The whistle of the up-coming trolley sounded, the motorman mounted to his box, the bell clanged and the trolley rocked away. Anna watched stolidly at the window.

The passing of the trolley was the only sparkle in Anna's existence. When the boy sent her a friendly smile, her lips shone with pleasure. There was a tinge of excitement and worship in her

dumb eyes, wonder at a being different from anyone she had seen before. Once when she was a very little girl in her own country, there had been a picture of Koscikuski in her uncle's house of which the boy's blue eyes and wavy hair reminded her. She had never known whose picture it was. Though she could not put the thought into words, both picture and boy represented her ideal. If she had known better, she would have wished that Alex at least look like them, even if she despaired of his ever being of the same character.

On warm summer afternoons, Anna prepared cool ice-water or refreshing drinks and passed them out the window to the boy, when the trolley stopped. Once or twice, he refused to take them, but whenever he waited there, Anna always had something for him, so that he ended by accepting her crude hospitality. He recoiled from the squalor of the inn, and begged for pure water only.

Sometimes he was invited by Alex into the dingy bar. Alex aspired to the position of local politician. At any rate he had the politician's manner of greeting people. He thought it wise to show the motorman who transported his cases of liquor and empty bottles to and from the station what a good fellow he was. These little drinks on the side were a special favor, for Alex made no charge.

Summer days full of golden sunshine and hope passed by and the air blowing against the boy's face began to tang of autumn. Still Anna never failed to be at the window when the boy stopped. October and November came bringing chilly winds. Here and there white ice crackled in ditches and frozen footprints. The winter came on in New England bleakness and the snow fell before Thanksgiving.

The boy used to run into Anna's kitchen now, to stamp his feet for a moment, warm his hands and hurry out again. She watched him with light in her stolid face, and now and then her hair looked as though she had tried to make it neat. His appreciation of the Worjecks' kindness, he tried to manifest in grateful thanks whenever Anna gave him a cup of tea or some of their breakfast warmed for him. At his words, her eyes shone with pleasure. The boy never realized what his dropping in during the day meant to this slattern woman. Happy and faithful to his job, not given to analyzing either himself or others, he thought them good-hearted folks and forgot to mention them in his letters to his mother to whom he wrote all the events of his day's ride.

One very cold night in February, when rain and sleet were teeming down on the rocking trolley, the tracks covered with ice and freezing with every drop that fell upon them, the boy shivered and stamped his feet. He clapped his hands, swinging his arms across his chest and out. His fingers on the steering gear were numb. This was the last trip of the day and he was behind schedule. Turning the corner by Worjeck's, he thought how much he would like to run in to warm himself, but eleven o'clock seemed too late for either Anna or her husband to be up. The bell clanged at the corner as he slowed

down to run into the switch. The door of the motorman's box opened creakily as he peered into Anna's window. There were a few coals in the stove whose gleam seemed to intensify the dismal cold outdoors and the vacant trolley.

Softly the door opened and the boy jumped from his stool into the warmth of Anna's kitchen. The way in which she gently opened and closed the door showed that she had been waiting for him. With hurry in her shambling walk, she turned to bring some soup steaming hot from the stove. His hands were so cold that he could not hold the bowl, and Anna fed him a spoonful at a time like a baby. She cautioned him not to talk and waited upon him as Alex could not make her do, for all the beatings. As she rubbed his hands and ears, the chill gradually left him. Her husky foreign accent muttered many curses at the storm. The boy thanked her again and again as he kept watch for the up-coming trolley, while with the acknowledgment of his gratitude, her voice became thicker. He told her how good she was to wait for him and spoke in low tones, so that they might not disturb the snores of Alex in the next room.

In a few minutes, a dull gleam through the darkness warned him that he should leave the cheery warmth of the kitchen to finish his run. He snatched his cap and slipped on his coat. Anna held out his gloves, touching his fingers when she placed them in his hands. He started to go, but Anna circled the table and stood in front of the door. She looked at him while her face glowed at his profuse thanks. Pulling on his gloves, he stepped toward the door, but her hand reached out. She caught him and kissed him twice before he could shake himself free. He saw that Anna's eyes held the hurt look of a cow standing in the open during a rainfall.

The boy was completely astounded. He thought for a moment that fever had followed his chill and that now he was in a fit of delirium. Anna hung upon him. He thrust her aside and leaped for the door. Bewildered, he started the trolley instantly. Whizzing over the frozen tracks, he shook himself like a dog coming out of the water and put on speed over the slippery rails. Next day, he carefully averted his glance from Anna's window and shortly he was transferred to another route.

When the door closed, Anna flung herself on the floor. Weeping and moaning out loud in her disappointment, she finally wakened Alex. He inquired what was ailing her and scolded her because he had been wakened at a mad hour of night. Why was she up late? But she only moaned and wailed the more in answer. Anna had never acted like this before since he had been married to her. Her behavior, especially the cause of it, puzzled him and made him angry, so he beat her until her screams roused the two intoxicated mill hands who were asleep in the bar room. Alex had to quiet them or there would have been a neighborhood fight, so he dragged Anna to bed and bound her.

The next morning, she got up early to send the two guests to work, washed the glasses before Alex came for his breakfast in high good humor and gave her some money for a new hat—which she pocketed with her usual dumb gaze in an unwashed bowl which had once held the best soup she knew how to make.

LOST

EVELYN PRICE

Once on a time I knew the earth so well
I was so intimate with trees—
Green leafy hands caressed me as they trailed
Sprites whispered in each passing breeze.

The sunset was too big and far away—
I could not grasp the glory of the sky
But oh how well I knew grass blades, and how,
Green leaves turn scarlet as they die.

I missed perhaps the wide clean sweep of hills,
The purple shades I did not see
But mosses' balm I knew and often crushed
Them 'gainst my lips in ecstasy.

Alas—I've lost the earth; it is not mine
To feel again beneath my feet
The earth's slow breathings in and out—
Instead I walk on city street.

And forfeit now is that sweet touch of earth
For I have bought and sold with men—
And lost awhile that love of little things—
That I may never find again.

SNOW, THE GREAT DEMOCRATIZER

DOROTHY BUTTS

When my neighbor acquires a peeping crocus, or, having revelled in lilac scent or the odor of lilies of the valley, finds that June roses are his once more, he simultaneously undergoes a perennially distressing change. Proverbially he softens with the softening earth, melts with the passing snows, ruminates on the beauty of life—and falls in love.

This may be true, but have you ever noticed what a snob he becomes? Fences and garden walls are mended. Hedges, (built for summertime), are pruned and so treated as to allow no satisfaction to prying eyes. Have you ever noticed how the "No Trespassing!" signs spring up with the crocuses on lawns so soft that no one would think of strolling there, and appear with the first

lavendar blooms on fences over which one longs to climb, entering the forbidden territory of revived gardens? I have my own garden and I say I do not care; that mine is as alluring as his; that my roses are more abundant—but when I am so inclined, why do I always hesitate to enter his garden without escort? Of course, I do not think that he will think that I thought that his roses were more beautiful than mine—that, perhaps, I had in my secret admiration, picked one! When I am weary of tramping the main road far from home, why do I linger at the garden gate of that estate, where the old fashioned display makes me catch my breath? If it is not a garden of flowering plants, then surely it is his kitchen garden or his field of corn wherein I may not tread without suspicion. Only where my neighbor cannot see me, am I free to roam your fields and gardens, O summertime! What did you do to him when you were dressing up the world?

It is well that summer lasts no longer. Just when I am so conscious of restricted territory that I am ready to pack up and leave for good, a miracle occurs. My neighbor sheds his bristles. "No Trespassing!" signs disappear. The heavens open and a white powder issued from them works the charm. With three feet of snow covering it, my neighbor's lawn became mine—his garden mine, too. I snowshoe across lots over stone walls and wooden fences that said me "Nay!" in fairer months, into the land of wistful longings. If he sees me, so much the better! I may even hail him from his own cornfield, shouting: "Get your snowshoes, old fellow! Let's hike together! Haven't seen you for a coon's age. Where've you been hiding yourself?"

A LITTLE LEAVEN

MARY SHORT

It had been raining all day. It was not a stormy rain with big drops crashing to the earth, the kind that Byron sings of, but a steady, reliable, on-its-job sort of rain, the kind that having once begun intends to carry on. It was well warmed up to its task now and thoroughly enjoying its own wetness.

The people on the street however were not so pleased either with the rain or with themselves. It was late February, everyone walked with a slow and dragging step and rubbers seemed the heaviest possible weight. There was warmth in the air, but not a warmth giving a hint of spring, merely the sort of warmth you feel in December that, the old wives say, combined with a green Christmas makes a fat churchyard. This heat made raincoats uncomfortable and the extra exertion of holding up an umbrella seemed to some people almost more than they could bear.

An exhibition of early spring models in a store window added to the general gloominess. These were advertised as "Just the thing for Palm beach and southern wear." Not that many people in the town went to Palm Beach but the storekeeper did feel it gave the window an air.

Dreary as the streets were, the reading room of the public library was absolutely down and out. It was four o'clock—too early for the lights that later might give a gleam of welcome—and dark shadows fell all over the room. Near the door umbrellas dripped and waited for their owners. Over the stand was a sign that proclaimed to the world that it was the better part of valor to keep your hats and coats in sight. One or two hats hung beneath. Another sign said, "No Talking" and still another "No dogs allowed."

The magazines were all in one uniform. The same stiff, dark blue cover concealed the gay *Vogue* girl and shielded the modest brown *Atlantic*.

The attendant sat at her desk in the middle of the room, and frowned at the weather. On some days she was a rather pretty girl; but today her hair had the four o'clock look and her mouth turned down. It had been so rainy that she had stayed in the library at noon and helped with the cataloguing. And she was deadly sick of her job. It was all high school girls asking for *The Cosmopolitan*, and worried matrons looking for *Good Housekeeping*, and country women wanting *The Modern Priscilla*.

"But I wouldn't mind those so much," she thought irrelevantly, "for at least these people ask for what they really want. It's those

awful school teachers that read *The New Republic* and *The Nation* so painfully and conscientiously! And as for *The Literary Digest*—why they call it that is beyond me, when everybody gulps it down. I'm sure nothing could be digested at that rate!" She smiled at her own fancy, for there was nothing else to smile at.

Over her desk hung a large sign: "Wilful cutting and tearing of magazines forbidden by law." She kept the periodicals with the best pictures on a table by her side, and scrutinized carefully the people who took them, and kept her eye on them.

Her eyes fell for the fifteen hundredth time on the poster: "Food will win the war. Don't waste it," and she glared at the unoffending bit of pasteboard.

"If I only didn't have to look at the same things every day, it might be easier," she thought; "and in ten years from now, I'll look like that woman over there." She gazed moodily at a particularly earnest member of the "Literary Digest" tribe.

Over in the corner, a man was poring over the Help Wanted Male column of the newspaper. He had come in with a slight limp and bent shoulders. She wondered vaguely if he were a returned hero.

A harrassed-looking woman was reading an article on "How I Feed my Family of Five on Seven Dollars a Week." You could almost visualize the other four members of her family and see them sitting down to food substitutes for the next seven days.

A middle-aged man was reading *The Scientific American*, perfectly aware that his neighbor, an eighteen year old boy, was waiting for it. He decided to read through the advertisements again. It wouldn't hurt the boy to be kept waiting. He himself had had to wait for many things.

Suddenly out in the hall was heard the cheerful voice of a child, and an old man entered, followed by a small girl and a large black dog. The attendant got up with glee which she did not even try to conceal. Here at last was something upon which she could wreak her vengeance and vent her anger against the world in general. She started for the dog.

But he was a disconcerting dog. He reminded her of a pet her brother used to have and she found herself patting him. The boy who was waiting for *The Scientific American* jumped up and scratched the dog's head.

"That's a nice dog, mister;" he whispered, "I bet he's a good breed."

"Yes," said the child in ordinary speaking tones, "he is a nice dog."

The reading room jumped. Even a few magazines rattled their pages. The poor things hadn't heard anything but whispers for so long.

"S-sh!" said the librarian, "I'm afraid the dog will have to go outside."

"Oh, but Bob is always quiet!" shrilled the child.

"Well, he must lie down quietly then," said the librarian, relenting. He was a well behaved dog; he lay down; he was quiet. The old man was soon buried in some foreign magazines.

"But what shall I read, granddaddy?" The attendant started to "s-sh," hesitated, and then took the choicest London weekly and began to show the little girl the pictures.

"Thank you kindly, miss," whispered the old man, "she hasn't any mother and I had to bring her. I have to see the papers from the old country now and then."

"The poor lamb!" said the food-substitute lady, turning around. From the depths of her pocket, she fished up a peppermint. "Here's what my children like; do have this one."

"Sit up in my lap," the attendant suggested. "Now see the pretty pictures."

Over in the corner, the ex-service man and the boy were quarreling amiably as to the respective merits of bull dogs and Scotch terriers. Only the *Scientific American* sat unmoved.

"Come, Betty; time to go!" The old man had arisen. "I can't thank you enough, miss," he said.

"Oh, please bring her in again!" smiled the librarian.

The dog followed the pair out.

"That was the cutest child I ever saw in my life," a gruff voice broke in. "Here, sonny, sorry to keep you waiting for this magazine." It was *The Scientific American*.

"Oh, that's all right," said the youth, awkwardly, "and say, wasn't that a peach of a dog?"

The ex-service man straightened up and went out, with a new purpose in his eyes.

The woman gave up the unequal struggle with the food problem and turned to a love story in the beginning of the magazine. Then she leaned over and whispered to the attendant, "My dear, do you know you have a hair pin coming out?"

The girl responded quickly, "Will you just see that nobody sets the building on fire while I go out and fix my hair?"

YOUR WORDS

ATHENA MCFADDEN

Your words are perfect things—
They are birds with full, smooth breasts
That fly in wide, clean skirts,
And sleep in warm, brown nests
With folded wings.

Your words are little globes
Of glass of ruby-flake,
That tinkle in the air
And whisper as they break.

Your words are little ships
With silver shining sails,
That sing against the winds
Like purple nightingales.

Your words are colored fruits
In crystal jars and tall—
You break them with your lips,
I catch them as they fall.

THE SILENT CHAPEL

DOROTHY BENSON

Love hovered in the chapel of my heart,
Unhonored spark,
Found dim desires not yet understood
And candlesticks of rude unpolished wood
Whose slim pale tapers scorned his every art
To bright the dark.

At last one taper caught a trembling glow
That frailly seemed
To warm the roof beams of that too chill shrine
And clear the legend writ on mystic sign.
But since it flickered out, new meanings grow
I had not dreamed.—

WHERE THE ROADS LIE DOWN TO REST

MARGARET STORRS

Where do all the roads go that start off from the railroad track and wander on—to where? We whiz by so fast that all the peeking we can do shows us just the mere beginning. There is the tiny, narrow road, with little ruts and crinkled mud, that rambles off on tiptoe, so that no one can tell when or how or where it goes. And then, for fear its secret may be found, it turns and bends almost as soon as it starts, and hides behind the bushes and wanders on through the woods. A happy little road it is, that twists and dances on the way and takes its time to get there. A friendly little country road, so sociable that it must go wherever trees and brooks will keep it company.

No relative of this road—not even far removed—is the road one finds in the plain. It is nothing but a wagon track that starts off boldly as though it knew where it would end, but it keeps its knowledge to itself and no one else can guess. The only claim it has to the name of road, are two wheel tracks that go off across the country in a crooked tipsy line, till they are lost in the bigness of the world. And the only way that it keeps the secret of its destination is because it goes so far and one can see so little—for the world out there doesn't come to a jumping-off place, but goes on and on forever and the road goes to the very end. What could it find—the land of never at the end of the endless road?

And there are others that make one wonder just as hard. The straight and narrow road that is so careful to go off at exact right angles—a long straight road bordered with long straight lines of trees, making an avenue that passes on, past the little cottage on the hill, down the incline and up, and straight on, scorning the goodly little houses and barns and walking sedately by even fences and corn fields without turning its head. A straight and narrow path indeed! Does it lead to a little white church with its white shining finger pointing to heaven, or does it come to an end—where?

Then there is the family of town roads, the back streets that lead to the station. Some are bumpy, some are roughly paved. All are dirty and grimy, and the houses about are discouraged out of their respectability by the soot and the cinders of train time. Poor road! It thinks it is grand and most civilized—why, it belongs to a *town*. But it goes off to the crowds of the city, and if it squirms through the noisy center, it will suddenly die on the outskirts. For city streets never lead anywhere—they just go for one brilliant, gay while and then stagger and dwindle out to a cowpath or less. But it may be, you sad little road, that some day you will turn from your

course by the railroad and merge into the highway that runs on by the tracks. Then you can have a bright shiny pavement for sure, and dash on in a hurry, dodging over tracks, crossing back, ever speeding through cities and towns, and across wild meadows and plains. And then you can clasp hands as you cross the rambly, country road and the wild, straggling highway of the prairie, and bow sedately at the straight and narrow path, for you will have a destination too.

MOON-MAGIC

DOROTHY BENSON

The moon, all newly ripe, on mischief bent,
Lifts slowly o'er the shoulder of a tree,
Dangling her beauty through the dark, becoming leaves
A shrewd and confident coquette, testing her power with glee.

What though her wiles be old, and quickly known—
Her falsehoods cursed, her fervor morning-cooled?
Tonight the gaping, rustic world gulps down her spell
Pleading its passion of an hour—a thousand times befooled.

NORTHAMPTON AT NIGHT

DOROTHY BUTTS

The magic of this little town at night!
The quiet of the countryside
When engines stopped and crickets cried,
While someone mended brakes and waved a light,
Was not more peaceful than this town tonight.

Two sleepers the New England moon betrays:
A town of spires and chiming clocks
Embraced by lover hills whose locks
Of mist have silvered meadowland with haze
And even made the moon forget her phase!

EDITOR'S TABLE

AN OYSTER BAR

WINIFRED WHITON

The fish-market that I frequent (only I must observe that frequent suggests many more visits to it than I do actually pay) is an interesting box of a shop. It is built out on the edge of the wharves and through its small-paned windows one can therefore look out down the harbor. Whiffs of the salt sea are blown in and mingle with the sharp, brackish smell of fish and the dry scent of the sawdust-covered floor. There is a little cage at the rear where the business transactions are managed; on the left are the tubs for the fish that float about in them in a listless and subdued fashion, and then on the right side there is the counter—the “bar” I suppose I should call it had not the very word gone out of fashion. The counter is of chocolate-colored marble, very grand for its surroundings and particularly so for the close proximity of the iron sink that flanks it behind. Ranged along the counter are a bowl of somewhat musty-looking and generally rather more musty-tasting crackers, a pile of oyster forks (none too clean perhaps, but let hygienic reflections be banished!) and an assemblage of bottled relishes. There are huge shakers of red and white pepper and one of their milder cousin paprika, and bottles of tobasco and horse radish. This last the clerk invariably proffers in a gentle way and when you take it, it belies his innocent expression and bites and stings your throat and seems like fire itself.

It is to this counter then that I turn, and ask of the clerk—
“Have you any oysters today?”

This is a mere formality—there are always oysters. He replies with his accustomed list:

“Yes, ma’am. Extra selects, selects, medium selects, natives and small natives.”

“I want a half dozen selects, please.”

That is quite enough to start with for they are good-sized—the extra selects are enormous—and it would be enough to end with too, except that on days of good humor the clerk is apt to add two or three to my number with an extraordinary disregard of exact business measurement in any save a fisherman. He bends down and picks the oysters out of the pail and lays them in the sink where he proceeds to open them with one turn of a vicious-looking curved knife. As

he opens them he slides them over to the counter and I can begin my feast. This is when my friend behind the sink suggests the horse-radish and I take the veriest dab from the bottle, thereby showing good-will and also experience.

Oh they are delicious, these oysters! They are "selects" in truth, fresh and juicy, abounding in that distinction of flavor that only oysters have. But I forget—I will not show myself, at least no more than I can help, too joyful in the pleasures of the table (table is poetic license, I admit.) But, provided you have the smallest taste for oysters, you would think them delicious too, if someday you walked down to the harbor's edge, out on the wharves to my fish-market at the end, and there with the view of tossing waves and bobbing masts, almost at sea yourself, you called for "Half a dozen selects."

THE FAERIE QUEENE

(*With Apologies to E. S.*)

HARRIET BERGTOLD

A gentil mayde was pricking o'er the walk,
Yclad in woollen hose and plaited plaid.
She carried (this at least is common talk)
Some goodlie bookes, ybound in blue and red;
A useful loose-leaf note-book eke she had.
The palfrey which she rode the while she raced—
Which carried her on sunny days and sad—
By two strong wheels in lieu of legs was graced,
And eke a bell he bore to warn men of his haste.

Upon a slippery, chill, and dismal day
From John M. Greene she hied her forth to class.
Her steed did leap and skid along the way,
And crackled o'er the blades of frozen grass
As though he trod on pulverized glass.
He hit a stone and fell—and far and wide
Were scattered the goodlie bookes, alas!
The note-booke leaves, the mayden's joye and pride,
Like snowflakes fair and white were flung on every side.

In teares of woe and rage the mayden bent
To raise the fallen steed and gather in
The scattered bookes. And her discouragement
Waxed more and more than it had ever been,
For that the frisky breeze, in mischief sent
Pursued the note-booke leaves in devilment.
Full hard she strove to save each precious note
(For *all* her knowledge in that booke was pent.)

AS WE SAY AT COLLEGE

JULIA LINCOLN

A huge, new Packard stood on a side street away from the madding crowd. A group of six approached it. Three men and three girls. They got in and drove off. The Packard stopped outside of a dance hall in an amusement park. The six descended and danced. The hour became late—very late—eleven P. M., in fact. At this hour, the group returned to the Packard, and again drove off. It stopped again on a side street, and again the group descended. This time they left it noiselessly, and cautiously, and proceeded in the direction of a large college house. As they came near, one of the men gave a low, ominous, thrilling whistle. Soon a back door opened softly. The girls went in, and nervously crept up stairs and stairs. The men turned and departed in the direction of the Packard. The sound of the engine as it started and drove off broke the stilly silence of the night. The sound grew fainter and fainter and all was quiet again.

That, my friend, is “slipping one over.”

A very attractive young lady in a pale pink sweater and a white satin skirt, sat at her desk busily writing. A light tap on the door and, “A letter for you Jane!” brought her to her feet and a slight blush to her cheeks.

“From—New Haven—by any chance?”

“Yes, and post-marked Yale Station in huge letters!”

Jane dimpled and snatched the letter from her friend’s outstretched hand. When the third party—meaning the girl who had brought the letter—left the room, the attractive young lady in the pale pink sweater did many queer things. After grinning foolishly into space for a few seconds, she whirled airily around the room, before hurling herself onto her bed. She buried her face among her pillows, and kicked triumphantly. At length, she sat up, and opened the letter. Even as she did this her left hand stole shyly to the nearest desk drawer, and drew forth a snap-shot of a laughing, buoyant youth of twenty odd years. Then she read the letter hastily, then re-read it very, very slowly.

She gazed at the picture in her hand for a whole minute. “You lamb!” she murmured, and laughed.

Need I say that the young lady is “falling for” the Yale Freshman?

Two men bounded up the steps of a Smith College Campus dormitory, and rang the door bell energetically.

One turned to the other and muttered, "I can vouch for my own woman all right—but whether she has good taste in friends or not remains to be seen."

"Oh, well, it isn't absolutely necessary that I marry the skirt, y' know, Ed."

"True, my lad, true; but—oh! I beg pardon! Is Miss Crandall—are Miss Crandall and Miss M. Smith in? Yes Miss Mary Smith. Thanks."

The two (need I say it?) College Freshmen fell timidly into the drawing room and waited for thirty-two long, agonizing minutes. Then,

Enter the heroines:

One is small and dark—very small and very dark. She obviously knows both of the uncomfortable freshmen, by the familiar way she mutters, "Glad to see ya, Ed! How are ya, Fritz? (Pause) May I introduce Mr. Jones, Miss Smith? And Mr. Brown, Miss Smith."

Whereupon ensued much shaking of hands and low-voiced mutters, after the manner of Freshmen. Then the four wandered out into the sunshine.

Ed and the small dark girl, who was obviously well acquainted with both boys, rushed ahead out of sight and out of our story.

(Time allowed for disappearance of first two.)

"I am so glad to really know you, Miss Smith," was Fritz's first remark to the girl hitherto undescribed. "Divinely tall and most divinely fair," does not do her justice, but we'll let it go at that.

Mary smiled and turned a delicate pink under the keen scrutiny of the now utterly self-possessed youth. Her embarrassment was quickly covered up by an awkward lunge on his part. He had unromantically tripped over an accidental twig.

Mary laughed gleefully. "Oh, *don't* fall!"

The man turned—"Ah, but I have fallen *already*."

"Good! go on, go on! You began well."

The youth ignored her remarks. "Seriously, Miss Smith, you can't imagine how I've been looking forward to knowing you. Ed has raved, ever since he saw you at Glee Club—and I—"

"Glee Club! Why I didn't meet Ed, then, did I? I'm stupid about remembering people, but I surely would have remembered Ed!"

"No, you didn't meet him, and he was embittered. He saw you, but his woman didn't know you well enough to ask you for a dance."

They, too disappear into the dim distance, but only for a while. Their conversation is too patently childish to listen to for more than ten minutes at a time.

The next scene takes place in front of the campus dormitory at exactly nine-forty. Fritz and Mary are standing near the door. The other couple are just inside the door and out of the story again.

As it is really interesting to note the express-like rapidity with which two modern young people get acquainted, we will listen to the conversation of the two within earshot.

"I can't begin to tell you how happy I am to know you. I have never felt this way before. I know I shouldn't say this—but I am very fond of you! Is there any—hope for me?"

The blue-eyed girl beamed with emotion and pleasure. (She too, was a freshman!)

"I—I'm not engaged, if that's what you mean," she gulped.

"Thank you—dear," very low—"That is—what I wanted to know. May I write soon and often?"

"Please do!"

He bent forward, "And, may I—"

"U—not yet."

"Good night—Mary, dear!"

One day passed. A certain, tall, fair girl, and a certain, small dark girl hung around the mail boxes. The second day passed and the third. On that day the small, dark girl received a letter post-marked "Williamstown," and "private."

A week passed and the tall, fair girl vehemently cursed to herself and muttered.

That, dear listener, was a 'line' or to be more accurate—a heavy 'rope'!

HER ROOM

BARBARA MCKAY

Freshman Year—

White woodwork; white furniture, daintily papered walls; pink desk set; silk umbrella in corner; rose rug and couch cover; many silk cushions; large sepia photographs of sweet girl friends; Cosmopolitan on the table; rose lamp; pink tea-set; bookcase containing Rhymes of a Red Cross Man, Service; Michael O'Halloran, Gene Stratton-Porter; Laugh and Live, Douglas Fairbanks; Peter Pan, Barrie; Holy Bible; the Amazing Interlude, Mary Roberts Rhinehart; My College Days Memory Book; Anthology of War Poetry; and Dere Mable.

Sophomore Year—

White woodwork; white furniture, (slightly battered); blue wall-paper; Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Cornell and Amherst pennants, (Amherst on the floor under the bureau.) Blue and white curtains; large chafing dish; brass desk set; profusion of photographs of firm-jawed young heroes in army, navy, marine, or aviation uniforms;

piles of collegiate cushions; dance programs hanging from lamp fixtures; mussy looking bureau; bookcase containing Collected Poems of Rupert Brooke; The Way of an Eagle, Ethel M. Dell; How to be Beautiful (author unknown); Eleven Miles to Arden, Ruth Sawyer; The Eyes of Asia, Rudyard Kipling; Familiar Quotations; The Desert of Wheat, Zane Grey.

Junior Year—

Gray wall-paper; a few pictures, i. e., the Dinky-Bird, The Pirates, the Pot of Basil; gray and yellow cretonne curtains; larger flat desk, stacks of letters; art rug; "The Nation," flung carelessly open on the couch; large ink-bottle; cotton umbrella behind the screen; large student lamp; books in evidence, Joan and Peter, H. G. Wells; The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, Ibanez; Sylvia Scarlett, Compton MacKenzie; The Girl with the Green Eyes, Clyde Fitch; Trilby, Du Maurier; From Baseball to Boches, H. C. Witwer; Prison Reform, Mott; a copy of Vanity Fair.

Senior Year—

Campus; third floor; buff wall-paper; oak chiffonier; white dressing table; large cellarette; typewriter; roll top desk; white curtains; three red cushions on couch; brown wicker chair; large framed photograph over desk (guess who); time tables in mirror; brass lamp; papers much in evidence; small bookcase, containing: Modern Architecture; Little Women, Alcott; The Magic Skin, Balzac; Holy Bible; Story of Mary McLane; Modern Homes; Longfellow's Poems; The Tempest, Shakespere; A Minstrel in France, Harry Lauder; The Lady and the Tiger, Frank Stockton; Webster's Encyclopadia; Vogue.

BOOK REVIEWS

The Dragon, Lady Gregory

(G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS: NEW YORK)

Lady Gregory's latest play, "The Dragon," is a delightful bit of satire embodied in a disarmingly naïve little drama based on Irish folk lore. According to Lady Gregory, even in the days of dragons and disguised princes, there were "social climbers" and "would-be gentlemen," and she has depicted them with unerring realism.

She has dramatized for us the change in the little princess, Nuala, from a romping wayward girl who loves the "smell of salt on the west wind," and "the call of the gulls or sea-eagles overhead," into the woman who loves her prince-in-disguise. This development takes place in spite of, rather than because of the tutelage of her scheming and altogether mercenary step-mother, who nearly shatters romance in her desperate attempt to bring about a suitable marriage. The comedy resulting from this situation is strangely modern, even in its ancient setting.

As a comedy, of course, the play does not offer any great opportunity for the poetic powers that the author has displayed in other of her works, particularly in her translations of the Cuchulain material; and yet, every now and then her Celtic instinct asserts itself in charmingly poetic lines and phrases.

Lady Gregory's human interest is pre-eminent and her sympathetic analysis of character is at its best in this play, and these qualities, together with genuine humor and plenty of dramatic suspense, should make it a great success on the stage.

MARION ELLIOT

AFTER COLLEGE

PERSONALS

Contributions for this department are desired before the end of the month in order to appear in the next issue, and should be addressed to Dorothy Schuyler, 30 Green Street, Northampton, Mass.

MARRIED

- '17. Marion Gould to John Cotton, May 21.
Bessie Fisk to Thomas Lake, August.
Mary Hudnut to Bruce Lockwood, April 24.
- '18. Margaret Huddleston to Theodore Cross, June 17.
Ruth Barber to Chester Langley, June 19.
Elizabeth Curtiss to Wesley Plimpton Montgomery, April 5.
Martha Emmons to John Cooke, May 14.
Nancy Little to Herbert Greenleaf Noyes, June 16.
Carolyn Otis to Milton St. John, June 4.
- ex.* '18. Martha Shippen to Milton Allan Snyder, Jan. 14.
- '19. Natalie Kent to Cecil A. Moore, June 22.
Mary Foster to Kenneth G. Collins, May 31.
- '20. Mabel Lyman to Gilbert Hutchinson Tapley.
Katherine Hunt to Dr. Thorndyke.
Ruth Hubbard to Fritz Holliday.
- ex.* '22. Carolyn Jesse Goldberg to Waldo Edward Oettinger,
Aug. 25.

ENGAGED

- '17. Margaret McClure to Howard V. Fisher.
Helen Pierson to Bailey Brower.
- '18. Hester Chapin to Mansfield A. McKeaye.
Mary Frances Hartley to Homer Barnes.
- '19. Sally Clement to Alfred Pease.
Edith Dohrman to Arthur DeWitt Alexander.
Marion Smith to Fred Stonemen.
Gertrude Wells to Hamilton Smith.
- ex.* '19. Dorothy Rogers to Donald Lesley.
- '20. Katharine Dickon to Franklin King.
Lorraine Tuthill to Clifford Chase Hield.
- '21. Ruth Hutchinson to Granville B. Fuller.
Olive Snow to Peter Ashe.
- ex.* '21. Frances Tener to William Brown.

BORN

- '19. To Carol (Gulick) Hulbert, a son, Ralph, March 31.

OTHERWISE OCCUPIED

- '18. Rachel Damon is in the educational department of the Houghton-Dutton Co., Boston, working on commissions for the women.
 Margaret Jewell is doing laboratory work for Dr. William Gerry Morgan in Washington, D. C.
 Esther Ham has been teaching French in the High School of Flemington, N. J.
 Mina Kirstein is teaching English at Smith.
 Marion Lane is working in the Advertising Manager's office of the Yale University Press.
 Margaret Perkins is working in the American Woman's Hospital, Serbia.
- '19. Jean Dickinson sailed August 26 for China to teach sociology in Yen Ching College, Peking.
 Cornelia Hopkins is doing Psychiatric Social work in The Psychopathic Hospital, Boston, Mass.
 Katharine Purnell has just finished a course at Posse School, Boston. She is to be an assistant instructor in physical education at Western Reserve College, Cleveland.
 Margaret Stephenson is teaching in Antioch, Ill.
 Madeline Stanton is attending Mrs. Gibbs's School for Secretaries in Boston.
 Alberta Smith is doing clerical work in Cherry Valley, Mass.
 Hazel Snyder taught English in Adams, N. Y., last winter.
 Jean Sinclair is doing banking this winter in Sioux City.
 Helen Scholz is doing social work for the St. Louis Provident Association.
- '20. Agnes Grant is studying in the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, New York City.
 Edith Levy is appearing in the mob in "The Treasure," Theatre Guild, New York City.
 Helen Carvalho is studying medicine.
 Frances Flint is training at the Psychopathic Hospital, Boston, Mass., for Psychiatric Social work. She went to the Smith Summer School last summer.
 Francisca King is teaching in the Zoology Department, Smith College.
 Marian Rubins is studying at the University of Minnesota.
 Margaret Broad is going to make her debut in Ft. Worth, Texas.
 Elizabeth Humphrey is teaching music at The Greenwich Village House, New York City.

Ruth Willian is teaching in the Music Department, Smith College.

NOTICE

1919

At the class meeting held during commencement the class tax was voted \$2.00 to cover the interval from our commencement to third reunion. If you owe part or all of this, please send it as soon as possible to Adele Adams, Treasurer, 127 Highland Place, Dubuque, Iowa.

THE
SMITH COLLEGE
MONTHLY



NOVEMBER 1920

CONTENTS

HOME	<i>Sylvia Clark, 1924</i>	33
TERROR	<i>Ruth O'Hanlon, 1921</i>	34
VERSES	<i>Dorothy Butts, 1921</i>	35
FRANCIS LEDWIDGE	<i>Ellen Douglas Everett, 1921</i>	36
THE BROKEN IDOL	<i>Dorothy Benson, 1922</i>	39
SUMMER	<i>Eleanor Chilton, 1922</i>	46
MARTHA, THE COW	<i>Jane Cassidy, 1923</i>	47
ANDREW	<i>Julia Lincoln, 1922</i>	51
IN A FRIENDS' MEETING	<i>Evelyn Hardy, 1924</i>	58
EDITOR'S TABLE		
THE FRESHMAN	<i>Sylvia Clark, 1924</i>	59
NOSTALGIA	<i>Dorothy Butts, 1921</i>	59
MY PRINCESS	<i>Jane Cassidy, 1923</i>	61
EDITORIAL		62
EXCHANGES		63
AFTER COLLEGE		65

The Smith College Monthly is published at Northampton, Mass., each month from October to June, inclusive. Terms \$1.75 a year. Single copies 25c.

Subscriptions may be sent to Dorothy Stearns, 30 Green Street, Northampton.

Contributions may be left in the Monthly box in the Note Room.

Tables of Contents for the year 1919-1920 will be sent upon request.

THE SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

Vol. XXVIII

NOVEMBER 1920

No. 2

MONTHLY STAFF

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

EDITH HILL BAYLES 1921

MANAGING EDITOR

MARGARET TILDSLEY 1922

EXCHANGE EDITOR

FLORENCE WOLFE 1921

LITERARY EDITORS

CLARINDA BUCK 1921 ELEANOR CHILTON 1922
DOROTHY BUTTS 1921 MARION ELLET 1921

BUSINESS MANAGER

DOROTHY STEARNS 1921

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS

FREDA HAAS 1921 DOROTHY SCHUYLER 1921
VIRGINIA HATFIELD 1922

HOME

SYLVIA CLARK

I know a lane that has some lovely little houses under its spreading trees—houses that are real homes—and sometimes people without any real homes of their own find a sort of melancholy pleasure in looking at other peoples'.

There was one house in particular that I went to see, in spite of the fact that no one lived in it. It was quite the right kind of a little house—white, with green blinds, a sloping roof, and a fairly wide front porch. It had fan-shaped dormer windows tucked away under the eaves that made you think of a funny, cluttered, interesting old

attic, and the two chimneys still rose like sentinels at either end of the roof. In fact, it was exactly the kind of house one often meets in day-dreams.

And although no one was living in it at the time, it did not at all have the look of Joyce Kilmer's "House with nobody in it." The white door seemed ready at any moment to open in welcome to its home-coming family; the windows were not forlornly gaping, the merry, eager faces had just vanished for a moment and would soon return. It was not a forsaken house, but a much-loved home waiting patiently until its own people should come back to it.

And, oh, how I longed to put an end to its waiting! I even went so far as to lease it (it was not for sale) but it would not accept me. I did not belong to it; I was a stranger in my own house. Every time I crossed the threshold, I felt as if I had burst rudely into a stranger's home. The house was like a flower that closes at dusk because the sunlight is gone and will not open to the moon, but waits patiently until dawn shall bring the sun again.

So I had to give it up and go back to my old room, always watching and hoping that some day some one would open the white door whom the house would recognize and welcome as its own.

TERROR

RUTH O'HANLON

Sometimes they come back suddenly
Out of a vague child-past,
As poignant as the smell of burning leaves
Or swift sad cries that come and die away,
My heart stops now as it did then
When I saw a bleak house suddenly
Whose windows stared like vacant eyes
At me. A falling star
Falling—falling—into what?
Grey mists at night.
And the old queer fright
Of thinking too much of time and space.

VERSES

DOROTHY BUTTS

I

I am living in the beauty of your soul,—
The beauty of old gardens
Where flowers pay a toll
To disuse that never hardens
Their soft colors, and a wall
Rambles on and falls away,
Spilling stones and moss. (They say
The owners never enter them at all!)

The humming birds, the crickets, and the moon,
The long, cool shadows of late afternoon,—
We lovers of the rare have come to stay
While you are seeking beauty far away!

II

Dear, take my love and do not hesitate.
You think that I shall always wait,
I am so calm.
(It is to reassure and to inspire
New confidence in you.)
Quick, take my love before it is too late!

Here are my hands held out to give to you
Their treasures, some old, some new,
All dear to me.
Oh, do not agonize me by delay
And musing which to take!
Quick! Say I gave them to you, passing through.

III

If you will wander, so shall I,
In opposite directions ply
Our irresistible two ways
Into the nights, into the days.
The east and west shall draw apart
Like magnets, your heart from my heart.

How vain our tears, now we have seen
That east and west have common lures.
You were my magnet; I was yours,
With all the world between!

FRANCIS LEDWIDGE

ELLEN EVERETT

“And yet I think that you are not forgotten;
For even in the Irish air there will be somewhat of you;
In the wide beam of sunlight
Streaming athwart the mountain to the fields
Furrowed and brown, where languid rocks and gulls
With their sharp crying, circle or sit and sun themselves.
The song of birds shall speak of you, the blackbirds chirping
cheerily of spring
When hawthorn blows and gorse runs thru the hedge;
The lark lost in the morning, and the stream
Sparkling, or dark with pools where salmon leap. You will
Not be forgotten.”

Nothing could tell better the spirit and the material of Francis Ledwidge's poems than the above poem written of him by Norreys O'Connor. Despite the fact that Ledwidge was in the War three years and died on the battlefields of Flanders in 1917, his poetry scarcely hints of war; and when it does, it is with a gentle reflectiveness, a melancholy that is a longing for Ireland rather than hate of war. It is difficult to believe that a poet's impressions and spirit could be so little scarred by the Hells through which his body was forced to go; but the poems which Ledwidge wrote in a hospital in Egypt and in Barracks, and his "Last Songs" are as tranquil and as full of the gentle peace of an afternoon in May, as are his "Songs of the Fields," written before he entered the War.

Francis Ledwidge best described himself in his poem *My Mother*—"I bless the God who such a mother gave this poor bird-hearted singer of a day." He is like a bird singing, full of simplicity, tranquillity and happiness, often tinged with the wistfulness that comes from a spiritual enjoyment of nature. A glimpse of the titles of his poems gives an index to their substance. *To a Linnet in a Cage, A Twilight in Middle March, Spring, A Rainy Day in April, Evening in May, The Hills, The Wife of Llew, June, A Memory, A Song, A Little Boy in the Morning, May, The Gardener, Autumn Evening in Serbia, The Home-Coming of the Sheep, Pan.* These were selected at random from all of his works.

Francis Ledwidge sings of "An emerald land of many memories and swift-winged songs." Blackbirds and blackbirds and blackbirds carol their way through his poems; the golden bees go buzzing; the wild poppies now blaze 'mid the corn, and now make bonfires on the leas; the swards are full of meek daisies, hawthorn trees unfurl their flags of truce. Spring smiles and sighs, breathing her gentle presence in poem after poem. One of the loveliest descriptions of her is from *A Rainy Day in April*.

"And Spring all radiant by the wayside pale,
Sets up her rock and reel.

See how she weaves her mantle fold on fold,
Hemming the woods and carpeting the wold.
Her warp is of the green, her woof the gold,
The spinning world her wheel."

I dare not speak of his birds, of his yellow-hammers, robins and thrushes, and most of all of his blackbirds. They must have grief in their songs these days to have lost such a lover of their music. His love of birds and flowers and of all nature veils his poems in a kind of natural magic, which breathes mellow "Gladness, youth and May." Like him, we too feel

"What are we but fairies, too,
Living but in dreams alone,
Or at the most, but children still,
Innocent and overgrown."

His poems sing slowly, sometimes languidly; his rhythm and touch are more deliberate and not so delicate, though full of fantasy, as Walter de la Mare's. But this is a charm, for the spirit of his poetry requires an ampler and more sweeping "brush." Some of the lines in his earlier poems are marred by trite touches, and some lack sureness, such as "When Autumn's crayon tones the green leaves sere," and "And dykes are spitting violets to the breeze," but with a few trifling exceptions, his poems are exquisite in their simplicity and gentle reflection of the spirit as well as the physical self of Nature. Quite appropriate is Lord Dunsany's comparison of Ledwidge's poetry to a "mirror reflecting beautiful fields, or a very still lake on a cloudless evening."

One finds these characteristics in his later poems as well as in his earlier. Though in the heat of war, he still dreams of the black-

birds and the bluebells and the "winds that are scented with woods after rain." But one finds also a more serious tone, a realization of the change that is taking place with himself: as *In The Mediterranean Going to War*.

"Roaming, I am listening still,
Bending, listening overlong,
In my soul a steadier will,
In my heart a newer song."

High-hearted gallantry rings, in *Soliloquy*.

"It is too late now to retrieve
A fallen dream, too late to grieve
A name unmade, but not too late
To thank the gods for what is great;
A keen-edged sword, a soldier's heart
Is greater than a poet's art.
And greater than a poet's fame
A little grave that has no name."

Even when the spontaneous optimism and zest of this poem is replaced by a sadness from the loss of dear friends, or from anticipation of the well-nigh inevitable, it is a mellow sadness like that which comes from seeing a tree in its last autumn glory. This is the spirit of *Song-Time is Over*.

"I will come no more awhile,
Song-time is over.
A fire is burning in my heart,
I was ever a rover.

You will hear me no more awhile,
The birds are dumb,
And a voice in the distance calls,
'Come,' and 'Come.' "

Francis Ledwidge, it is now for us to sing "The silence for you
And the sorrow for me."

THE BROKEN IDOL

DOROTHY BENSON

He was of true New England calibre, with a conscience uncompromisingly narrow and a pride almost intolerably arrogant. Possessed of a dogged tenacity of purpose, even when he was very young, he triumphed over difficulties of character and circumstance that soon made him superior to much older and cleverer children. From the earliest years at school he had been singled out as a child unusually dependable and able to be trusted, and as he grew older positions of responsibility and importance were given him as a matter of course, and without dispute.

“Whatever Fred Harrison sets his heart on as worth while, he’s bound to carry through,” was the flattering tribute an ever admiring juvenile public paid him. Not only his contemporaries, as the boy grew near the end of his teens, believed so implicitly in his infallibility; Mother’s friends were well informed of the pure-mindedness that guided his actions, his chivalrous but indescribably discreet social tactics; Father’s intimates gloried with him in Frederick’s laurels, drawn from the various fields of prep school sciences, field sports and miscellaneous branches of competition.

Frederick Harrison had himself come to believe, not altogether unreasonably, that the promising omens of general approval, and the success that usually attended his youthful ambitions betokened great things for him in the future. Gradually it became a sort of hobby of his, to keep himself immune, as much as possible, from the small indulgences and follies his boy friends permitted themselves. With enough common sense to keep him from carrying it to a point that would at all expose him to ridicule, he made a sort of idol of himself to himself; with almost the zeal of a fanatic he tried to crush out all the weakening thoughts or impulses inconsistent with the resemblance he hoped one day to perfect, between his outer self and the ideal always in his mind.

Unfortunately, or fortunately perhaps, there was a contradictory trait in his character, so out of sympathy with all the rest, that more than once it had threatened the whole structure of his laboriously erected ambition. This dangerous quality was apt to come to the surface in rather varied forms—Frederick himself found it baffling

to classify definitely; but one might somewhat ambiguously describe it as a sort of sporadic romanticism or responsiveness to a certain type of sentimental appeal. He was within a year of graduation when the war broke out in 1914, but so strongly did this emotion assert itself, on the occasion of certain venturesome friends volunteering for ambulance service, that next spring, there was more than one painful struggle between the boy's divided feelings—the longing to go, and do dramatically great things—and the deeply laid ambition that could be fulfilled only by the step-by-step progress in the execution of prosaic duties. In the end he overcame the truant impulse and plunged harder than ever into the daily round of studies and athletics.

In still another way Frederick's severely ordered existence had once or twice been disarranged by this inconsistent element. Somewhat by cultivation, but more by natural instinct he was moved almost painfully by the lovely aspects of nature; but it was not nature's perfection by itself, that upset and overwhelmed his beautifully balanced equilibrium, but a vague sense that something was lacking to make him quite fully appreciate it. The troublesome part of it was, that whenever with characteristic logic, he sought to equate this phenomenon to some missing term, the only equalizing factor seemed to be a girl. Nothing disturbed him more than the realization that he nearly always came to this conclusion. Girls had no function whatever in his thoughts—until the hazy goal of success was practically attained. Up to then they were to be considered impersonally and externally only, as being necessarily involved in the category of social obligations which he also sustained with patient zeal. But when the time did come for them to figure on his schedule, it was only the most aristocratic, haughty young eligibles that would pass in review before his impartial consideration. Then perhaps—

But the intruder who was so irritatingly entangled with his appreciations of sunset and moonlit bays was not, in the least related to his hazy conception of girls. She was distinctly of the present—and past; she was neither haughty nor eligible, beautiful nor especially intelligent. She was simply puzzling—and to his still naïve and boyish mind this did not at all explain the persistency with which she appeared mentally—at odd moments. When he was with her, too, he now and then found himself making concessions

totally inappropriate to his dignity and importance, and the worst of it was, she never seemed properly to appreciate the fact. Once or twice he had so far forgotten himself as to arrange to arrive before the time other casual callers were apt to drop in—and afterwards he would wonder feverishly if she thought he meant anything by it!

As a consequence of some such incident as this Frederick had of late let his "social obligations" take care of themselves. For over a month he had been greatly preoccupied in trying out for "track," which filled all his leisure thoughts with satisfactory efficiency. On his way to the track one day, he passed an acquaintance who inhabited the same suburb as the unruly perplexity. Frederick hailed him, and after just the right amount of bantering he inquired with languid interest, what was going on in Dedham?

"Oh same sort of thing; everything in general—nothing in particular—Pen Garfield's just gotten a new Mercer."

"Pen Garfield—" meditated Frederick aloud—and stopped with an unconscious wrinkle in his forehead.

The other boy saw it:—"Oh, by the way—have you heard about Pen and Marjory? You have though, of course! I forgot that you were a friend of hers. Guess we're all about cut out now, eh?" It was an artistically casual little speech, but there was a mischievous twinkle in his eyes that could not be concealed.

"Oh, yes—yes indeed—at least—I rather suspected it quite a while ago. Well, I guess the Mercers have the advantage over us old plodders in more ways than one. Have to be hurrying, old chap—got an appointment in five minutes—glad to've seen you. Come over to my room some night, won't you? Oh—thanks!"

Frederick's voice rang out with great heartiness, in fact his laugh quite resounded in boisterous camaraderie across the campus. But as the other boy passed on, he smiled to himself. Frederick had walked off holding his proffered cigarette dazedly in one hand—a fact of peculiar significance—since it was a college joke that no one had ever been able to persuade Frederick into smoking even a whiff.

Except for that one unconscious betrayal no one would ever have suspected the tumult of conflicting thoughts within the tall, pleasant-faced boy, as he strode briskly across the green lawn, not forgetting to hail a chance acquaintance passing in the distance. Yet inwardly a blind anger devoured every part of him—anger utterly unreasonable and absurd—against the chattering fool who had given

him the information—anger that the only girl he'd ever credited with some sense should make such an ass of herself as to—oh rot! Rage, scorching and fierce against himself most of all, to be upset about it. Even in the privacy of his thought it was humiliating and unworthy of his dignity. At last out of the chaos of incoherent desires and self admonitions surging now up, now down, in a veritable tide, one idea asserted itself with definite persistency—he would go to see her that night—to congratulate her, he amended with unconscious hypocrisy—in response to the faint but accusing image of his “ideal.” So contenting himself with this temporary truce he got through the remaining duties of the day, probably with more success than another boy in the clutches of a new and unanalyzed emotion, but with very little satisfaction to his own uncompromising standard of fulfilment.

Alas for the futile struggle of twenty, against a feeling re-enforced by the victories of untold centuries! Alas for the ice of the most invincible ambition when it is tested by the heat of the first dazzling realization of love! How could Frederick have foreseen the undreamed of, as he braced his strangely weakened morale against all vulnerable points of attacks, by composing innumerable vapid defensive speeches, and by reviewing the triumphal progress of his career, as he imagined it—for the next five years. How could he have foreseen his nonplussed, unskillful silence when his very first studiedly casual remark brought forth an indignant repudiation from the surprised girl.

Then Fate, doubly vindictive for her long period of waiting, triumphed cruelly over poor Frederick's totally disorganized state of mind. In one breathless instant she swept away the legion of stalwart pride, conscience, and egotism that had defended him so long and loyally. With haste cruelly overwhelming, that seed planted by scarcely more than jealousy and wounded vanity and a few paltry associations of the past, was brought to maturity.

Was it a different Frederick Harrison that stumbled, half in a daze, into a strange, yet very familiar college study, nearly at midnight that same evening, after a long aimless walk through foggy streets strewn with mocking changeful lights. Or was it a new world, that the same old prosaic, hard-working self had somehow fallen heir to,—by the exquisite magic of a check against his—by the quivering remembrance of a kiss, tremulous and fragile as the breath of fog

against his forehead, as he hurried down the outer steps, beyond the circled reflection of the street light, into the soothing dark.

He dropped into his desk chair overcome by a trembling exhaustion more enervating than the reaction after the most strenuous day of football practise. Over an hour he sat there, quite limply, without daring to think—then, with a pathetically involuntary movement he reached for the text books, towered in confident expectancy at one corner of his desk. But the closely printed columns blurred and danced before his eyes, the opaque, geometrical figures grew transparent as soap bubbles, or formed frames of varying shapes for the unvarying, dazzling image of that unbelievable phenomenon he had so lately known. Again, and again he struggled to compel his long obedient attention to ignore, or blot out the teasing book-mirages. What did all that have to do with differentials anyway? It was ridiculous—and incongruous!

And then, in one blinding sweep his mind seemed to clear itself of the emotionalism that had so taken it by storm. In a remorseless rush the temporarily forgotten ambition, discretion, asceticism—and calculating rationalism thronged his mind with bitter demands, accusations—reproaches.

What relation could this unbelievably mad impulse bear to those deep, long-founded plans that only man single-handed and free could ever bring about? What, after all *was* this girl that she should deserve that finest, most jealously guarded and repressed side of his nature? And what, oh what, would be the consequence of this experience, so utterly unlike any other event of his life that for once he had not even considered the result? Why it meant nothing more nor less than an engagement!—or at least, an understanding! He fairly shuddered at the thought. Here had he, with one reckless bound really cleared that portentous milestone which, if he had thought of it at all, he had considered as something one got to very, very gradually—by all kinds of devious manoeuvres and cautious step-by-step processes. How could he be sure he really loved the girl? He hadn't paused even to decide that. Simply fancied it had come of itself. How could he know whether this feeling would not die as quickly as it had flamed up, and he, the man who had always prided himself on his coolness and prudence, be the wretched victim of a single impulsive act. All his dreams and hopes of distinguishing

himself—sacrificed—for a sudden wild fancy that might easily prove to be worth less than nothing!

It was characteristic of the boy, that no sooner had this revulsion of feeling begun to work within him than the will power by which his life had been ruled, almost without interruption, reasserted itself. With all its purposefulness restored, it set about to stamp out the remaining traces of his fatal impulse. For his was not a nature that would ever pause in the melancholy contemplation of a blunder. Rather it would lash about bruising and wounding itself and anything in its path with savage intensity until it could forge for itself a way out of the difficulty. Now, with a total revision of feeling, he considered the goal for which he had made such a rigorous mechanism of his life. The years of travel, the social prestige, the slow but desirable foundation by which he wished to start business, with perhaps time for an interest in politics, and then, very, very much later, a wealthy and an aristocratic match—all this was at stake, because in an unguarded moment he had let himself be carried away by the flood of that detestable weakness that hitherto he had battled down successfully. It was a challenge to the loyalty and resolution of his whole devotion to an ideal. It should not be a menace!

Filled with this conviction, he was not very slow in deciding upon what seemed to be a feasible and satisfactory plan to get him out of the difficulty. This being the only requirement for the solution his ingenuity was then concerned with, somehow the other equally obvious qualities of the plan did not occur to him. So feeling that prompt action was desirable, he acted upon his inspiration—and with rather less pen-chewing than usual—and rather more orthographical and rhetorical errors—he produced his solution, in the form of a letter written to the cause of his temporary aberration.

It was a chef d'oeuvre in unity of effect and subtle but tirelessly recurrent emphasis upon one strain. There was rather a long and involved preamble, that dilated at length upon the extreme pleasure he had always derived from Marjory's friendship, and then, with seeming irrelevance, upon the desire for unflinching frankness and honesty, at all costs, that certain peculiarities of his nature had always (strangely enough!) required of him. And forthwith was divulged the astonishing and strictly confidential information, that at some remotely previous period of time he had formed a definite attachment—a secret engagement in fact—with "another girl."

That was the whole import of the letter; though even Frederick realized it needed a delicacy of touch that eight closely written pages could scarcely achieve. And then, to get the matter thoroughly settled and out of his insulted focus of attention as quickly as possible, he fled through the halls of the silent dormitory, into the grey, quiet street and dropped the letter in the mail box, without a second's pause. Other letters have been written like that one of Frederick's several in every generation no doubt, the harbingers of humiliation, and bitter disillusion, to the untried, but none was ever created by man so rashly and blindly, with such complete obliviousness to all other significance save the one all-important idea of accomplishing a purpose.

Yet as Frederick came back to the quiet room, that had so lately seethed with turbulent thoughts, something, as he turned once more to the disenchanting text books, tightened the lines in his somewhat wan face. Was it the wistfully flushing dawn, tinting the pallid window square, above a silhouette of dark buildings, was that the symbol of the blinding light or reality that was to break upon his numbered senses—as a result of this self betrayal? For even as he seemed to clutch again the recovered dream, the idol reinstated, in the early morning light, the first glimmering of self-knowledge, the humiliating realization of what he really was, and would be, whatever he could make the world believe, broke upon him, and though then he did not know it, his idol lay forever shattered before the dawning disillusionment.

SUMMER

ELEANOR CHILTON

Summer is drowsing on the hill,
Her heavy trees, rows and rows,
Hushed in an upright, tense repose—
The shade and light on her grass are still—
And the heat of the long, sun-giving months
Is piled up high to the listless sky.

* * *

Suddenly, summer wakes on the hill—
And, raising herself on a warm, white arm,
Listens—in silent, swift alarm.
A quick pale fear sweeps through her trees.

* * *

Summer waits, up on the hill—
Waits—while the soft sky gathers clouds—
And the near is bright—and the far is dark—
And the lazy air turns live and chill—
While shadows spread their dusky shrouds.

* * *

(Summer is waiting on the hill.)
The wind comes plunging over her head—
Sweeping rude wings, stained with red,
Across the frightened, swaying trees—
And leaves are torn from the knocking limbs.
They whirl in a giddy, butchered swirl.

* * *

Summer is crouching on the hill—
With a restless sky above.
The ground is overcast and strewn
With the crumpled ghosts of a tree in June.

* * *

A sunny hush—the wind is still—
But summer is dead upon the hill.

MARTHA, THE COW

JANE CASSIDY

Martha, when I first saw her, was tethered in the thick grass by the road. She was good to look upon, sleek, full, and yet graceful, with a dark brown eye. I was possessed of a desire to explore the depths of that eye, to stroke that sleek yellow side, to smell the "sweet breath" of which the poets talk. That, you know, would be really pastoral, for the perfume is certainly rural, and why visit the country if not to get local colour?

Therefore I approached Martha, with outstretched hand and placating voice. Martha looked at me, and resumed eating. With memories of *Black Beauty* and anecdotes in *Our Dumb Animals*, and following out my own ideas on bovine psychology, I plucked a succulent, or what seemed to me a succulent clover spray and offered it to the creature. She extended her head, not as did "Black Beauty" in the illustrations, muzzle first, but with a pair of remarkably sturdy horns, at the level of my knees, in the foreground. I was surprised, but how much more so when Martha shook her head from side to side and, emitting sounds of welcome by means of violently expelling air through her nostrils, hastened to meet me. So enthusiastic a welcome was too much for my modesty, and I retired.

You remember the red-blooded young man in the stories—how first he tries madrigals, bon-bons, and posies, while his lady flouts him, then, in desperation, gives a splendid exhibition of his ultra-masculine strength, either of morals, mind or body, whereat she weeps, is tender, sighs, confesses, and, in short, gives in utterly? So it was with Martha and me.

Martha began to fascinate me. I would lean over the fence, or stand at a safe distance from the limit of her tether and study her. And gradually there came over me, as over the hero when he gazes upon the proud, dainty damsel, the feeling that I must assert my superiority, must feel myself the ruling power when with Martha. I would subdue her, subjugate her. Were it not for my dislike for puns I should have declared my intention to cow her proud spirit.

Martha accepted delicacies, in the form of corn husks eagerly. Indeed, all coyness and reserve would leave her when she heard the first rustle; she would approach me (and the corn husks) at a gallop, eat them with indecent haste, and then admonish me with head shakes not to suppose that I could thus win her favor. Yet, after some days, we had reached the point where she would let me pass within ten yards of her without displaying other signs of hostility than a warning glance.

Then came a day when Martha, tied on the far hillside, must be led to the barn for her noon drink, and when I was the only person capable of conveying her there. I had my doubts as to my own capability, but upon being told that I at least was agile, and that if anyone could be more foolish than I in my ordinary condition, it was I in my then state, I made a bold attempt. More—I succeeded! I secured Martha, who was taking a siesta, heaved her to her feet, put on the brakes, and went to the barn. I will not claim the glory of leading her, for I am of a truthful nature, except when pressed; but there was a rope with the cow at one end and me at the other, and it, and we, went from the pasture into the barn, so what more could you ask?

They asked more. They returned before it was time for Martha to go back to the pasture, but they didn't want to take her back. They said that I could. They assured me that she would "lead easier" going back. They said that it was hot, and they were tired, and my years were more suitable to a cowherd than theirs; and they asked me if they might watch from the porch. I said that they might if they did not shout, for the creature went fast enough anyway. They smiled.

Again we had Martha, the rope and I, but this time there was no doubt about the order. My feet were wide apart and I was straining hard; Martha's feet were wide apart and she was straining hard. The rope's feet could not be wide apart, but it was being strained so hard that their number was undoubtedly increasing. Who said that the flocks yearned for the pasture green? Maybe they do; but Martha, while a host in herself, was evidently not a typical flock. She yearned for the barn—any color at all. My desires were not so simple. One of them was to get the cow to the pasture, and as another was to kill her, which would render the first feat practically impossible, you can see how complicated were my feelings.

Finally I executed a manoeuvre which, I calculated, would bring about at least a start toward one or the other of the desired results. Grasping the rope near Martha's head, I rushed off at right angles with her body, and to avoid dislocating her neck she followed me—for about six steps. Then she stopped. This move was repeated a dozen times before it failed to bring results. Martha braced herself against every jerk and stood immovable, excepting her tail. I determined to try more forceful measures and, looking about for a weapon discovered only a large clover-stalk. Plucking this, I struck the cow with it. She, no doubt surprised at the conversion of my quondam peace-offering into an instrument of justice, started forward for five steps.

Then I could reach the lilac bush, an unfailing source of supply for switches. Not only could I reach the lilac-bush, but I did, and brought the fact to Martha's attention by a series of blows, under the urge of which she proceeded rapidly for a while. Then this device, also, became useless.

I was in perplexity. I gazed at Martha, at the pasture, now not far away, but unapproachable, at the rope, and at the congregation on the porch.

I hailed these last. "How near is the nearest branch of the S. P. C. A.?" I asked. One of them rose, tiptoed with great caution to me, and whispered, "You asked us not to give advice!" after which she returned to the porch, whence arose Olympic laughter.

At this point I lost my temper, and struck Martha with the end of the rope. The net results of this act were a wild glare in the cow's eyes, a slight loss of ground and breath on my part, and resumed laughter from the porch. Evidently Martha was not to be overcome by any such methods. I considered what to do next; the people on the porch left; Martha did nothing. I decided to try eloquence.

"Martha, dear Martha!" I entreated, "See, before you lies the pasture. Why do you hesitate, beloved bovine, why do you delay? Hasten to regale yourself on the grass which makes the milk which makes me happy. How can you behave so? Have not poets written of you? Did not R. L. S. compose,

'The blotchy cow, yellow and white,
I pull with all my might,
In hopes we'll reach the pasture
Some time before tonight—'

or words to that effect? Would you be unworthy of such honor?"

Martha was obdurate.

"Consider, cow, consider!" I continued. "Do you see that chain—the one fastened to the stake over there? You are going to have the end of that chain attached to you eventually, so why not now? You may be granite; I am adamant. So come along, you old beast."

Martha whacked a fly off her shoulder with her ear, swinging me around. When I had regained my former position, I addressed her.

"Come, cherished creature, nice little bossy, let's go to the rope. Nice rope, pretty rope. Come, let us dance to the rope. Let us run to the rope. Let us march to the rope. I will furnish the music. Come! Onward!"

And I burst into the strains of "Onward, Christian Soldiers." My little sister says that I never burst into the strains of anything. She says I strain into the bursts. My family all request me to stop when I sing; even my dear mother has her doubts as to my being the coming Patti. My friends, unwilling to wound my spirit, tell me that my voice is unique. Thus it was that in urging Martha on with song I was really using a forceful stimulus.

And like the submissive damsel, Martha obeyed. Meekly and eagerly she followed. The rope hung limp from my hand; Martha's nose nuzzled my waist. We briskly walked to the stake, and I secured the end of its chain to Martha's halter, singing the while. She went quickly to eating, but when I left she tried to follow me, and as I entered the house I heard her calling, and, looking back, could see her gazing lovingly in my direction.

Thus was Martha conquered. Always afterwards she was dog-like in docility, and I am confident that, should I ever see her again she would follow and yearn over me. For by my supreme display of my unique ability I overcame her, and according to the novels, she is now forever mine.

ANDREW

JULIA LINCOLN

Dignified, uninterested, aloof, he stood and watched the parade of returned soldiers swing exultingly past. Neither joy nor sorrow was written on his face, he was not a part of the excited, hysterical crowd. His noble, haughty features might well have been carved of marble for all the emotion they showed. He turned as from a scene not at all extraordinary, and pursued his course down the crowded street. A few blocks farther, and he paused, evidently undecided as to his destination. Two courses were open to him, the house of a friend, or a little house in the suburbs, called, from force of habit, home. After a moment's hesitation, his fine mouth became a determined fixed line, and he boarded a trolley car for—"home."

"For the land's sake—if it isn't Andrew, home for dinner! Been working hard today?" This sarcastically from an energetic, gray-haired woman of fifty-five—the boy's aunt.

The line of his mouth became a bit straighter and his face set a bit more grimly. He hung up his hat and quietly mounted the stairs to his own room. His aunt, busy with her own thoughts, had gone about her work unheeding. She was a kind-hearted woman, wrapped up entirely in her housekeeping, and her two boys, who were in the service of their country. Her thoughts were with them constantly and had been ever since they had come into the world. She loved them so passionately that she had no time to waste affection on her sister's boy, who had been in her care for a number of years.

At the death of his father, Andrew's mother was forced to return to her former occupation of nursing; and for a certain sum given each year had provided room and board at her sister's home for her two children. Doratha, the little girl, was a sweet, delicate child of twelve, when they first went to live with their Aunt. She was shy, and quiet, and very pretty; so naturally she was petted to her heart's content. She was extremely fond of her sensitive, moody, young brother, and understood him better, perhaps, than anyone in their small world. On account of her ill health, she had been forced to drop back into Andrew's class, while still in public school. Thus it was that they were able to go through High School together. With a

wisdom beyond her years, she counseled her brother, and to the best of her ability, took the place of the mother who was so seldom with them.

Before the outbreak of the war, things had begun to go badly in the little household. The uncle suffered a severe loss in business and the children's mother took some from the meagre capital stored up for their college education, to tide her brother and sister until Mr. Bagdly should again succeed. Both of their own sons set out for themselves, with nothing but a high-school education. The youngest one failed, and was forced to start over again in the business office of a friend. Mrs. Bagdly was greatly embittered by the fact that her nephew was to be allowed the advantage of a college education and never attempted to hide her jealousy in his presence.

She did not mean to make him miserable—the thought never occurred to her that anything she might say or do, would make the slightest difference in his life.

Early in life, he had learned to keep his thoughts to himself rather than be ridiculed. He was extremely happy when the time came, and he set out to work his way through Dartmouth. The same year his sister started out at a Kindergarten Training School.

The year passed very happily for them both. The girl who had been so shy and reserved, gained confidence in herself, and daily grew more attractive. Andrew learned to his surprise that all people did not consider him insolent, lazy and cold-hearted, as had his Aunt. They played and worked through the year, as happy as two normal young persons should be.

War came in the spring of 1917. Andrew, near the end of his Freshman year, celebrated his twentieth birthday. Like many of his friends and classmates, he telegraphed his mother: "Wish to join Mosquito Fleet. Wire consent." and received the answer, "Consent withheld until vacation."

Unsuspecting Mother! She little knew what the Mosquito Fleet meant, and when some kind neighbor whispered the perils of it into her ear, she was frantic to think that she had so nearly given her consent.

Summer came; and Andrew hastened to Boston fully expecting to enlist in the Mosquito Fleet the following day. He found his mother quite ill there, and not ready to discuss the question with him.

While he stayed there awaiting her recovery, Doratha joined him, and together they explored the streets, shops, and theaters of Boston. He poured out his heart in confidence to her, as they sat together, during the long evenings and she was as anxious as he himself, to have him go into service. She wanted very much to do clerical work of some kind, but the doctor had ordered "complete relaxation and rest throughout the summer" if she desired to complete her course the following winter.

A few days later Mrs. Wilson, on the road to complete recovery, called Andrew to her to talk about the war, and himself.

"Andrew," she started, "we are all very anxious to aid our country—I know how you feel, son. I myself, shall go 'over' if I am permitted. The war is not to be over soon, and we must think of all sides of the question. You are twenty; the government is asking for, and taking, men from twenty-one to thirty-one. It is giving the men under that age a very decisive choice—either to continue their education or to enlist. It prefers to have them stay in school. You have a fair knowledge of the world—but, should the war suddenly end, your college course suddenly end, just what would you do? Would you work forever at fifteen dollars a week? Are you worth more? You have had one year of college. If you went to college for one more year, I would be so much happier—because, son, you would be that much nearer the goal and much more likely to return to college after the war. Two years of a college training is really very valuable in life. I want you to think this question over very carefully, Andrew. I will not withhold my consent if you ultimately decide not to return to college. I promise you, I will not go 'over there' until you go; and I want to get into it just as badly as do you." She smiled, and her son sensed exactly how eager she was to go; and he left her feeling that for some inexplicable reason he was a cad—a cad.

Summer dragged, and the little family, mother, daughter and son, found themselves in the little house of their relatives for a month's rest. It was almost as it had been before the war. Almost, because their great desire to be in it and to be of service, kept it from their conversation when they were alone together. The aunt however, had no intention of letting them forget for one instant that her two boys, one of whom was a captain, were in the service.

"Mother—I feel like such a cad!" Andrew had said once. "By going back to college, I am keeping you from going 'over.' I really am not such a pig as all that! Let's say rather that I'll join you 'over there' next year."

"In another year, my son, Doratha will have graduated and will be ready to take care of herself. She might need me at some time in the near future. I will be in government work, but I will be over here instead.

We will go over together, and think how happy we will be then—my fine boy!"

.

In spite of his restlessness, Andrew enjoyed his second year at Dartmouth to the utmost. Always there are parties, endless parties and good times for college boys—the deep seriousness of life never rests very heavily on their young shoulders. For Andrew the winter and spring terms went so speedily as to seem of only a few weeks duration.

On his twenty-first birthday he joyously enlisted in the Naval Aviation. On the same day, Mrs. Wilson put in her application for "overseas" Red Cross work, and Doratha, having nearly completed her course, applied for reconstruction work in France. They sent telegrams and letters of congratulation to each other exultingly. Theirs was, indeed, a happy family.

Ten weeks later, Andrew took his physical examination and passed it. The officials told him to go home and wait, saying that he would, in all probability, be called within the next two weeks by telegram.

Again assembled under the same roof of the same little house, they planned for one last happy, glorious time together. Doratha knew that her application was, as she expressed it, merely a "matter of form." She was under twenty-five and she well knew that the government would not call inexperienced graduates to rehabilitate France. Her joy was in the happiness of her mother and brother. They talked of nothing but of the service they were so soon to be in, and of their joy in it. The two weeks passed without any sign from the government of their impatience. Three weeks passed. Four weeks; and Andrew's best friends, who had enlisted with him, were called. Mrs. Wilson became more and more restless and after repeated calls reluctantly returned to Boston to nurse a feeble queru-

lous old lady back to health. Doratha went visiting and Andrew began working by the day, not daring to accept any kind of a position, because of the telegram he expected daily.

His cousin Merrick went "overseas," and his aunt in her anxiety became daily more sarcastic and nagging. His clothing became shabbier and shabbier, but when one is saving money for a uniform, it cannot be wasted on ordinary citizen's clothing.

His self-consciousness increased to the 'nth degree and he felt that every eye turned on him carelessly, casually, accused him of being a slacker. He even wished that he might wear a little badge reading—"I have enlisted and I'm waiting to be called." He hated to stay at the house where his every move was called to task, but, mindful of his sister's and his mother's words, he determined to try staying in evenings, and going to bed at earlier hours than he had hitherto been accustomed to. The result was that his sister received a letter, saying—

"I have reached the age now, where I am my own master and will be forever more. I decided to stay home evenings. Aunt kicks so about my 'midnight revels' as she calls them. I stayed home last evening. Uncle Frank blamed me first because a tire blew out when the car was standing in the garage. I couldn't quite make out whether he thought I had driven a nail into it with a hammer, or cut it with the carving knife. I attempted to play the mandolin. Aunt asked if I would 'just as soon make music as that noise.' So I read. They retired at nine P. M. per usual, and this morning raged and stormed because I stayed up and wasted the electricity. One conclusion—I'll not stay at home again. Would you?"

Doratha sent the letter to her mother, and a prayer to the powers that be, that her brother might be called into service very soon. Then she went to bed and cried herself to sleep.

About the middle of October, Andrew went to a munition factory, told them his story and applied for work. He was immediately offered the fabulous sum of ninety dollars a week. Three days later his telegram came. A bit cynical, but glad to be in service at last, he started out.

The work was hard and uninteresting. Those most recently called had to scrub floors, and the like, as the first part of their training. Nine hundred others were there and they all managed to

enjoy themselves immensely. Andrew wrote long, happy letters to his mother and sister. He was having the best time he had ever had in his life, and was pathetically eager to advance.

Rumors were soon spread abroad that of the nine hundred there, only five hundred could be used; and in all probability those most recently called would be asked to leave. Again Andrew was worried and uneasy and worked extremely hard in the hope of staying. The inevitable happened and with three hundred ninety-nine of his fellow sufferers he was given a choice in two other branches of aviation. He had practically decided to enter the army aviation when news of the Armistice dumfounded the country; and Andrew started again for the little suburban house, the nagging aunt, and humiliation. His uniform was not even paid for and could only be worn ninety days after his discharge.

Home, again, he started out immediately to get work and money. His one idea was to get as much as possible. Without it, he reasoned that the future would be blanker and more impossible than ever. He was very fortunate, in that an insurance office, looking for young men, offered him a good salary, while they taught him the business. He was not interested in the work, and even though he was getting fairly good pay, he felt that he could not possibly earn enough to pay for his uniform, buy new citizen's clothes, and, that done, save enough to re-enter college the following fall.

His mother and his sister were both away, and living with his aunt, the belief gradually grew upon him that there was not a living soul who cared whether he lived or died. Moreover, his aunt impressed him daily with the fact that her two sons, who were still in service, had acted as all young men should have, and had answered the call of their country when they were most needed. She had tactlessly remarked that *he* wouldn't even be able to wear *one* silver chevron, indicating as much as six months' service.

Day by day, the narrow line of his mouth became harder, grimmer; a tiny scowl deepened between his eyebrows, and he walked with his eyes cast downward, lest he should catch the eyes of a passerby, branding him as he went, without uniform, as "slacker!" His sensitive mind felt that every look was filled with scorn. He shrank from meeting his old friends, as they came back from their several branches of service; and his heart cried out from his eyes that all was unfair—unfair!

His vivid imagination made him look years ahead, and he thought he heard voices on every side—"And where did You fight? What battles were You in?" He thought he saw the world turn away in scorn, and his friends, the few that knew his story, gaze upon him in pity and sorrow.

To his knowledge there was not another soul in the world in the same predicament. So his reasoning powers told him that he alone was to blame for the whole thing; and he ceased to pity himself. He intensely hated and scorned the person that had the nerve to call himself Andrew Wilson. He believed that all who knew him, hated him too, and he kept stubbornly away from his one-time friends.

To his mother and sister he wrote less and less frequently. In his attempt to hide his bitterness from them, his letters became short and very abrupt. They, accustomed to his moodiness, suspected nothing of his trouble.

One raw, cold day, he stood and mused about his comparatively short life for a long time; his problem turned itself over and over again in his mind, but he could find no solution. He became aware suddenly, that his eyes and head ached, and that he ached all over abominably. Weakly he boarded the car for home. He dimly remembered leaving the car and opening the door of the little house. He saw his aunt standing near him and he tried to say "Hello" but, at last the great black cloud of unconsciousness overtook him and he knew no more.

When he awoke, he realized that his mother, white and drawn, was standing over him, telling him that it was not true, he was not a slacker, no one had ever dreamed of calling him one.

He found it very hard to breathe, but he managed to tell his mother that it was all right, he would soon be well, and that, he had never blamed her for an instant. She had been calm before, but now she jerked away, and he saw as she turned that there were tears in her eyes, and her shoulders shook convulsively. Poor dear Mother! He mustn't worry her so. He had acted abominably! and on top of all he had caught the accursed influenza. They had called her home to nurse him.

A stifled sob caught his half-wandering attention, and he saw his aunt, crying softly on his sister's shoulder. Doratha turned and bravely smiled at him through her tears. "Hello," she said softly.

A man entered the room and Andrew saw without surprise that it was their own, home-town doctor.

"I must have the 'flu,' Doctor Raymond," he murmured. The doctor nodded gravely, and said,

"You have, son. Better not talk till you're better."

But Andrew had not heard him, the gracious sea of blackness had engulfed him again, and the thought that he was "not worth caring about."

Midnight came, that mysterious hour when the ebb of life is lowest; and had he loved life he could have lived, but he died just at twelve, believing that he was really of no account.

IN A FRIENDS' MEETING

EVELYN HARDY

Dimly, we see there the resting place of those
Who are the dead, screened from the curious-eyed and set
Apart by hedges, gently, sadly: today a mist
Fills it.—(*We the living, to the dead so close.*)

Seeing the open door, I wonder if they come
And take their places as of old; or finding them
Usurped by us, do they fill out the empty rows,
(*We the living, so close to the dead?*) There may be some

Who have to turn aside and wait another day.
You say they do not need to come among us here
To feel His presence? No, but they would like to see
Your faces, and but once again to hear you pray.

EDITOR'S TABLE

THE FRESHMAN

SYLVIA CLARK

I shook a thousand strangers by the hand
And told them my first name, and where I roomed.
I heard things that I didn't understand,
And wished my clothes were new and better groomed.
I wrote my name at least a hundred times
And told my church affiliation twice;
I know now how a man of many crimes
Feels at his trial—small, and not quite nice.
I didn't see a single soul I knew,
I had to ask the way to everywhere;
I must admit it made me rather blue
To feel I was the only stranger there.
So when another girl came up to me
And asked the way, I simply howled with glee.

NOSTALGIA

DOROTHY BUTTS

Something tonight reminded me of my first and only studio. Because of its solitary position in my memory, the recollection of it is a very tender one, as tender as the recalling of the old trunks lined against the raftered slopes of roof. That attic! A little round window in front with a queer round pane that came out on holidays to permit the passage of the flagpole and the dusty folds of flag, sank between holidays into a rainsplashed, deplorably spider-webbed existence. Another small window, square this time, in a side gable, completed the lighting of my studio. There in the side gable I had my headquarters. Two cretonne-covered boxes, once bright containers of freshly laundered shirtwaists—now filled with medical appliances, old medicine, and red flannel chest protectors, left-overs from winters when we children suffered many times told agonies of camphorated oil and irritated, flannel-swathed chests. (I

can see the night lamp burning now with the saucer-covered glass of Dr. Hoxie's croup cure beside it on the chair by my bed!) Two of these boxes made a fair desk. It was rather awkward not to be able to get one's knees under it, but the price had to be paid if Bohemian effects were to be obtained. I bought a fresh pad and made a bottle of purple ink with bits of indelible pencil and water, and there in my studio, I wrote short stories that were very long. I was always the heroine, fully appreciated in lengthy descriptions at last. Yet, it was not I, or, rather, I plus what I had always wanted to be, a more athletic and agile "I" who for no reason that I can remember, was constantly "lightly leaping the verandah rail" in fiction. (In truth, my only attempts at such feats were made in secret practice, and were always so mortifying that I suffer in sympathetic recollection.) I was the natural, rough-and-ready girl, for whom the hero deserted the victrola music on summer verandahs where society girls fluttered about in pastel shades. He found them all unsatisfying and vain, and only me worth while. They merely "vibrated," while I really thought.

And one day in the light of a plumber's candle, to the patter of a soft spring rain on the roof, I managed to finish a story. It seemed a great accomplishment. For days I walked in a world apart, superior to the wounds of disloyal playmates. I was more important than they knew, for I had written a short story! It was my secret for many weeks. One day when I heard the English "head" telling the editor of the "Oracle" that the high school paper needed more short stories, I stepped forward, a proud Freshman, and offered to turn mine in.

"It won't quite do," she told me later. "It would need too much revision. The scene where the heroine saved the hero in a row boat on Lake George is impossible. Rain, thunder and lightning, wind, and dense fog, don't go together."

I had thought it such a splendid storm! Somehow the studio never lured me after that, and, oh, why become remiscant when there is work to be done? Besides it isn't very interesting, only painful. But tonight I heard the first spring rain beating upon the skylight and the nostalgia of remembered childhood set me to writing stories in purple ink, in a remote and long-forgotten attic, a happy ghost with ghosts of trunks, and spring rain, and spider webs.

MY PRINCESS

JANE CASSIDY

At night, when I'm undressing,
When I let down my hair,
I feel it pull along my back—
And I'm a princess fair.

A princess tall and slender,
With hair of palest gold,
And eyes which match her blue, blue robe
That falls straight, fold on fold.

She wears a golden necklace;
She wears a silver zone;
And she is I, and I am she,
When we are all alone.

But when there's some one with me
She melts like summer hail,
And I must quickly braid my hair
Into a tight pig-tail.

EDITORIAL

When President Neilson announced to the college that it was "410 for Cox and 1340 for Harding," he added, with gentle sarcasm, this comment: "There are those who think the college is radical!" We have been pondering this remark ever since.

Is the President disappointed in us because we are not more radical; or is he pleased that we have disappointed general opinion? 'We aim to please,' but we don't know quite what is expected of us.

Moreover, is it a good or evil omen that a college should be conservative? "There are those," we might counter-remark, "who think the college *should* be radical!" This, however, is a question that has never been answered to the satisfaction of everyone, and probably never will be.

And lastly, was the straw-vote indicative of "college conservatism," anyway? Wasn't it rather a collected expression of individual conservatism than an individual expression of collected conservatisms? Wasn't it perhaps just the reflection of national sentiment—for it is to be feared that, in spite of pleadings and cautions, most of the students got their political information from 'Papa,' after all.

It would be fascinating to make a long list of questions the President's remark brought to our mind—fascinating but imprudent, for we could never answer them all, and most of them are quite silly, anyway.

But we urge you to try for yourself, turning the remark over and over in your mind, as one turns hard candy in the mouth, to get its full flavor.

E. H. B.

EXCHANGES

The most familiar of the bromides is this—"the basis of writing is thought."

"My friend, I say, you must agree
When one gets education,
There's precious little time for thought
And less for contemplation."

M. C. '23, in the *Pharetra* of Wilson College has expressed the great college affliction. Following the arithmetical process of addition, we find also the great affliction of college magazines. Of course, these were October numbers. Even with this continually in mind, we read the Exchanges with discouragement. Only in the editorials was there any hope. They were collectively, a dirge concerning the dearth of material and an appeal for more and better contributions. We thought of our own frenzy and now we are experiencing the two eternally comforting states, mutual misery and hope.

Pharetra of Wilson College is like a youthful person. Two stories and essays are promising but undeveloped. Their themes are stated but neglected. "Pines" a third story has the same fault, but is saved by the wistful personality that the author gives Selva.

The Campanile of Ohio State University has excellent book reviews which accomplish skilfully the double end of review and criticism. "Featuring Mona Nadine" is an unconvincing satire. Another poem on the popular, exhaustive and exhausting theme—life—appears. A reading of it makes us wish that the young poet had, while leaning his chin on his hand, discovered that this is the last of life rather than "the last is life."

Of *The Bema* from Dartmouth—the photographs are excellent.

"Reforming Bobbie" in *The Harvard Advocate* seems out of place. It is an ineffectual attempt on the good-natured theme of the one who laughs last. It falls far below the usual *Advocate* standard. The rest of the magazine is interesting.

Yale Literary Review brings back some of the tranquillity and amenity of the late summer. "Proportion" is a well-written story exemplifying the truth that we all have old ideas but some of us have new expression.

In the days of vehement free verse or repressed sonnets, the simplicity and sincerity of "In Prison," by Maxwell E. Foster, is pleasing.

"I always hated little things,
And that is why,
Fate laughs, and in her humor brings
A little sky.

I always hated pale, wan light
So she must place
The faded, limpid moon each night
Before my face.

You see, my friend, these iron bars?
I hated these,
I loved the freedom of the stars
The wind, the seas.

But God tries to alleviate
And sympathize
And so he has, to trick old Fate
Put out my eyes."

F. E. W.

AFTER COLLEGE

PERSONALS

Contributions for this department are desired before the end of the month in order to appear in the next issue, and should be addressed to Dorothy Schuyler, 30 Green Street, Northampton, Mass.

MARRIED

- '17. Dorothy Ross to George Rodney Ainsworth, May 26.
Esther Sears to Clarence Phipps, May 22.
Florence Ward to Thomas Kane, May 31.
Alice Watson to William Campbell.
Virginia Whitmore to Albert Kelley, May 8.
- '18. Marjorie Parsons to Edgar Asa Cramer, June 12.
Margaret Oldham to Addison Green, May 22.
Margaret Roseman to Donald Lincoln, Oct. 30, 1919.
Mabel Thompson to Rawson Cowan, June 19.
- '19. Carolyn Case to Allyn B. Cook, September 11.
Helen Bingham to Victor Miller, September 18.
Sally Clement to Alfred M. Pease, October 2.
Edna Phinney to Russell L. Whitaker, October 9.
Sara Smith to Edmund G. Davenport, November 3.
Carolyn Whittemore to Donald A. Quarles, June 12.
Elisabeth Gorton to Freeman Loeblein, June 24.
- '20. Jane Caldwell to Harrison Tobdell, September 4.
Mabel Lyman to Gilbert Tapley.
Marind Hamill to Walter Haynes Johnson.
Eleanor Wells to Francis Porter Farnsworth, September 4.
- ex.* '20. Sophie Acheson to Kingsbury Browne.
- '21. Leah Brown to Edward Thayer.

ENGAGEMENTS

- '17. Elizabeth Wells to Robert Shoemaker.
- '18. Frances Hastings to Roscoe Hall Wilmette.
Vera Thresher to Kenneth Eldor Bell.

- '19. Laura Bisbee to Lendell B. Dean, of Somerset, Mass.
 Dorothy Loomis to Robert D. Coye, Williams, 1917.
 Margaret Osborn to Forrest S. Emery, of Boston.
 Beatrice Marion to Edwin B. Ackeman, of Passaic, N. J.
 Jessie Reidpath to Theodore Ludbum, of Holyoke, Mass.
 Dorothy Hicks to John H. Rabb, Jr.
 Henriette Meyer to William J. Mack.
- '20. Frances Smith to Dr. Frank C. Johnson.
 Marion Benjamin to Thomas Henry Dewhurst, of Milford,
 Conn.
 Mary Stuart Snyder to Crawford Johnson.
- '21. Athalie Rowe to Henry Eckhart.

BORN

- '17. To Rachel (Talbot) Beatty, a son, David, May 10.
 To Susan (Chase) Lane, a daughter, Anne, March 23.
 To Mary (Duncomb) Lynch, a son, April 23.
 To Sarah (Trask) Sewell, a son, John Ladd 2nd, March 30.
- '18. To Harriet (Noel) Burgess, a daughter, Harriet Virginia,
 March 26.
 To Mary (Van Sickel) Wart, a son, Horace, October 11,
 1919.
- '19. To Grace (Valentine) Wiss, a daughter, Jean. Jean is '19's
 class baby.
- ex. '19. To Grace (McCall) Sessions, a son, James, April 1, 1920.
- ex. '20. To Marion (McIlravy) Kiley, a son.

OTHERWISE OCCUPIED

- '18. Katherine McGovern is teaching French in the Bucking-
 ham Junior High School in Springfield.
 Leslie Waterman is working with the Charity Organiza-
 tion Society, New York City.
- '19. Josephine Allen is doing volunteer work at the Child Wel-
 fare Baby Clinic, in Minneapolis, Minn.
 Elsie Finch is acting as secretary to the Editor of
Harper's Bazaar.
 Mimie Mills has been teaching at the Glen Eden School,
 Stamford, Conn.
- '20. Lois Bateman is working as "factory girl" in a candy
 factory, until January, 1921, to get experience for
 going into employment management work later.

Helen Hoyt is going to spend the winter in New York where she will be connected with the Greenwich Village House.

Mary Howgate is taking training at the Boston Psychopathic Hospital for Psychiatric Social Work. She went to Smith Summer School last summer.

Peggy Wirt is leaving in November to spend the winter in Europe.

ex. '23. Margaret Cochran is taking nurse's training at the Presbyterian Hospital in New York City.

CORRECTION

'20. Katharine Dickson is engaged to George Worthington King.

THE
SMITH COLLEGE
MONTHLY



DECEMBER 1920

CONTENTS

FROM THE OLD JEWEL BOX	<i>Dorothy Butts, 1921</i>	69
THE EYES OF FEAR	<i>Clarinda Buck, 1921</i>	70
THE TOLL	<i>Dorothy Butts, 1921</i>	75
THERE IS MUCH I WANT TO DO	<i>Eleanor Chilton, 1922</i>	76
A GINLING COLLEGE ESSAY		77
RED CANDLES	<i>Marion Ellet, 1921</i>	83
THE LIBRARY AND THE HOUSE	<i>Katharine Adam, 1923</i>	84
RETURN	<i>Marion Ellet, 1921</i>	86
EDITOR'S TABLE		
HUSH	<i>Margery Hawley, 1923</i>	88
THE WIND	<i>Helen Green, 1921</i>	88
A SELF DEFENSE	<i>Florence Wolfe, 1921</i>	89
THE SYMPATHETIC READER	<i>Frances Curran, 1923</i>	90
RECEPTION TO ST. JOHN ERVINE AT BRYN MAWR	<i>Frances Curran, 1923</i>	90
EDITORIAL		91
BOOK REVIEW		93
EXCHANGES		95
AFTER COLLEGE		97

The Smith College Monthly is published at Northampton, Mass., each month from October to June, inclusive. Terms \$1.75 a year. Single copies 25c.

Subscriptions may be sent to Dorothy Stearns, 30 Green Street, Northampton.

Contributions may be left in the Monthly box in the Note Room.

Tables of Contents for the year 1919-1920 will be sent upon request.

THE SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

Vol. XXVIII

DECEMBER 1920

No. 3

MONTHLY STAFF

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

EDITH HILL BAYLES 1921

MANAGING EDITOR

MARGARET TILDSLEY 1922

EXCHANGE EDITOR

FLORENCE WOLFE 1921

LITERARY EDITORS

CLARINDA BUCK 1921 ELEANOR CHILTON 1922

DOROTHY BUTTS 1921 MARION ELLET 1921

BUSINESS MANAGER

DOROTHY STEARNS 1921

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS

FREDA HAAS 1921 DOROTHY SCHUYLER 1921

VIRGINIA HATFIELD 1922

FROM THE OLD JEWEL BOX

DOROTHY BUTTS

Will you take my dream
And mark it as your own?
It came to me from many generations.
No garnet's velvet gleam,
No bracelet carved in bone,
Could have more intimate associations.
The jewel box is locked, and undiscovered
The little patch of faded cloth it covered.

THE EYES OF FEAR

(A Ghost Story.)

CLARINDA BUCK

Robert Norton cursed himself for a fool as for the hundredth time that night he pulled his exhausted frame out of one bog hole, only to slide into another. His was not the excuse of the ignorant tourist, who gazing out at full moon across the blueberry barrens, sees nothing but the glory of its ripening fruit and wonders why none dares to pick it. For he had skirted its edges longingly and ventured a little into its morasses for the fruit, when the sun was high. But he knew better than to stray far for he had seen it in all its nakedness in the fall. He had stood on the granite cliff and watched the first oncoming of the night, when the ocean fog swept in from the east, when every hollow, a steaming cauldron poured forth its nauseous vapors of decaying wood, when as far as the eye could reach there stretched only deformed bushes, pools of slime and waving reeds.

He had seen its terrors, and he was lost; a bush a little further than the rest, and the swift approach of darkness, one moment and day was all about him—the next only a world of moving shadows. Perhaps even yet the cliffs were but a few yards off in the west, to the left, to the right, before or behind—which? If he had guessed wrong, if he were going north or south, he shuddered—twenty miles with never a foot of solid ground. Already he was dazed and weak. Had he been going in a circle? Would they miss him soon? If he could only sit down for a minute—but the hummocks between bog holes seemed to sink at every step and he scrambled on, slipping from hollow to hollow, dragging himself out of the slime, which gurgled sullenly as it sank back again. Dwarfed bushes caught at him as he passed, and reeds sodden with mist touched him with fear. There was no wind, no sound of animals about him, no clouds, no sky, no breathing earth. If only something would make a noise besides the water, a twig dry enough to crackle—a frog—.

And like a mirage, deceptive, elusive, as from a great distance, through the mists came a glow. It could not be a light but even as he wondered, he bumped against a post and saw above him a lighted

window. Blinded, he fumbled about for the entrance. Apparently the post was only one of several which lifted the house from the level of the swamp. He found a swaying pair of stairs, knocked and without waiting for an answer pushed open the door and stumbled exhausted to the nearest chair. He had not the strength left to think, to wonder why there was no one to greet him. A sense of peace and well-being came over him. He was glad that he was alone—he didn't wish to talk. It was so comfortable here by the fire, so light after the oozing horror of the swamp.

It was queer that there was no one about—but nice. He was very lucky—very—but—. Tired as he was, he rose and went to the door, staring into the darkness, and once he called softly, "Is there anybody there?" and then uneasily turned back into the empty room.

There was not much to see. Beside the arm chair before the fire stood a round table, bare save for the one candle and a work basket. Two bunks in the furthest corner, an old wood stove, a gun, leaning crazily against the wall and a couple of chairs completed the furnishings. It would have been bleak indeed, except for the cheer of the fire and a certain "hominess" about it.

Norton knew instinctively that a woman had left the room as it stood. Who would so have arranged the cracked china on the mantle-piece and insisted that the one "decent" chair should be guarded by its uncompromising antimacassar. And the picture, the only one in the room, hung to the right of the fire, just where an adoring mother could best see it from the chair. And no wonder. Any mother would have been proud of the girl that laughed back at Norton from the wall. Her flaxen hair hung straight to her shoulders. Her china blue eyes stared at him with all the gravity of her six or seven years. They were fascinating, her eyes. They seemed to see everything, know everything, to be filled with the wisdom of past ages. Her lithe little body was buttoned into a high-necked pinafore but her smile belied the primness of her dress and with one firm, determined hand she clasped a large red apple. Norton nodded to her kindly as he sat down but she remained absorbed in her own thoughts and he soon fell to wondering of what did she remind him—he certainly had seen her or a picture of her somewhere—yes—and recently. How absurd—all healthy little girls look alike but—. He rose suddenly and went closer. It certainly was like—yes there in the corner, faintly scratched by a sharp point were the initials D. L. It was the same

then, as the painting which Ned had pointed out at the exhibition of Dave Laurence's work, just two months after Dave's death. They had said it was labelled a copy—of all queer places to find the original.

He sank back uneasily in his chair. What was it he had heard about Dave. He *must* remember. He felt vaguely that it had something vital to do with him now. The warmth of the room had made him drowsy, had numbed his mind. He struggled to recollect this elusive—after all it wasn't so very important about David. Nothing was very important except that the little girl liked him—and if she didn't why did she smile at him so pleasantly. Only half awake, he was fingering over the contents of the work basket, and he laughed, through a haze of sleep, at the clumsy sock, with its great hole such as only a child can tear, only half darned—only half. Where was the woman who had been darning it—very rude to go to sleep without seeing her—he must tell her about Emily, so hard on stockings, Emily—.

He woke with a start, a thousand conflicting emotions crowding through his mind. He had been lost in the darkness and the pools had sucked him down. He had been followed by a woman, beautiful and sad, who called him "Dave," and a child that laughed and offered him an apple and then ran away whimpering—and now—. He looked at his watch, one o'clock. He had been asleep two hours. Everything was the same, the candle, the fire, but no—the cheerfulness was gone. The fire had lost its warmth, the candle light seemed strangely cold. And he was still alone.

There was something different about the room but he couldn't discover the change. His mind was still confused with dreams. It hurt to think. So he only stared before him dully into the heart of the flames. Again that feeling of uneasiness crept over him. Just back of his consciousness there lurked fear and in some way this fear was related to the fire. He did not understand. What was it about those flames that rose and died so silently? Somewhere among the ashes lay the key to the riddle, among the ashes—. There were no ashes—only a sprinkling. A wave of horror swept over him. The fire still burned as brightly as before but the logs were unburnt, uncharred, and still the flames leaped and danced, but from the wood there came no crackle.

He leaped to his feet with a cry which died soundless on his lips.

He knocked his hand against the table, and no sound came. In a frenzy he raised the chair and flung it to the ground and the room gave back only silence—silence. He would break it. Again he tried to shriek and the stillness closed in and choked him. He ran to the door to fling it wide and it swung open noiselessly before him. In front of him there rose a wall of darkness, impenetrable, behind which must lie the noises of the world—blessed sounds. If he could only reach them; but the darkness crowded him back—back into the room. No, no, he would not go, not to that chair—anywhere but there; and step by step he went until he sank into the arm chair. His will had left him; his powers of feeling were slipping from him as he sat. His first hysterical terror was blunted; only a nameless weight, a torpor brooded over him. It seemed hardly strange that the candle had not burned down, that its light was cold and thus like the moon's, that the wax never dripped, the flame never wavered.

Time had ceased in the room and yet he waited for something. Life was at its lowest ebb and his soul was wandering somewhere in the swamp, while his body was chained.

If only this weight upon his brain would lift he would see clearly—everything—understand—this thing the room was whispering to him. But now he was bewildered, deadened, the shadows in the corners laughed at him. And the lifeless flames flared and died, rose and sank like his thoughts.

Suddenly he raised his eyes to the picture and the mist lifted from his mind. He wondered that he had not noticed the pain in the eyes, the deep sadness. They were staring at him now and in them there dwelt the shadow of some hideous thing, in them there lurked dawning fear, subtle and masked in doubt. Was it at him they were staring, or past him, behind his shoulder? He turned suddenly but there was only the empty stretch of room, darker now it seemed. And the terror in the eyes grew and grew—something was surely there. They were changing now—into them came slowly a look of trust, adoring recognition, calm of dispelled fears; then swiftly again, blotting out all joy, the veil of fear—doubt—pain, uncertainty and the pitiful dawning of blank, hopeless terror. He buried his face in his hands, unable to endure it longer, but in the torment of his mind the face was etched, drawn, white—wide staring eyes. Anything was better than this agony. Had the picture changed? He must look once more—only once.

With one bound he reached the furthest corner of the room and crouched there shuddering. But even from there the wan light streamed full upon the face and from the lips there came a thin dark stream, which grew and grew until it covered the pinafore and stained the red apple in her hand redder, and in her eyes was the swift coming of death.

In a moment he had reached the picture and had covered the staring face with his hand. His fingers came away moist and sticky and he fell where he stood and his cry of "Christ," hung echoless in the air.

* * * *

A sunless morning had given way to a drizzling afternoon when Ned Whittier and James Burton found him lying underneath the picture. They carried him to the bed and chafed his cold body and called him by name over and over.

And he came back with a sob of pain from the world of noiseless shadows, crying "David, David," and sat up shaken and sobbing. Patiently, as with a child, they tried to soothe him but he only moaned. "I know now; why didn't I think. Found body on edge of swamp, found Dave's body—(suddenly) isn't that so?—thought it was further south. David—the picture," and he sank back unconscious. He was better so—quite, so they left him and moved futilely about the room, touching the dust-covered logs, handling the rusty gun and at each round coming to a stop beneath the picture, seeking in the girl's smiling face some explanation. It was at the third such pause that Ned at last found the initials D. L. And then they too remembered the picture.

They looked away from each other as the same recollection seized them both. David's last years—how it was rumored he lived with a hermit in the middle of a great swamp, painting his last great pictures—the "old man of the swamp," the newspapers called the hermit. The papers had made no mention of a woman or child. After Dave's death—"a hunting accident"—the man had disappeared and the house was left empty. They looked at the girl in the picture and shook their heads. What after all did Dave have to do with their friend? There must be something in the room to show them, if they weren't so blind. But there was no other room, no possible place for concealment. Suddenly Ned pointed to the ceiling. The hut was only one story but there, formed by the gables, one end of

the room which was boarded over, was a garret of some kind, and from the bunk, unnoticed all this time ran up a ladder, built to the wall.

Ned was the first to reach the room, if the low, unlighted passage could be called that. There was a bed and a chair in one corner but the passage ran far back under the eaves. A cry from Ned brought his comrade to his side. He was standing to the right of the chimney and consequently just above the picture. And there in the corner under the eaves, they found their answer—two skeletons, one still covered with a cheap calico dress, the other very small, with strands of flaxen hair.

THE TOLL

DOROTHY BUTTS

My dullness palls my soul.
The dusty tower of my brain
Lit by one cobwebbed, rain splashed pane,
Re-echoes toll on toll
The death of me to you,
Gray me, to brilliant you!

THERE IS MUCH I WANT TO DO

ELEANOR CHILTON

There is much I want to do today.
I want to spread great, glittering wings
And look around the other side
Of windy mountains, and see things
Familiar—yet deified.
I want to run my hands along
The listless grass that lies so near
(And flattens out so silvery far) ;
And gather Sun—until there are
Long, empty stretchers of green shade
My hands have made.
And I could hold
Up high, the warm, light-clinging gold
And let it sift upon my head,
Down through my hair, along my dress
And to the ground. And there,
I'd let it lie, in tumbled idleness.
— Perhaps, instead,
I might have done more good with it.
I might have put it in the cracks
Of tree-trunks; or upon the backs
Of leaves; or on our cellar floor—
But now I'm weary of sunlight
And things like that. I want to write—
To write strange, graceful truths, the world
Has never heard before.

I want to do so many things—
And yet—the tree I lie beneath
Has caught a foolish little wind.
It struggles—and it stripes the shade
I'm circled by.
I think I'll lie
Just here—and breathe cool shadowed sun—
And think the sky.

A GINGLING COLLEGE ESSAY

Introduction by Professor H. H. Wilder.

One day in June of this year, I was sitting upon the edge of the little pond at the bottom of the garden in Ginling College, within the enclosure of the old Li mansion in Nan-king. Surrounded on all sides by high walls, and guarded at the only outlet by a gatekeeper, the spot is as remote and as protected from the world as a monastery. Here the branches of many willows droop down to the surface of the water; curiously spotted magpies and brilliantly tinted orioles float dreamily through the warm air; while groups of students pass and repass through bowers covered with roses.

I had beside me a set of essays written by the students upon a theme given them in the class-room, "A dream of the Kingdom of God in China," and among these surroundings, in the languor of a warm June day, separated from the Western world by the widest of the oceans, several hundred li of Chinese territory, and the massive city wall of Nan-king, with its countless turrets, I found the following essay. It has blemishes, of course, in language, and even in spelling; many parts might have been polished and made less crude by a little more study, but the whole, in spite of its defects, pictures so vividly the thoughts and desires of a young Chinese girl, who has never left her native country, that I have thought it best to give it absolutely *verbatim*, without changing so much as a comma.

* * * *

MY DREAM OF THE KINGDOM OF GOD IN CHINA.

One day I dreamed that I was led by an Angel to see the Kingdom of God in China, and I am going to describe it as much as I can remember of. First the Angel brought me to Peking, the headquarter. There I saw the President and the Cabinet busy themselves in working to meet their peoples' needs. They planned for provisions of water, food, health, and places for right amusements and education. I do not want to take time to repeat their long discussions, but the spirit that was shown through their plannings should not be left untold. The spirit was that of a true democratic one. Both freedom and discipline were present. No forced discipline was needed, because they had the positive freedom. No party strife nor secrecy underneath could be found. All worked for the same end, all for the benefit of their people. Moreover there was no squeezing. All accounts, no matter how little money was used, were reported exactly. Every member of the Cabinet knew how to control and how to obey. Even the one who ruled and commanded could obey just as well. The

President didn't act as if he was the exceptional honorable one, but worked as if he was a servant. He knew that he was the highest of all, therefore should serve all people.

By and by the President and the Cabinet went away to have a short rest. I was surprised to see that the President went home without body-guard. I asked my guide, the Angel, about it. He said "Kingdom of God in China is a perfectly peaceful Kingdom. Why does she need any militarism? Nobody needs any body-guard. None is going to do any harm on others, but to help one another as much as possible." I asked again, "It is peaceful inside of China now, but isn't she afraid of other countries? What is she going to do if she has no military man? Isn't she afraid of Japan?" The Angel said, "Oh, you foolish one; does the Kingdom of God afraid of any wordly powers? She has no outward forces, but her invisible powers will conquer all. Moreover do you think that the Kingdom of God come to China and does not go to other countries just as well? If she hasn't arrived there yet wont China help her fellow countries to get there soon?"

When I heard these I felt ashamed, therefore quickly ran away. But the Angel grasped me and carried me to Nan-king. We arrived at the rail-way station, where I saw many people coming and going. There were people of many different kinds of business, but everybody treated each other as if they were brothers. There was no class distinction. Everyone treated others well as they wished others to treat him well. They were really good social beings, with sincerity, sympathy, mutual love, help, spirit of little children, and all characteristics of a real democratic government. Ricksha men didn't rush into the train to force passengers to let them carry their baggages. I saw a ricksha man come to a gentleman and asked gently, "May I help you carry your heavy baggage?" "Yes, thank you," was the answer. No bargain was needed. I was sure the gentleman would give him a fair wage, and the ricksha man certainly would not plead for any more. Before they started they had eaten together in a tea-house right near the station. They talked, as they were eating, as if they were friends. After eating they went on their journey.

The people that I saw here in the station were almost all grown-up people, but they had the desirable characteristics of children. I couldn't see any craft in their hearts. They were simple, humble, teachable, trustful, and receptive. There was no self-importance, but sweet coordination with powers above, and adaptations to humble work. I could see that their minds were wide enough to receive all. They did not know how to angry at each other.

I saw a man carrying a big iron bed unconsciously hurt another man's leg. The one who was hurt didn't even stop to make the other man know that he had done him wrong. His leg was so painful that he had to call for a ricksha to go home. But he didn't grumble a word. I was so surprised to see him act like that, that I approached him and asked why he was so kind to the other man. He said, "My little friend, don't you know that the citizens of the Kingdom of God are willing to forgive all the time. If we don't forgive others how can we expect our Heavenly Father to forgive us? Our attitude to each other is that of a brotherly helpfulness. The other man injured me unconsciously therefore I didn't stop him. If he did that deliberately, I would give him helpful constructive instruction, so that next time he will not do the same thing to his fellow-men. We are trying our best to be perfect as our Heavenly Father is."

I was quite interested in this man, therefore went on asking him some more questions. In his answers there was a sentence very worth while to be remembered. He said, "Man is not one of selfish individualism, neither is he an impersonal unit, but each one is a Son of God, and to look upon every man as his brother."

It was quite amazing to see that the people here were so cooperative with their leaders in the headquarters. As I had said that the government of the Kingdom was that of a truly democratic one, so were the citizens. Everybody held his own responsibility and controlled himself. Nobody was given equal abilities but they made themselves equal by contributing, every one, his best. As it was a democratic government everybody had a chance to develop all abilities that he had, and had an opportunity to use them to the full. There was no distinction between different businesses. It was just as honorable to be a carpenter as it was to be an officer. But the way they went at work was graded. They would rather to be a first rate cloth weaver than to be a poor teacher. Everybody did what he could do best.

There was another admirable character in them, that is, every one knew how to control himself. They became masters instead of servants of their habit. Even little children knew what self-control was. There was a woman in the railway station with two children: one was six years old, and the other was three. I heard that little elder brother teach his little brother how to control himself, saying, "Dear brother, don't cry; that sugar cane is not good for you. You have to control yourself or else you cannot be a good citizen; and mamma will be ashamed of you."

I was so absorbed in the people in the railway station that I forgot that my guide, the Angel, was waiting for me to go into the city. Presently he came up to me and brought me into the city. I expected to see the high heavy city wall, but I didn't see any. There was no need of city wall. People didn't live in walled houses either. They wanted to see and help each other. I looked here and there to find those thatched cells but I found none. I suppose that the rich had helped the poor get better things.

By and by we got into the centre of the city. The scene there was very comfortable. Ethical and religious order prevailed everywhere. Everything was kept in order by many able social workers. There was no oppression, no injustice, and no discontent. Everybody lived happily in his family. Both house-wives and husbands did their own duties and lived harmoniously and happily with each other. There was no concubinage nor divorce, and children were well educated at home. At that time we felt rather hungry therefore we went into a house. The hostess of the house was very hospitable to us. Soon a table was fully covered with delicious food. We ate with the family. There were four children in the family. They were not shy but very polite and obedient. Parents did not rule over their children harshly, but cooperated with them as if they were friends, and at the same time they kept respecting each other. The home was so restful that I didn't want to leave. But we had to leave to see other places.

As soon as I stepped out of the door I noticed the street. Oh! it was very wide and straight, even and clean. No dirt of any sort was to be seen anywhere. It was very convenient for transportation, therefore sanitary food and water were sent to every family. All need of the people were provided. All that were discussed in Peking parliament were put into action. Public gardens, swimming pool,

and playground were scattered here and there, and the public places were kept very clean and sanitary. People were absolutely free from smoking and drinking. They had no bad places to go. I think they never wanted to go any places like that, for their homes were comfortable and had these public places to enjoy. I saw older people with their little children go to the public gardens, where they enjoyed the beauty of Nature, and gave practical instructions to their children, while the youth went to the playgrounds and had their athletics there.

We went further in and saw educational institutions and churches established here and there. Every boy and girl go to school without compulsion, for teachers gave their instruction so effectively that every child just loved to go to school. All sorts of knowledge were taught in such a way that children saw how to put them into use. Every course was closely related to their life. I attended a Bible Class in one of the primary classes. Teacher sat in the midst of her pupils and acted as a guide. Students themselves discussed the text about how the Samaritans helped the Jew, who had been beaten by robbers; while they got very interested in the topic, a voice was heard from downstairs. John had stumbled over a rock and his head was bleeding. All the students of the Bible Class went out and put their lessons into practice. Some went for boiled water while others for iodine, some for bandages, while others for doctor. In one moment John's head was carefully washed, and the wound was covered with disinfectant and bandage. Every one of them could use what they'd learned, and was efficient, physically, intellectually, and morally. Education that was given made children grow from within, made them reconstruct their lives continually, so that they could keep up the high ideals of the Kingdom.

Finally the Angel showed me the industrial quarter. There was no child labor. Children went to school and came to industries when they were well grown-up. All workers were educated therefore they did their work efficiently. I asked one of the industrial leaders about how much money he could get in one day. He said, "We do not care for the material money. We co-workers open this institution to help people and to do our social responsibility. Others contribute their best in educating and serving; we do our best in supplying people's daily needs. We never let money obscure our sense of value, nor dwarf our personality, nor dim our sense of brotherhood. In short,

we never let money come ahead of the aims, the ideals of Kingdom of God in China."

The industrial leader was still talking to me but I couldn't hear him. I was awakened by the rising bell and was disappointed to find that all was but a dream. After a few minutes thinking I was comforted by the parable of the Kingdom of God given in the Bible. Those parables show that Kingdom of God comes by a slow growth as mustard seeds do. It does not come by revolution but by evolution. Even though this dream of the Kingdom of God in China seems as if it is our remote unattainable aim, the beginning and the approaching of the aim is not far away, but here and now in China.

Here the essay ends. I look up from my reading and see the Girls of Ginling, in silks of every imaginable hue, passing and repassing beneath the roses. Oh! it is not a dream, thank God, not all of it. Thousands of young people, thoroughly awake to the situation, are ready, not merely to dream, but to act, and the oldest Empire of the World is awakening from its long sleep, not as a menace, but as the newest, and perhaps the greatest auxiliary. "The beginning and the approaching of the aim is not far away, but here and now in China,"

RED CANDLES

MARION ELLET

Christmas Eve,
And two red candles on the mantel-piece,
The little candles that you used to light
On this same evening, year after year,
After you'd hung the gleaming mistletoe
And draped the holly up in crisp green wreaths.
But oh, the bitterness that comes with change.
And so it's Christmas Eve again!
Again the sharp sleet on the window pane,
The driving snow, the shrilling prairie wind.
Again the twilight shadows stealing in
Caress the books, the pictures on the wall,
With the familiar touch of one who's home
After long years of wandering.
It's time to light the Christmas candles now—
Dear little candles with the soft warm light
To shine across the darkness and the snow
And warm the frozen heart-break of dead years
And make those dead years live again.

I've tried to light the candles, but I can't.
You see, I understand now something of your pain;
Your tragic hungering for loveliness,
Something I know too, of your old strange love
For our red candles on the mantel-piece.

THE LIBRARY AND THE HOUSE.

KATHARINE ADAM

It is an old-fashioned house built about an old-fashioned library which some might find oppressive. But as for me, I love that library and consider it my greatest achievement among the many loved features of the house. Whenever I enter it—dim and tremulous with the voyaging shadows of fire-light in the winter, or cool and flecked with high fluttering beams of sunlight in the summer—I wish that I had a hundred years of life before me, and might spend them there. I drop into one of the great over-stuffed chairs beneath a saffron-shaded lamp, and sigh for the time in which to conduct a thorough consumption of all that precious literature which is actually hemming me in. For on all four walls of the room, the built-in shelves extend from floor to ceiling, broken only by the fireplace, the one door, and two high windows. A ladder of carved walnut on minute wheels and track offers its quaint assistance to one whose explorations among that kaleidoscopic array of book-bindings leads him towards the ceiling. And there, high on the walnut moulding around the room, he may trace with his fingers the carved letters which spread their gist on the four walls, "Literature is life objectified and set to the music of other souls."—And as he mounts the ladder, the explorer may read on each of its seven steps, one after another of the following clauses:

"Oh, for the moral courage of Socrates, the wisdom of Aristotle, the artistic taste of Phidias, the firmness of Napoleon, the kindness of Schiller, the goodness of Savonarella, and the comprehensive world-view of Goethe."

A vault of dim quiet, depth, security: the abiding-place of many thousands of real, yet intangible characters with the personalities of their thousands of authors pervading the whole—here, indeed, is a shrine to literature, and here the days may be profitably passed with all the rich placidity of purple grapes upon a sun-steeped wall.

But my days are otherwise ordained, for I find that, in respect to this house, I am like a chameleon who unconsciously acquires the hue of his surroundings. When I pass into my other favorite room, I am torn between a rapturous love of its surface beauty, and that

more sombre love of the unseen, unexplored wonders of the library. In lighter moments I choose the drawing-room.

This is a room of mirrored enchantment. There are panel mirrors set in the pearl-grey walls, each frame a grey scroll of fruits and flowerbuds and entwining ribbon, and each glass a charming picture in itself. Color and slimness are the dominant notes—graceful pastels, and the slim bulk of chairs and small round tables. There are shimmering cushions in odd blues and greens and lavender, and there are satin brocades at the windows and over the tables, shaded in the palest of frosty-green, and picked out in a design of sand-color and dull silver. On the polished floor is an Aubusson rug splashed with great roses from rose-red to shell-pink, and on the walls are candelabra hung with glancing prisms.

Here, life has all the cool, dainty formality of a hand-painted miniature.

And then again I may worship at the shrine of rustic antiquity, just without the French doors of the breakfast room. There, over a hundred years old, is laid a crumbling, flagged court where a stone well-head, weather-stained and splotched with grey-green lichen, reflects a circumscribed sky. This circle of still, dark water is most beautiful of all when the heavens are cool and grey, mottled in deeper grey—that least earthly of all weather which most people associate with firesides and musings, remote hopes and visions, and those clear-cut realizations that fade out in the sunshine.

And on such a day, I am torn between the esc̄tatic thrill for those old romantic glories of the stained well-head in the crumbling court, and again that slower-burning love for the equally old and romantic glories of the tan and blue and yellow bindings in the firelit library. However, as this is a house built around a library, I generally decide in favor of the latter. And there, chameleon-like, I acquire a bookish hue and wish that I had a hundred years of life before me, and might spent them there.

This house—red brick, gabled, and dormer-windowed, with a brass knocker on its white door and faded green shutters at its many-paned windows—has lost itself somewhere in the midst of poplars and willow-trees; in reality, it has never even found itself, except in my dreams, my waking mind, and in my heart.

RETURN

MARION ELLET

Can you take me back, my people?
I have dwelt in distant lands
And forgot the ancient credo
Of the roving forest bands.
Still, with autumn comes a yearning
For the heritage I sold.
Can you take me back, my people,
To the hill tribes, as of old?

*For my heart has seen your watch-fires
Burn against the midnight sky.
Seen the rhythmic shadows passing
As of dancers whirling by.
For my heart has seen the star-shine,
Heard the music and the laughter,
And my light feet follow after,
Through the night.*

I have knelt at other altars
Where a gentle maiden should.
I have blasphemed all the hill gods,
All the gods of dale and wood;
Kissed the rod with them who worship
Pain and sacrifice and fears.
Can you take me back, my people,
With the stain of Christian tears?

I have grovelled in their markets
I have labored, even so,
And forgotten that all toiling
Only ends in death and woe.
I forgot the singing rivers
And the singing forest lands.
Can you take me back, my people,
With a toil-stain on my hands?

I have wept for death a little
Oh the weary, dreary ways.
Take me back, then, and forgive me
All the empty, aching days.
I have sought for Truth eternal,
Sought for Faith—and paid the toll.
Can you take me back, my people,
With a grief-stain on my soul?

*For my heart has seen your watch-fires
Burn against the midnight sky.
Seen the rhythmic shadows passing
As of dancers whirling by.
For my heart has seen the star-shine,
Heard the music and the laughter,
And my light feet follow after,
Through the night.*

EDITOR'S TABLE

HUSH!

MARGERY HAWLEY

I'm waiting for the fairy
That winds up the Four-o'-clocks
And sews on Bachelor's Buttons
And gathers in the Phlox;
The one that tolls the Hare-bells
When each weary day departs,
And comes stealing down the twilight
To bind up the Bleeding Hearts.

THE WIND

HELEN GREEN

The trees are all tossing their branches about
And they're making a hurricane blow;
They've plotted together to have stormy weather,
They're angry 'bout something I know.
Just the twist of a leaf and the swing of a bough,
And away goes a rollicking breeze—
It's funny to me that the grown-ups can't see
That the wind is all made by the trees!

A SELF-DEFENSE

FLORENCE WOLFE

Have you ever been to a dinner-party and listened to the sparkling repartee of your friends while you sat on and sat on silently, like a clod? At first, you tried to stay in the conversation. Your friends helped you. The gleaming ball which has darted so rapidly from wit to wit is thrown to you. You realize that it is your turn to be clever. A gasp—a stammer, the ball has gone, and you have fumbled as usual. This happens frequently during the first course. After that, your friends cease to trouble you, either because they pity you or do not like the delay. You become about as important as the forks. No—less so—for they serve their turn.

If you have ever been thus, sympathetic reader, you know my predicament. I am really cursed, for all my friends are god-kissed, with a sense of humor. Aye more, they all have nimble tongues. Some utter sharp, satirical criticism; others express high-comedy, subtle comments; and some who are not original funsters are merely good story-tellers. Did I say merely? I crave their pardon. That is not a fitting phrase from the lips of one who always tells the point first—otherwise she would forget it.

Such are my friends—these women of keen wit, of subtle humor, of dazzling repartee. They are a misfortune, or at least they were. I used to loathe our monthly dinners. I would leave one feeling more stupid than usual and suffering the gravest of human tragedies. I would be wholly un-conceited. At home, I would revive and to my mirrored face, I could address such brilliant remarks that the grim articles of my dressing table would snicker. But my friends never heard these oft-rehearsed hits, for they died with the dawn, and I would be just as silent at the next feast.

This, I say, was my state. Now I am emancipated. I can enjoy a dinner as two hours of perfect freedom. I cannot be clever, I cannot repartee, but I can pun. I now throw back the ball, a little slowly, but I get back. I remain in the conversation until the dessert. I have ever been known to match my wits with the cigarettes. It may not amuse my friends but it amuses me—and after all, all that a joke needs is an audience—even if it be a singular one.

THE SYMPATHETIC READER

FRANCES CURRAN

At those whose blighting glance destroyed
The beauty of the things she wrote,
She couldn't help but be annoyed,
And longed to seize them by the throat.

Of those who well could understand
The words that lay upon her page,
She longed to grasp the friendly hand,
Their amiability engage.

For those rare souls whose powers see
The things that she would like to mean,
She wished that one more wise than she
Could write the lines they read between!

RECEPTION TO ST. JOHN ERVINE AT BRYN MAWR

FRANCES CURRAN

A nice young man,
With orange hair,
Light curled upon a well-shaped head;
An Irish smile,
A pleasant voice
That makes them like the things he's said.

They stand around;
His evening coat
Stands out against their dance frocks prim.
His speech was good;
They've told him so,
And have no more to say to him

He is polite—
A nice young man—
In books they bring he writes his name.
And though he hasn't
Jumped the wall,
He would have liked to, just the same.

EDITORIAL

There has appeared in *The Atlantic Monthly* recently, a series of essays on the manners and morals of modern young people. 'Mr. Grundy' started the discussion; Mrs. Gerould continued it; and one of 'those wild young people' himself added his comment by way of defence. Then 'a last year's debutante' wrote this neat epitaph for the topic: "Don't flatter us by noticing us!" and, so far as *The Atlantic Monthly* is concerned, the subject was closed.

It is not, however, a subject one can close so easily. Deriving as it does from actual conditions, it must flourish till the conditions themselves be removed. It is of as vital interest as politics and personalities, like the 'local news' of a newspaper, and so long as the older generation "views with alarm," so long will the younger generation glory in its naughtiness and invent prodigious reasons.

We have excused most of our so-called 'offences' by the simple expedient of referring to shifted standards, changed customs and "greater freedom and frankness than our parents knew," and no doubt we were right—sometimes. But there are some things one cannot excuse; some things one can only attempt to explain. Promiscuous and irresponsible "loving" is one of these.

Older persons are inclined to hold this laxity of moral standards a sign and result of "the very degenerate age." But it is rather a cause than a result. It contributes to, but does not spring from the lowering of ideals incident to the war.

The real reason is, I believe, simply this: young people are forced by the exigencies, customs, and inventions of modern life—such as newspapers, magazines, 'movies,' telephones, and facilitated modes of travel—to be cognizant at an early age of the world about them. Formerly, the family was a child's world till he left it for the larger one of school or business; nowadays, he comes in contact with persons, facts, and problems not at all connected with family affairs, almost as soon as he can read, and can run about by himself. He has to make up his mind for himself by himself; and he early learns the value of experiment.

Young men and women discover and face the idea of love by themselves; they experiment in that as in other things—not reckless, as is commonly supposed, but cautious.

As for remedy—well, gone long ago are the days when an evil might be checked by crying “Wicked!”; passing now the detracting influence of “Danger!” and coming soon, I hope, the days when the only warning necessary will be “Foolish!” The ‘wild young people of today’ are not fools, and do not want to be considered so. They will change their ways as soon as they have proved to themselves that their ways are—not wrong, not dangerous, but—unnecessary.

BOOK REVIEW.

ON THE ART OF READING

Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch.

NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.

"These best teachers climb beyond teaching to the plane of art; it is themselves, and what is best in themselves, that they communicate."

— STEVENSON.

"Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch," the jacket of his latest book assures us, "is editor, novelist, poet, and critic—one of the most versatile as well as distinguished living men of letters."

All this is undoubtedly true, but he is, also, even more. He is a teacher—"King Edward VII Professor of English Literature in the University of Cambridge"—and nowhere in his works is this more apparent than in *On the Art of Reading*, companion book to his *On the Art of Writing*, and like it, a series of lectures delivered to his students at Cambridge. To read the book is to sit at his feet for a term or two, and to learn much of reading, and much of Quiller-Couch, and to wish that all "courses" might be presented thus lucidly in book form, so that one could get their substance without the tedium of attending classes.

His argument is this—"that a liberal education is not an appendage to be purchased by a few; that Humanism is, rather, a *quality* which can, and should, condition all our teaching; which can, and should, be impressed as a character upon it all, from a poor child's first lesson in reading up to a tutor's last word to his pupil on the eve of a Tripos." This he proves to the satisfaction of his reader, by his own example.

The lectures *On Children's Reading*, *On Reading for Examinations*, and, more especially, those *On Reading the Bible* uphold and illustrate his contention that reading of the best literature can be taught—for they teach. This is a more surprising fact than it would seem to be, since the purpose of the lectures is avowedly didactic, because the reader—or "listener," one might say—is so little conscious of being taught. When reading for information is accomplished without effort and with pleasure, it ceases to be study and becomes learning.

*“And now,” as Bunyan says, “before I do put up my pen
I’ll show the profit of my book; and then
Commit both thee and it unto that hand
That pulls the strong down, and makes weak ones stand.*

* * * *

*This book will make a traveller of thee,
If by its counsel thou wilt ruled be;
It will direct thee to the Holy Land,
If thou wilt its directions understand:
Yea, it will make the slothful active be;
The blind also delightful things to see.”*

EDITH HILL BAYLES

EXCHANGES

As we read the Exchanges, it occurs to us that the literary magazine is an important part of college life. It also occurs to us that it is an insignificant part of inter-collegiate life. We meet at Silver Bay—we confer about student government—about our A. A. troubles—we debate. Why do we not have another mutual activity—in a literary way? Each individual magazine declares editorially that it is the exponent of the undergraduate views of life and its attributes, whether in prose or poetry. Why not an interchange of ideas? Do we entirely lack a curiosity and pique about the things of the mind—your mind?

“Round Table” from Mt. Holyoke is an interesting and stimulating successor—the prose perhaps more so than the poetry. *Dump No Ashes Here* accomplishes what few undergraduate short stories ever do. It interests the reader not only in the first paragraph but in the last. The review of Katherine Fullerton Gerould’s *Modes and Morals* is penetrating. “The Round Table” makes a brilliant beginning. The Queen is dead—long live the Queen.

“Vassar Miscellany Monthly” successfully combines the charmingly amusing and the pleasurable improving. The book reviews and the analysis of American dramatic life deftly accomplishes the latter—*The Smutty-Faced Fairy* and *Heavenly Art* facilely do the former.

“Barnard Bear” of Barnard has some excellent material and although there is no outstanding article, it has successfully maintained its high standard.

“The Tattler” of Randolph-Macon is a mature, well-balanced magazine. The critical prose is acute, but *Barrie-Romanticist* loses some of its value by the too impersonal quality. One almost doubts the author’s comprehension of the Barrie spirit. *Paeon* by Muriel C. Porter, 1924, expresses an universal feeling. It is, we think, another reason for a more lively intercollegiate life.

PAEAN

This is the joy of my youth!

To stand like a silver birch, wind-swept by the gales of high places—
To watch the wraith-pale mist curl over the tree tops at sunrise—
To see the heralding sunbeams waken the mountain-peaks
This is the joy of my youth!

What care I that the sages smile? They have not my youth!

I can run free as a cloud-shadow over the tree-clad hills—

My hair streams like grasses lashed by the wind—

My limbs are fire-made substance, leaping, strong and lithe,

This is the strength of my youth.

Over the hills at night, when the dew-bright stars are shining,

I walk, and dream of fame and fortune, under the infinite spaces—

This is the dream of my youth!

Sweet is my youth!

It is good to labor and strive without pause, without tiring,

To desire goals that are distant, unseen, scarce imagined—

To wait the future unafraid, dreaming of life and glory.

I cling to my youth.

F. E. W.

AFTER COLLEGE

PERSONALS

Contributions for this department are desired before the end of the month in order to appear in the next issue and should be addressed to Dorothy Schuyler, 30 Green Street, Northampton, Mass.

MARRIED

- '17. Hilda Berry to York W. Brennan.
Sylvia Carter to Capt. Howard Thomas, June 22.
Dorothy Cole to Warner Sturtevant, October 6.
Ruby Conover to John T. Potts, August 8.
Carolyn Hosford to Carlos A. Rogers, July 15.
- '18. Alison Cook to Sidney A. Cook, September 4.
Ora Crofut to Allan Miles Paul, December 20, 1919.
Jeannette Duncan to Charles McMurtey Noble.
Mary Frances Hartley to Homer Barnes.
- '19. Helen Bingham to Victor Miller, September 18.
Carolyn Case to Allen B. Cook, September 11.
Dorothy Hicks to John H. Rabb, July 28.
Edna Phinney to Russell Whitaker, October 9th.
- ex.* '19. Marian Bayley to Dr. Edwin P. Buchanan, October 16.
- '20. Jane Caldwell to Harrison Tobdell September 4.
Helen Ayer to Warren Alston Maynard, September 25.
Marind Hamill to Walter Hayes Johnson.
Eleanor Wells to Frances Porter Farnsworth, September 4.

ENGAGED

- '18. Katherine Bradley to George White.
Eleanor Boardman to Frank Fraser Siple.
Helen Kotting to Walter Ballard Maurice.
- '19. Laura Bisbee to Lendell B. Dean.
Beatrice Marion to Edwin B. Ackeman.
Sara Smith to Edmund J. Davenport.
Alice Stevens to Otis Carl William.
Elizabeth Wyandt to Roland Armstrong Wood.

BORN

- '18. To Margaret (Hepburn) Snyder, a daughter, Ann Hepburn.
To Edith (Whittier) Holmes, a daughter, Sylvia.
- ex.* '21. To Katherine (Munson) Swayne, a daughter, Ruth.

OTHERWISE OCCUPIED

- '18. Ruth Buswell is secretary in the Department of Studies in the Misses Master's School, Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.
Louise de Schweinitz is studying medicine at Johns Hopkins.
- '19. Martha Aldrich is a chemical technician at Grace Hospital, Detroit.
Elizabeth Atterbury is secretary to the secretary of the Street Railway Advertising Co., New York City.
Catherine Saunders is secretary to A. S. Spaulding, principal of Spaulding School, Montclair, N. J.
Elise Steyne is working for an M. A. in History at Radcliffe.
- '20. Hannah Goldberg is with the Aetna Life Insurance Co. in Hartford, Conn.
Brina Kessel is studying medicine at the University of Buffalo.
Jeanette Lawson is a student in Katherine Gibb's School for Secretaries in Boston.
Marguerite Livingston is teaching English and Spanish in Richfield Springs, N. Y.
Alice Rathbun is studying music at the New England Conservatory of Music, in Boston.

THE
SMITH COLLEGE
MONTHLY



JANUARY 1921

CONTENTS

EPIGRAM	<i>Georgiana Palmer, 1921</i>	99
THE OPEN DOOR	<i>Anne Walsh, 1922</i>	100
NOCTURNE	<i>Ruth O'Hanlon, 1921</i>	108
THE BURDEN	<i>Dorothy Butts, 1921</i>	109
REVERIE	<i>Denise Rotival, GS</i>	110
SNOWFALL	<i>Margaret Tildsley, 1922</i>	111
THE DEMON OF ASLAK MÖVEN	<i>Ellen Douglas Everett, 1921</i>	112
SNOW	<i>Eleanor Chilton, 1922</i>	117
THE CREAM OF THE JEST	<i>Catharine Young, 1921</i>	119
THE PARADE	<i>Dorothy Butts, 1921</i>	121
EDITOR'S TABLE		
HARK, HARK, THE PHILISTINE	<i>Georgiana Palmer, 1921</i>	122
THE MORNING MOON	<i>Frances Curran, 1923</i>	122

The Smith College Monthly is published at Northampton, Mass., each month from October to June, inclusive. Terms \$1.75 a year. Single copies 25c.

Subscriptions may be sent to Dorothy Stearns, 30 Green Street, Northampton.

Contributions may be left in the Monthly box in the Note Room.

Tables of Contents for the year 1919-1920 will be sent upon request.

THE SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

Vol. XXIX

JANUARY 1921

No. 4

MONTHLY STAFF

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

EDITH HILL BAYLES 1921

MANAGING EDITOR

MARGARET TILDSLEY 1922

EXCHANGE EDITOR

FLORENCE WOLFE 1921

LITERARY EDITORS

CLARINDA BUCK 1921 ELEANOR CHILTON 1922

DOROTHY BUTTS 1921 MARION ELLET 1921

BUSINESS MANAGER

DOROTHY STEARNS 1921

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS

FREDA HAAS 1921 DOROTHY SCHUYLER 1921

VIRGINIA HATFIELD 1922

EPIGRAM

GEORGIANA PALMER

When a soul has cracked its shell,
 Very Well. 'Tis very well.
And on scanty feathers tries
To go soaring in the skies,
 Very well. But the shell
Somehow always flies
Into other people's eyes.

THE OPEN DOOR.

ANNE WALSH

One of the men was plainly agitated. The other sat regarding him with intentness, but without emotion.

"I tell you," exclaimed the younger, clenching his fist, "it's haunting me. I can't stand it any longer."

His face was distorted. Spencer frowned a little at his display of feeling.

"Even now," Brainbridge went on, "while I'm sitting here talking to you, I am conscious of it hovering around in the background of my mind waiting to dash out upon me, waiting for me to relax my guard. And I would relax it, if I weren't sitting here talking to you. It's only your presence that holds it off, and even then it's only a question of time before—it overcomes that, too. It's driving me mad. I cannot stand it, that's all."

Spencer waited a moment before answering, to be sure that his friend was really finished.

"What——," he began then, when Brainbridge interrupted him hysterically.

"You can't know what it is. You can't know the unbearable patience of the thing. Whenever I go into a room anywhere, I know that the terror of it will be there with me, in church, theater or restaurant, it doesn't matter. And the smaller it is, the bigger the—the—the force.

"I tell myself that it's not real, that I'm overwrought, that I want to get away on a vacation. I got away on a vacation. It's been worse since. I had nothing to do but think. I tell myself that it's—that it can't be true, that I'm not haunted, that such things simply don't happen. But—it does happen. It's there all the time I'm arguing. There's one part of my mind that I can't convince, and it's that part that the—the fear reaches to.

"I—I—I'm afraid," he cried brokenly. "It's always listening, that part of my mind that I can't convince; listening like a death-watch, for the sound of an opening door. I swear to myself that the doors can't open unless someone opens them, that I'm absurd, silly, childish. But I turn my head quickly, even now I want to turn it,

to catch the door in the act of opening by itself. And I never do catch it, I'm never quick enough to see it; but—it opens. I know it opens, I tell you. And something comes in that wasn't in the room before, a horrible, beautiful, fascinating something.

"That's all there is to it," he added more quietly.

"You know, of course, that many people would think you are mad?" asked Spencer, tapping his glasses against the back of his hand.

"But do you think I'm mad?" Brainbridge challenged.

Spencer smiled a little.

"You forget—those same people express a doubt as to my capability of judging. I had a great deal of difficulty not long ago, to prevent my considerate heirs from committing me to the safe and thorough care of the state insane asylum."

Brainbridge smiled sombrely.

"Well—" Spencer continued after one of his deliberate pauses, "I don't think you're mad, needless to say, though most people would. But most people are—shall we put it gently?—a little mad themselves, monomaniacs on their pet little dogmas, one of them being, as you and I know, that "a miracle is only something that has not yet been explained," to quote M. France; and that uncontrolled or uncontrollable phenomena are decidedly bad form, intellectually."

Brainbridge fidgeted. He was interested only in one thing.

"However, that is not important," Spencer remarked, noticing his impatience. He turned to lay his glasses down on the window-sill and then back to Brainbridge to regard him curiously.

"It's got you hard, hasn't it, old man?" He inquired sympathetically.

Brainbridge, without heeding him, slid around hastily in his chair, to look at the door.

"I can't help it," he exclaimed excitedly. "I've simply got to watch that door. It will open. I know it will."

"Suppose we lock it?" suggested Spencer, without moving to do so.

"That isn't the slightest bit of use, you know as well as I."

"No—," musingly. "It's not the slightest. We've got to manage some other way, or you will be mad, even to my feeble judgment. They'll have you in an insane asylum in no time, Brainbridge, if you keep on like this. . . No, *don't—turn—around*. Pay attention to me.

Even if you did catch the door in the act of opening, you couldn't prevent the thing's coming in, you know."

"That's the terrible part about it," Brainbridge caught him up swiftly, bracing himself against the back of his chair. "I don't *want* to prevent it's coming in. At least, a part of me doesn't. I know it's dangerous, but I want it to come in. I want it to seize upon me, as it does, almost with physical vigor and delight."

"As it does, you say. Do you mean that it has succeeded in coming in upon you then?"

"Yes. . . Last night. I was alone here in my study, trying to get some editorial work done for my paper, and trying to concentrate on it, particularly to prevent the fear's finding any room in my mind. But I couldn't keep it out. You know how it is. The very fact that one is striving against a thought only strengthens its obsession of one.

"So with this. I gave it up in despair at last. I couldn't stand it. Oh, it was—horrible," he cried, and stopped a moment.

"I rose. I went to the door, peered out into the hall—I always keep it brightly lit now. There was nothing there—of course. The apartment seemed to me to be deadly still, but—that was all.

"I closed the door. I locked it and moved that heavy oak table over there up against it—Silly of me, wasn't it?

"Well,—then I attempted to get back to my work. I had just picked up the sheets, I was about to turn them over, when I heard—I distinctly heard, I tell you—a voice say, 'Quick!'

"I jumped around in my chair, dropping my pen and scattering ink all over. The door was closed, locked and barricaded. But—

"The thing was in. It seemed—I use the only metaphor I can think of, but you know no metaphor can describe those things—it seemed as though a very beautiful and very seductive woman were approaching me, as though she cast herself upon me where I had risen from my chair and hung with limp, heavy grace from my shoulders, while I gazed in horror and fear—You know the old stories about the hermits of the Thebaïd, St. Anthony in the desert and all that sort of thing—Well, this was like that—only different."

He smiled wanly.

"Naturally, since I am no hermit. That, I perceive was not a good metaphor. It would lead you to misunderstand, but it was the only thing I could think of to convey the horror and the fascination of it, the sense of danger and of overpowering delight. It was

as though—as though a blanketing, suffocating force had wrapped itself about me, deadening my senses, cutting me off entirely from the world of real things. And there was ecstasy in that loss of contact, an inexplicable pleasure. I wanted to prolong it. I did not want to be free of that overpowering embrace.

“Yet—I was afraid. I struggled. Quite against my wish, I struggled to be rid of the thing. Gradually its hold upon my consciousness loosened. The—the celestial delight of it was gone. The fear remained, increasing minute by minute. It was as though I had been safe so long as I yielded. I regretted—my victory. . .

“I regret it now,” he confessed after a silence. “I have never felt such absolute—bliss—no other word will describe it. It was the sort of happiness, I think, that the devout Buddhist expects to enjoy when he attains Nirvana. But I—I had not reached Nirvana. The Buddha is unconscious of the beatitude of his state, but I, while abandoning myself, while sinking deeper into the force which was overcoming me, was still conscious, still acting volitionally—”

“Fortunately,” commented Spencer.

“Yes—,” Brainbridge agreed, “fortunately. Nevertheless, I am curious to know what would have happened had I yielded entirely all my desires, all my joy even, in the yielding. Do *you* know what would have happened?”

“I know what the Buddhist says would happen,” Spencer answered, scrutinizing him.

Brainbridge pursed his lips thoughtfully.

“There is an attraction for me in Buddhism, quite a strange one. I wish I knew whether it were—practicable or not. That’s all one can ever know about any religion or system of philosophy—whether it’s practicable. Truth is so—unattainable.”

“Perhaps,” interjected the other.

“Well—,” Brainbridge shrugged. “There it is—Do you mind if I light a pipe? Thanks—Sorry you don’t indulge. Now that I’ve gotten it off my chest, so to speak, it seems less burdensome. I can look at it almost impersonally—for the moment.”

There was silence in the study. Brainbridge sucked vigorously at his pipe, and Spencer stared thoughtfully at the thick Chinese rug. Finally, he seemed to have come to a decision.

“Brainbridge,” he began, “I want you to do me a favor. It’s the only way out of this thing. You feel quite easy in your mind now, but if you let it go on, tonight or tomorrow night, it will be

back again to torment you. You won't be able to exist a moment without the fear of something coming from behind you, attacking you when you don't expect it and when you're not looking. And not only the fear of it—The thing itself whatever it is, will overpower you, blot out your identity, submerge it in its own—and then—Well, that's all."

"What do you want me to do?" asked Brainbridge.

"You said, a moment or so ago, that you had wanted to let it conquer before, that you wanted it to get in now—"

"Expect for its dangers, yes."

"Well, would you be willing to chance its dangers,—if you were given assurance that you would ultimately be safe?"

"You mean—let it in? Not fight it off?"

"Yes."

Brainbridge did not answer for a moment.

"What good will it do if I do let it get in on me?" he inquired then.

"If we—you and I fight it together—or rather, if I fight it and force it out again, once it's gained possession of you, we can exhaust its force for good, and it won't be able to assault you any more."

"But do you think, do you honestly think," demanded Brainbridge, "that it's as real as all that?"

"I do think so," declared Spencer gravely. "I know it to be real."

"But why does it attack me? And why does it attack in the way that it does?"

Spencer glanced out the window with far-seeing eyes, wistfully.

"I wish I knew that much, Brainbridge. . . . However, there is always a cause, if not in your own life, then in the lives of your parents. I know this sounds rot, put into words. Nevertheless, there are too many strange things in the world for us to be able to scoff at any of them."

Brainbridge rose and went to the window and stood looking down into the street below, at the trim lawns and their bright iron railings, and at the children and at their nurses and at the passers-by. They were realities. How insane, how ludicrous was that other reality, in the sunlight which illumined these!

"Very well," he said, turning around. "It's the best test, after all. I honestly don't believe anything will happen—now. Last night I believed. But now, in the broad light of day, fancies vanish. I

do this only to prove to you that my experience had no real basis. I will—let us say—invite in the force that my nervousness has created. I know it won't come."

"Won't it?" asked Spencer. "You don't honestly believe that. You don't think that you were dreaming last night" he declared as one stating a fact. "Nor do I. Suppose you get over there at your desk and begin work on the papers you were trying to finish last night. And give me a book. Thanks.

"What's the mirror doing over your desk?" he inquired suddenly, his eye caught by it for the first time.

"Oh!" Brainbridge looked embarrassed. "I hung that there after the visitation last night—in hopes of not being surprised the next time and of seeing the door in the act of opening."

"Ummm," was Spencer's comment. He picked up his book and commenced to read. Brainbridge, after aimlessly rustling papers for some time, settled down to work.

A half-hour passed.

"I can't go on. I can't," suddenly exclaimed Brainbridge, throwing down his pen. "This waiting is unbearable. If there is really something at that door, why doesn't it come in? Why does it tantalize me so?"

"Because you're not letting it in," responded the older man.

"I'm not letting it? How can I prevent it—if it's really there? Oh, I know it *is* really there. I'm only pretending not to believe in it. I can't help believing in it. It's simply refusing to open the door, because it knows that I'm waiting."

"I don't think that's it. It's something in your attitude of mind that keeps it out."

"But no matter what my attitude of mind, it's always there threatening me."

"Only it can't get in, you see. It may threaten, but it can't accomplish its threats, unless *you* unlock the door—of your mind. You may say that you intend to allow it to enter, but unless you provide it with the means, the connection, so to speak, it can't."

"But last night—"

"Last night you were probably thinking of something that made it possible for it to make its presence felt. Somewhere in those papers must be the clew. Suppose you go on editing them from the beginning, instead of from where you left off last night."

Brainbridge impatiently did as the other directed. The shadows of late afternoon crept about his study and installed themselves in the corners like sentinels. Only the scratch of a pen and the turning of pages—and then the pen suddenly stopped.

“Look, look!” cried Brainbridge pointing to the mirror, “it’s dissolving. The mirror is dissolving. I can’t see anything.”

He jumped from his chair and ran to the door, hurling himself against it.

“It’s opening. I can’t keep it closed. I can’t, I can’t,” he panted.

From far off, Spencer’s voice came to him.

“You don’t want to keep it closed.”

Then the walls of the room receded from him to a great distance. Brainbridge felt himself alone. Not far off in space, but existing independent of it, he heard steady, unmodulated laughter, a monotonous ripple and catch, ripple and catch, outside of him and of all the limits and the terms of his world, yet encompassing them. Then it seemed that he was no longer alone. Something there was in the room beside him, not close, not far away, but he could not define it as a personality. It smiled in pity for his ignorance, yet, though he perceived the smile like a flash of light through the dimness, he could not see the thing. It baffled him to have it so close and so intangible.

Then the walls of the room, as he was pondering this, closed together upon him, as though to suffocate him out of existence. They were soft, like velvet strangely, but they fell upon him fold upon fold, and there was delight in their strength to overpower. Then it was no longer velvet that surrounded him, but a black, turgid stream into which he sank as into unconsciousness. Yet, It was not unconscious Itself, only his share in It. It was the river of annihilation and he found it ineffably sweet. He wet his dry lips with the soft coolness of it. He hurled himself deeper and deeper, in a delirious paroxysm of joy. The waters closed over him. Their surface was quiet again, and untroubled. . .

A woman sat beneath a cherry-tree in blossom, playing upon a strange instrument and singing. She sang a lament for her beloved, who had left her in anger. She would mourn him forever, even in death would she mourn. Nor would she let his spirit go free; hers would follow his through time and space and eternity. She bowed her shining head and raised her flowing sleeve to hide her grief.

A man sat at a desk writing. He wrote on a long, thick envelope: "To my son." Two women faced each other across him. One was dressed in flowing, flowered silk, like the woman under the tree. The other seemed to belong to a different country. She wore clothes of a rough stuff like the man's. The same look was in the eyes of both, and it made the man uncomfortable. Nevertheless, he appeared not to see the woman who wore the flowing silks, who had sung a lament for him.

A child lay in a basket, kicking his fat, bare legs in the sun. In the shadow of the window curtain stood the woman of the flowing garments. The other one, leaning over the child, did not seem to notice her. But the baby's eyes went past his mother and rested upon the hidden stranger. He gazed as if fascinated and unable to turn away. The mother became uneasy. She shook him a little and, finally, looking about her apprehensively, picked him up in his blankets and carried him off.

A young man stood staring in horror at the closed door of a room strewn with books. Through that door, without seeming to open it, glided the woman of the flowing silks. She came up to him, and put her hands upon his shoulders, and looked triumphantly into his eyes. "It is I who conquer!" she seemed to say. There was sad music that came faintly from far away. . . .

Someone was troubling the waters of the river of unconsciousness. Brainbridge, lying flat on his back on his couch, stirred uneasily.

"Brainbridge!" came a voice that was Spencer's, sounding unreal.

There was a painful insistence in the tone. It confronted him, pursued him, fought with him, pressing him to reply. It roused his submerged consciousness, and he did not like it. He did not wish to be roused. There was a terrific conflict going on beside him, in which he was the disinterested and unwilling spectator. He was feebly attentive, without knowing what was at stake, nor who were the contestants. He felt inclined to laugh, when a strange, raucous noise burst upon his ears.

"Who's doing that?" he demanded irritably.

The sound ceased.

"You'd better stop," he announced menacingly.

His throat began to burn. It was a delicious sensation. Liquid fire flowed down it. His head began going around and round like a top.

"Stop it!" he shrieked. "I won't have it, I tell you."

Something damp and cool was laid upon his forehead, and he heard his friend say soothingly,

"It's all right, now, old fellow. Lie still. You'll be all right in a moment."

The mist cleared suddenly from Brainbridge's consciousness.

"What the hell—?" he exclaimed, sitting up. "Did I faint?"

There was unutterable disgust in his tone. Spencer pushed him gently back upon the couch.

"You did," he answered with his usual calm. "Afterwards, that is."

NOCTURNE

RUTH O'HANLON

My dear, if sometime you would come to me,
Some twilight evening still and grey,
With earth as weary as my heart—
The bitter closing of a futile day.

Wearied of people and their stupid ways,
Their little minds and screeching platitudes.
Stripped of laughter and of tears you'd find me,
Quite freed from gaiety and petty moods.

Only a tired and aching heart would wait you—
A heart content at last to find its rest,
And mute, perhaps, and not quite understanding—
Would whisper to itself—"Yes, this is best."

But knowing me completely, then, I fear,
That then, ah, then you would not care, my dear!

THE BURDEN

DOROTHY BUTTS

Our love will never home in some dear place
Of rosy bricks and swinging gate.
Nor dream before the flames that trace
Rich graining in the old mahogany,
And light old silver plate.
Forever we shall miss
The little fan-shaped windows,
The ruffled curtains of cool dotted Swiss,
The gleaming knocker on the heavy door,
The holly wreaths of winter and June's rose.

Oh, June! Is there more anguish in the arching
Of crimson bloom above the walk
Than when I saw the marching,
Brilliant tulips in the border beds,
Or loved the lilacs and the glimpse of holly-hock?

Oh, holly wreaths behind your shining covers,
Peering into the world beyond the glass,
You may discover there someone who hovers
Near enough to steal a look within,
To long for your security, to pass!

Forever we shall miss,
We who are doomed to roam,
The fan-shaped windows with their ruffled white,
And yet, we wander through the streets at night,
Hushing our plaintive love that cries for home.

REVERIE

DENISE ROTIVAL

Do you know when the loneliness comes?

At twilight, when in my darkening room, I watch the pages of my book fade to gray and black.

There is mystery and sadness around, and I am— — —alone. Then I can see your face, so young and pure, as I last watched it with my head on your knees, and hear your voice and your laugh, filling the room with soft, silvery sounds.

All is dimness and warmth around us.

Between the bronze andirons a fire burns, casting on the walls dark shadows, flitting in an endless dance.

Pink light glows from the corner, sunray captive in a pink shell.

I can see the blue Persian bowl full of water-lilies, with diamonds on their transparent wax. The carved ivories, pure whites deepening to yellows and browns. The Chinese cushion, where a golden bird struts on midnight blue, and crimson flowers blossom between purple leaves, and the Buddha squatting on his lotus flowers, so stiff yet so alive, with the puzzling smile of his slanted eyes.

The familiar things in the pink light and the smell of tea and dried roses and the chypre in your hair, bring back the time, when you watched with big wondering eyes your "petite fille." And the screens and vases and flowers and you, told her stories for her to be good, while Aunt Adelaide frowned from her Victorian frame at the fancies you put in her head.

But what did we care for her strong reason and ugly face? You and I longed in the dimness and warmth, for the sound of the sea and the wind on our faces and the blue skies and all the glamour and beauty of lands far away and the freedom and space. . . . I have tried to reach them, but they seem further and further, than when, with my head on your knees, I looked up in your face. . .

SNOWFALL

MARGARET TILDSLEY

I do not want your clever talk,
I do not want your soothing tea;
I want to walk and walk and walk,
When snow is falling fast and free;

To feel it flurrying on my head,
To tingle with the biting cold;
To know the blood is running red,
And I am young and swift and bold.

The flakes will blow into my eye,
I'll whirl and dance in mad delight;
I'll pull the stars down from the sky
In the fierce onrush of the night.

It seems so very strange to me
That you can sit in here and sew,
That you can stop for talk and tea,
When all the earth is wild with snow.

THE DEMON OF ASLAK MÖVEN

To Mr. Sleeper

ELLEN DOUGLAS EVERETT

This is the story of Aslak Möven and of how the Demon of Pride which dwelt within him fought with and was killed by the good angel who lives in the heart of the organ and who speaks to men in tones like the heart of him who weaves the threads of sound into a thought of God. This is the story of Aslak Möven, and God grant that I tell it to you, dear little children, as Aya Claire, the Music Master of God, told it to me. Ah, that you could have lived in those days to have heard Aya play, for it was he whom the Angel of the Organ loved best of all those who worshipped at her shrine. Aya it was whom no one heard with undimmed eyes; Aya, whom now we hear only in our sweetest dreams, dreams which are given to us as we watch our sheep on the night before Christmas and think of those three who watched and listened to the heavenly music more than two thousand years ago. Yes, little Marie and Aslak Aya, as I leaned over you last night and saw the smiles on your sleeping faces, I knew that you were dreaming of the music of Aya Claire, the music which your mother's mother's father, Aslak Möven, heard when your Uncle, Aslak-Aya, was sleeping as you, awaiting his first Christmas Day.

Yes, this is the story of Aslak Möven, he whom the Värmland folk feared with their lips and hated with their hearts and envied with both, he whom the Demon of Pride loved best of all the world and he, who of all things on heaven or earth, hated Pity. Ah, the stories that could be told of Aslak Möven! Proud was he of his great iron works, and the fields which reflected the Sun-god's smile; and proud was he of his golden hair and eyes which flashed and glittered like St. Elmo's fire on the dark waters of Loch Nähl. Proud he was of his father's folk and of his mother's linen woven all by her long slender fingers. Proud was he of his unbroken word and of his strength that brewed envy in the Great Bear's den; proud of his temper more fearsome than the storms which stirred brimstone into Loch Nähl's gentle waves. Yes, proud was Aslak Möven of all the bad and of all the good in him, and most proud of all was he of his wife and daughter, and of the envy which the Värmland folk bore him.

They hated and feared and envied him, did the people of the

Värmland, as they did the lightning which fills with wonder even the eyes of those whom it strikes. And when the grandmothers told their little ones stories, even as I am now telling you, they did not tell of the punishment of Aslak for his cruelty, for then it seemed as though he would always be happy in this great happy land of ours.

But one day, Aslak's heart was filled with rage, dear little children, rage with one for whom he had never felt aught but love before; for love, did Aslak, his wife and child but little less than they loved him. And Marie loved Aslak best of all the world but her mother, until one day she loved another better than either; for such is the way with girls, Little Marie, a sad sad way for their mothers and fathers were it not that they too were not long since boys and girls.

He whom Marie loved was best and most beautiful of all men, yes I who knew him well, do say it. But Aslak hated Björn not because he was bad, for Björn was good; and not because he was ugly, for Björn's hair was like the maple leaves when touched by the lips of Autumn; and not because he was stupid, for Björn was a greater doctor even than your uncle, little Aslak Aya, who takes the bad pain away which holds you so tightly now and then. Nor was Aslak jealous of Björn's riches, because then he had none. But his hate was of as little a thing as the Demon of Pride was big in Aslak. Aslak hated Björn because Aslak's great-grandfather helped a wicked king kill a dear little boy, no larger than you, little Marie and not so large as you, Aslak Aya; and the king gave a wicked title and wicked riches to that Aslak and he became a great noble. And to Björn's grandfather, the great God who is always right though we may not understand, had not even given a name. So Aslak Möven felt his daughter to be disgraced if she married Björn.

And on the day that the good priest put Marie's hand in Björn's, Aslak put a terrible curse upon her, and told his Marie, whose hair he had smoothed with his big rough hand every morning until the day that she told him of her love for Björn, told her, who still loved her father so dearly, never to enter his home again, but to live in the hovel which Björn had made for her, eat his coarse bread and—oh, no, little Marie, the bread was good for it was earned by the hands of Björn and made by those of his Marie. And Marie would have been happy, but her mother could not keep the love of her daughter from her lips; and her wicked husband, whom she loved, she knew not why—such is the way of women, my dears—was so filled with the

Demon of Pride that he stood on the table in his wrath and the dishes that had been given her on her wedding day, he crushed beneath his heels. And from his throat rushed a hollow, loud noise—and then his face became black and he would not speak to my mother who even then feared not for herself but that his anger would make him ill. He did not tell her to go, he wrote it in his great bold writing, that I'd give a year of life to see once more, "I shall never speak to you again, woman, nor to any other so long as I live, for my mouth has spoken words of love to you and to her who was my daughter." But even as she left the home of Aslak the Proud, her eyes were filled with tears of love for him. For to the hearts of women, dear little children, the Father gave a part of himself.

One, two and nearly three years passed and Aslak had spoken no word to any one. To his servants he wrote, to his enemies he was silent, and of friends he had none save those who lived in the poor hut near the water's edge.

But when nearly three years were gone and your mother was not yet born and your uncle Aslak Aya was to see his first Christmas Day after he awakened from this night's sleep, it was on that Christmas Eve that Aya, the Music Master, whose heart was the heart of many mothers' hearts in one, came to this great house, whose rooms you can not yet count, little Marie, in which sat, alone and silent, Aslak the Proud. For Aslak was still envied for his wealth and for his bright meadows, and yes, even for his pride. Know this, little Aslak Aya, if you carry your head high and wear the fur of the ermine and be so angry that you have pity not even for yourself, and of your own desire speak not for years, others will admire you though they hate you, and so it was with Aslak. For a man whose heart will not let him speak is a wonder to the people of the Värmland, where the tongue is as merry as the winters are cold. So Pity, which of all things Aslak and his Demon hated, never came near the carved doors of the House on the Hill, the doors which hold the bear with the open mouth into which you children this morning were putting your fingers—no, no, I would not tell, little Aslak and Marie, for I did it too when I was your age.

But on this Christmas eve of which I am telling you, Aya, the Music Master, went to the House on the Hill and told Aslak the Proud to follow him. And Aslak did, though Aya nor I have never known why, but my mother said that she did. And Aya went over the gleaming snow and beneath the starlit sky to the Great Organ in

the Chapel of Christ. No other place in all the world, at least in the Värmland, had a chapel like this one, for to it all the folk did not go. Not on a Sunday morning did the ladies watch each other's bonnets and the men sleepily think of dinner, while the good preacher talked on and on to unheeding ears. But though they do not hear, it does them good to go, dear little children, for it is then that God puts thoughts unawares into their hearts. But the Chapel of Christ was given to Aya himself by an old man from a distant land, and it was in this chapel that Aya played to God and to those whom he thought God wished to speak to.

So over the snow, beyond frozen Loch Nähl, into the Chapel of Christ went Aya and Aslak Möven. And within it was dark, but the moon shone through the rose and blue window, through the halo over the Christ's head, down upon the head of Aya, as he sat before his beloved organ.

Then Aya began to play. Ah, little children, one greater than I must tell you of the music of Aya, but no one will ever know how wonderful it was but Aslak Möven and the Father who had made both Aslak and Aya, and all things good and bad, each for the other's good. And the Angel which dwelt in the heart of the organ battled with the demon in Aslak and the battle was great and long. And Aya played. And the demon said to Aslak, "Don't tell, great Aslak; if you do, all the people in Värmland will pity you, you Aslak the Great and Proud." And the Angel said, "Oh, Aslak, God, He who made you and Björn and Marie and Marian, her mother, God who has all reason to be proud, He is asking for your soul, is asking you to crush the Demon of Pride."

And Aslak arose and as he leaned near Aya, the light of the halo fell on both their faces. And Aslak cried aloud, "Aya, tell them, tell the people to pity me, for I have no reason to be proud. For these three years I have not spoken, not because I would not, but because I could not. The Father took away my power of speech on the day that I drove Marian from our home, because of my wickedness, and I can never speak again."

"But you are speaking," Aslak thought that Aya spoke, but Aya said that it was not he. And Aslak knelt and said, "My Father, oh my Father, thou art too good to me, for thou hast given me back the gift of speech, me, the unworthy Aslak Möven." Then he put his mouth, that was once so proud, to the hem of Aya's robe and cried

again, "You must have the priest tell the people, Aya, so they will pity me, who hated pity almost more than I loved Marian and the Father."

Then Aslak went to the hut where Björn and Marie lived and where Marian longed, and he, Aslak the Proud, knelt on that Christmas eve before Marian, who was holding in her arms the babe who is your uncle, dear little children, and said, "Will you come back to me, Marian, and bring Björn, Marie, and the Child?"

And we, my mother, Björn and I, put our arms about him and my mother said, when my father had told her of Aya's music, "I have begged Björn and Marie not to name the child yet, because I wished—oh, Marie and Björn, say that my first grandchild shall be named Aslak Aya."

And so it was, dear little children that we went to live in the House on the Hill, and my father never spoke harshly again so long as he lived. Not long after that Christmas, he had a great banquet to which all the poor and all the rich and all the humble and all the grand of the land came and—because Aya had not told the priest—Aslak Möven himself told the people of his wickedness and of his punishment, and said he knew he deserved their pity. But the people's faces shone with a thought of God and in one voice they cried, "Aslak, we do not pity you. We love you." And after that, so good he was to everyone, that Aslak was called Aslak the Good. And he loved all the folk dearly, but next to Marian, Marie, Björn and the little Aslak Aya, for whom you are named, dear little boy, Aslak loved Aya, the Music-master of God.

YOU CAME

FLORENCE WOLFE

I used to call my room my own. Each household god a precious bit complete in its inherent charm. I smiled serenely on my own, and loved it for itself alone.

You came and stood within my home. My Buddha curved to fit your palm; the pictures caught your smile and pose. You searched my books—and left them tumbled in your mood's disturb. The lights that ambush in your hair—escaped and linger in my lamp. Your shadow rested on my wall.

I used to call my room my own and loved it for itself alone. And now I call my room my own—and love it as your phantom home.

SNOW

ELEANOR CHILTON

There must be some excuse for snow,
But I can't find it in my heart.
Some other time I might, I know—
But now—it seems so much a part
Of other deeply-lying things—
It so resembles circumstance.
You say your heart at snow-fall sings?
The white cold makes your humour dance?
It makes you lose your "sense of You?"
Well, that is some excuse, I see—
But I can't make that seem quite true—
Snow makes me think of—Things and Me.

There is a world—a soft, clear roll
Of wet grey roads—and dry grey trees—
(Not like green trees! It's like the soul
Of one of those leafed mysteries
That I see—clean, and standing high—
For that's how trees were meant to grow,
Their branches leaning on the sky.)
But that—that is before the snow.
And when it comes—the clouds sink low
Before the flake-fall has begun.
(There are some things I like to know
Are past my reach—the sky is one.)
I feel that drifts are in the air—
And then the floating, scattered fall
Of whiteness spreads to everywhere.

From one fleck on my sleeve—and all
The way before me grows a hill
Of subtle softness, and my feet
Slip backwards; and the world is still,
Except for sifting sounds of sleet.
I have a baffled, helpless sense
Of snow-drifts stretching far ahead
Through endless years of impotence.
And even of myself, stiff-dead
Upon some soft and sinking pile
Of this same snow that's falling now.
Oh, yes—I see you want to smile—
But that's the way I feel, somehow.

It isn't snow as snow, you see—
It's what it seems to typify:
A slipping back eternally—
And trees not clear against the sky.
And silences that seem to start
From noise crushed down—that do not grow
From grateful quiet in the heart—

There must be some excuse for snow.

THE CREAM OF THE JEST

CATHARINE YOUNG

In his article in the December number of the *Bookman*, entitled *Fashions in Fiction* Mr. Charles Hanson Towne shows how, like fashions in dress, they are changing continually. After pointing out the vogue which various types of fiction, such as the detective story, the country story, or the sex story have had, Mr. Towne makes two interesting statements. One is that, inasmuch as the office and the factory seem to be almost the most romantic things in the American national consciousness, there is, at present, a great demand in this country for what he calls the "business" type of story. We can immediately see that this is first cousin, if not twin sister to the story of realism which has attained such wide popularity. Apparently this is an age of realism rampant, and one wonders if Mr. Towne's statement explains the surfeit of novels aiming to present life as it is which the American reading public has enjoyed during the past decade. To mention only a few, we have *The Taker* by Carson Goodman, *A Poor Wise Man* by Mary Roberts Rinehart, *Main Street* by Sinclair Lewis, and the ubiquitously discussed *This Side of Paradise* by F. Scott Fitzgerald. Consideration of the large number of novels of this type leads one to think that neither American readers nor American writers care whether the story be base, ugly, sordid, trivial, or unimaginative, as long as it be what they like to call "True to life."

On the other hand, here is Mr. Towne's second statement. The romantic story, and he makes it plain that this is not to be confused with the sex story—the romantic story will never die. Is this the reason for the occasional appearance of a novel like James Branch Cabell's *The Cream of the Jest*? For here, indeed, is true romance—the work of a man who stands firmly opposed to the modern spirit of literature in so far as that spirit is pure, unadulterated realism. Amid as astounding an array of unromantic books as the field of American fiction presents today, it is indeed refreshing to find a novel which makes so strongly powerful a plea for the imagination and the beauty of life as does *The Cream of the Jest*.

The novel treats of modern times, but is mediaeval in a great part of its setting. It is the story of a writer—a poet—Felix Kennaston, and of his life in a world of dreams peopled by the beloved actors in his own stories, and by the glorious characters of history. Kennaston's dreams—and marvellous dreams they are—are unfolded to us with all of the power and beauty of a genuine creative artist. The fact that the end of the book reveals a perfectly natural and plausible explanation for Kennaston's dreams—an explanation as sensible as the dreams are fanciful—in no way destroys their beauty, nor does it lessen the passion of the plea for a release from the sordidness of life.

The thread of the narrative is very slender. It simply enhances the philosophy—the peculiarly Cabellian philosophy—for which the book was written. To Cabell, progress through life is merely a journey, during which, one by one a man's hopes are shattered, his illusions are lost, and his faith in the world is broken. A pessimistic philosophy, indeed, yet not a bitter one. His humor, fanciful, mocking, subtly skeptical, is the sweetening, leavening power. His irony is without passion, without savagery, banteringly sardonical, and yet genially tolerant. For example, we find comments like this one—"In Lichfield, as elsewhere, a man's difference can not comfortably be conceded except by assuming the difference to be to his discredit." Chapter V of Book 2, which is entitled "Of Publishing—With an Unlikely Appendix" is the most spontaneous and purely delightful satire on the literary habits of people today we have ever read.

We find but one jarring note. The book is entitled *The Cream of the Jest*, and it is called a comedy of evasions. For as subtle a writer as Cabell to go out of his way as often as he does, during the progress of the narrative, to tell the reader, again and again, that the whole thing is the cream of a gigantic jest seems to us unnecessarily obvious, and yet, even as we make this criticism, we wonder if he is not doing it as his one concession to a rather unimaginative and matter-of-fact audience.

Perhaps no more startling evidence of the difference between *The Cream of the Jest* and the mass of contemporary fiction is found than in the point of view from which the reading public approaches this book. On every hand we hear critics and laymen trying to read a realistic meaning into what is obviously a purely imaginative piece of artistry. On every hand we hear heated discussions of what Cabell probably meant by this, that or the other episode,

character or bit of philosophy. To us, such speculation seems beside the point. The essence of the book seems plainly to lie in that speech of Kennaston to Harrowby very near the end—

“For the sigil taught me that it rests within the power of each of us to awaken at will from a dragging nightmare made up of unimportant tasks and tedious useless habits, to see life as it really is, and to rejoice in its exquisite wonderfulness. If the sigil were proved to be the top of a tomato-can, it would not alter that bit fact, nor my fixed faith.”

As Harrowby remarks at the very close—“Felix Kennaston. . . was not merely very human; he was humanity. . . . And it is only by preserving faith in human dreams that we may, after all, perhaps some day make them come true.”

THE PARADE

DOROTHY BUTTS

Faces, laughing, and torchlit,
Passing and passing,
Laughing and torchlit and passing!

Voices, crying and shouting,
Dying and dying,
Crying and shouting and dying!

Drums beating and thumping,
Retreating, retreating!
Beating and thumping, retreating!

Gone! There remains but the heat
Of the August night wind
Blowing a leaf down the street.

EDITOR'S TABLE

HARK! HARK! THE PHILISTINE!

GEORGIANA PALMER

We no longer much enjoy to be struggling in the dark
For meanings that at first were meant for but a chosen few;
The remarkable, no longer, is worthy of remark,
We're so used to the unusual, and weary of it too.
Why continually change our old and magic lamps for new?

The glory has departed from the mad and scrambling chase
To prevent my friends from thinking me a trifle common-place;
Unconventional conventions, like a puppy on a string,
Lead me far into the stubble. 'Tis his only joy to stray;
But I'd like to see somebody do an ordinary thing
In a very very ordinary way.

THE MORNING MOON

FRANCES CURRAN

I lie in bed this morning
(And its time to get up soon),
And what do I see,
Through a yellow maple tree,
But a cunning crescent moon!

Oh, little girl-moon,
Oh, naughty little moon,
What do they do in Heaven,
When they say, "Come home at five o'clock,"
And you stay out till seven?

THE
SMITH COLLEGE
MONTHLY



FEBRUARY 1921

CONTENTS

OVERTONE	<i>Ellen C. Fetter, 1923</i>	123
ECHOES	<i>Patricia Brown, 1923</i>	124
HELIO-TROPE	<i>Frances Curran, 1923</i>	134
THE IMPORTANCE OF BESSIE	<i>Catharine Young, 1921</i>	135
TO BLISS CARMAN	<i>Marion Ellet, 1921</i>	142
EDITOR'S TABLE		
ELEGY	<i>Helen Green, 1921</i>	143
AS EMERSON SAYS	<i>Sarah Clarke, 1922</i>	144
EDITORIAL		147
EXCHANGES		148
AFTER COLLEGE		149

The Smith College Monthly is published at Northampton, Mass., each month from October to June, inclusive. Terms \$1.75 a year. Single copies 25c.

Subscriptions may be sent to Dorothy Stearns, 30 Green Street, Northampton.

Contributions may be left in the Monthly box in the Note Room.

Tables of Contents for the year 1919-1920 will be sent upon request.

THE SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

Vol. XXIX

FEBRUARY 1921

No. 5

MONTHLY STAFF

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

EDITH HILL BAYLES 1921

MANAGING EDITOR

MARGARET TILDSLEY 1922

EXCHANGE EDITOR

FLORENCE WOLFE 1921

LITERARY EDITORS

CLARINDA BUCK 1921 ELEANOR CHILTON 1922

DOROTHY BUTTS 1921 MARION ELLET 1921

BUSINESS MANAGER

DOROTHY STEARNS 1921

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS

FREDA HAAS 1921 DOROTHY SCHUYLER 1921

VIRGINIA HATFIELD 1922

OVERTONE

ELLEN C. FETTER

An aged fisherman, down on the coast,
Told me he saw my mother, as a girl,
In a north storm go out beside the sea,
And laugh to see the openings in the sky
With jagged streaks of lightning spilling through,
And laugh to feel the thunder as it shook
The sand beneath her feet, and run
And leap, and toss her head for joy.

Why do I linger on to watch the coals
Until the last red ember dies away?
What holds me here—I wonder—Could it be
That selfsame spirit—but grown old in me?

ECHOES

PATRICIA BROWN

Characters:

JED—A “poor white.”

MEG—His daughter.

JOE—Another “poor white.”

A GIRL— from down the

A MAN— mountain.

Time: The present.

Scene: Jed's cabin.

The curtain rises on the main room of a cabin in the Alleghany mountains. At the left, as the audience faces the stage, is a window, the lower half of which is hung with a dingy white curtain on a sagging string. Below the window is a black carved chest. A dealer in antiques would treasure it, but Jed and Meg do not know this and a greasy frying pan lies upside down upon it. At the back is a large wide-opened door through which one can see a single wind-blown pine. At the right is a closed door which leads to another room, and a fireplace. On the mantel-piece is a candlestick, a kerosene lamp with a broken, blackened chimney, and an empty bottle. On the wall above is a gun. Before the fireplace is a round rug of braided rags, and a three-legged stool. In the center of the room is a rickety table with two chairs near it. A flower in a broken pitcher is on the table. Everything is poor, slipshod and hopeless. It is intensely quiet.

Joe and Jed enter through the open door. Jed is a man in middle life, a typical “poor white,” illiterate, lazy, unimaginative. He is not intentionally cruel, only stupid, and has no patience with things he does not understand. Joe is like him, only younger and more stupid. They both look upon “women-folk” as a sort of peculiar animal—incomprehensible and incredibly flighty. Jed sits down in a chair at the left of the table and begins to unlace his shoes. Joe loiters around the room. It is some time before he speaks.

JOE—(Crossly.) Why don't you say sumptin', Jed? Hit's quiet as hell up here.

JED—(*Stopping a minute in his unlacing.*) Quiet? Say, Joe, you're jest like a woman. Thet's what my wife said the fust time I brought her up here.

JOE—(*Insulted.*) I ain't like no woman. But it is kinda lonesome, jest the same. This one cabin here on the top o' the mountain with jest a tree for company. Give me a house on a road or sump-thin', like mine.

JED—Aw—you git use ter it. My woman was wild ter git away at fust. Use ter cry and beg me ter take her down ter the valley. But I never paid no 'tention to her and after a while she stopped her carryings-on. Got quiet herself—never spoke a word hardly.

JOE—(*Sitting down on the right side of the table.*) Was it true, Jed, thet—she—

JED—Went crazy? Yep. She allus was right flighty. One day she'd be as spry as a cricket, laffin' an' singin' an' all excited like. Next day she'd go off by herself and moon around. I didn't mind thet though. (*Beginning to unlace his boots again.*) It was the book learnin' thet went ter her head.

JOE—(*Leaning forward.*) What do yer mean?

JED—Why, she had too much eddication, taught school down ter the Corners 'fore I married her. It all went ter her head like. (*Very determinedly.*) No daughter o' mine'll ever hev too much schoolin', by gum. Meg kin do a little readin', but thet's all.

JOE—When'll she be here?

JED—Meg? Oh, most any time now. She's allus in and out. (*Ruminatingly.*) Joe, thet gal's jest her ma over agin. Got the same kinda hair, the same way o' usin' her hands, the same way o' talkin'. Sometimes she's so excited like inside thet she can't keep still an' sometimes yer hev ter holler at her a coupla times 'fore she'll hear yer.

JOE—(*Cautiously.*) Seems kinda onnaturel.

JED—Oh, I dunno. I guess all women folk are kinda queer. We men goes off and leaves 'em alone and they get notions. (*Picking up his boots and dropping them carelessly on the chest beside the frying pan.*) I reckon t'wouldn't hurt ter grease these boots up a little—but Meg kin do that when she comes.

(He sits down again, puts on a pair of worn slippers and draws out a pipe. It is not filled, but he puffs on it as though it were. Joe leans back in his chair and gazes stolidly into space. A pause, then Joe begins to stir restlessly.)

JOE—Jed—

JED—Yep?

JOE—D'ye think she'll hev me?

JED—Who, Meg? 'Course she will.

JOE—She ain't exactly like other folks. She might hev sumptin' agin me.

JED—She'll hev yer. I'm her pop an' what I say goes. *(He leans over the table as he says this and pounds with his tight-closed fist to emphasize his remark. As he does so he notices the flower in the broken pitcher. Joe looks up and sees it also.)*

JOE—Wot's that?

JED—Some o' Meg's foolishness. Allus stickin' weeds around in the house. Onhealthy I call it. *(He jerks the flower out of the pitcher and throws it on the floor. Half under his breath—)* Damned weeds.

(Meg appears in the doorway. She is not over seventeen, of medium height, but very slender. Her tangled hair falls elfishly about her pale intense face. She is not beautiful, not even pretty, but her dark eyes burning, searching, penetrating, fascinate and hold you. All her movements, though quick and nervous, are characterized by a certain odd grace. She wears a homemade dress of faded calico which comes just below her knees. Her legs and feet are bare. She enters slowly moving toward the front of the stage without noticing the others.)

JED—Well, Meg, ain't yer goin' ter speak?

MEG—*(Wheeling around.)* Why, pop! I didn't know you was here.

JED—Yep, an' I brung Joe with me. *(Neither Joe nor Meg pay any attention to each other.)*

MEG—*(Noticing the fallen blossom.)* Who done that? Who touched my flower?

JED—I done it. This ain't no place for weeds.

MEG—(*Picking up the flower.*) 'Taint a weed! (*Holding it caressingly to her breast.*) I love hit. Hit's sumptin' ter talk to when I'm all alone. Hit's sumptin' ter think about. Why, pop, this little thing couldn't hurt nobody—it's so pale, 'n' sweet, 'n' inner-cent. Nobuddy but a crazy person would want ter crush it or tear it up. (*She puts it back in the broken pitcher.*)

JED—Well, leave her there for now. Where ye been terday, Meg?

MEG—Out on the ledge sittin'.

JED—Ef yer ain't the beatinest! Joe, yer know thar's a place out thar on the ledge where yer kin hear an echo, 'n' Meg sits thar all day long listnin' fer it.

JOE—What's she want ter do thet for? Ain't nothin' strange about 'n echo as fer as I kin see.

JED—Yer ought ter listen to ourn. Yer sit thar an' yer kin hear folks a-talkin' away down the mountain by the hotel. One thing about it though the person who makes the talkin' has ter be in a certain place.

JOE—Thet's queer. I ain't never heard o' it before.

MEG—(*Eagerly.*) But it's true, Joe. Pop he went down the mountain an' tried it. The person who makes the echo has ter be in a little grotto place. It's got a bench in it pop says.

JED—Yep, I went down thar one day an' hunted around fer hours 'fore I found it. Thought mebbe I could get a little money guiding the hotel folks up ter hear it.

JOE—An' didn't yer ever do it?

JED—No, I never got around ter it somehow. Thet mountain's too steep fer me to climb any more than I hev ter.

MEG—I'm glad yer didn't.

JED—Yer bet yer are. Couldn't spend all yer time settin' an' waitin' fer it, ef I had a lot o' strangers up here. (*He looks around the room.*) Haven't any wood, hev yer? I s'pose I'll hev ter haul some in.

MEG—I'll get it, when it's time, pop.

JED—No, I'll git it. Your poor old pop never git's a chanst ter rest. (*He winks at Joe as he goes out.*)

JOE—Don't you-all git lonesome up here, Meg?

MEG—I use ter. Hit’s so quiet. Nobuddy ever comes up here an’ pop’s away a lot. I jest set an’ think an’ listen ter the noise in the the trees. (*Passionately.*) Sometimes I’d be afraid I was goin’ crazy,—my mother did. She hated the mountain jest as I do.

JOE—Did ye ever think o’ leavin’ here an’ goin’ somewheres else?

MEG—Seems like I was allus waitin’ and wishin’ sumpthin’ would happen—sumpthin’ thet would take me away from here—an’ now—

JOE—Now what—

MEG—(*Loath to tell him.*) It’s different now.

JOE—(*Bluntly.*) Why?

MEG—(*In a passionate burst.*) Oh Joe! Sumpthin’ has happened! Sumpthin’ wonderful out there whar I kin sit way out on the ledge an’ listen fer the echo. The other day I was sittin’ thar wonderin’ what was happenin’ away down in the valley when I heard a voice talkin’. Fust I was scart ’cause it sounded right near. But it weren’t near—it was comin’ up from the valley way, way down. Sumbuddy was in the place whar the echo is an’ they was talkin’ (*Rapidly.*) It was a man’s voice! Strong an’ young soundin’. A man’s voice, Joe—an’ he was talkin’ ter me!

JOE—Go long! ’Twas only the echo. Probably one o’ them folks what’s stayin’ at the hotel in the valley.

MEG—(*Intensely.*) Yes, thet’s jest hit. ’Twas a man from down thar who was a’talkin’ to me.

JOE—(*Sceptically.*) Prob’bly some damn fool who knew the echo was thar an’ was tryin’ ter see ef ’twould work. How’d ye know he was talkin’ ter you direct?

MEG—(*Triumphantly.*) Because he said my name. He said—I—love—you—, Meg!

JOE—(*Gives an incredulous grunt.*)

MEG—Oh, Joe, think of it! Sumbuddy down thar ter love me. Hit’s like a fairy tale, Joe. He’s the prince!

JOE—(*Refusing to be convinced and as always, extremely practical.*) How’d he git ter love yer, Meg? He don’t know yer. He ain’t never seen yer, has he?

MEG—He must o’ heard about me somehow an’ chose ter talk ter me through the echo.

JOE—My lord, can’t yer see yer don’t make sense?

MEG—Thet don't make no difference, anyhow, Joe. Wot he said, them words, that's what counts. I—love—you, Meg. (*Jed appears in the doorway his arms filled with wood and listens to the rest of the conversation.*) An' thet ain't all, Joe. Only last night I was sittin' thar an' the echo said. "I'm comin' up fer yer, Meg." Joe, he's comin' up fer me—he's comin' up fer me! Now will yer believe me?

JOE—(*Stubbornly.*) 'Tain't naturel!

MEG—I know. It's like a fairy tale. Only this will come true.

JOE—But yer don't know him, Meg.

MEG—I know his voice. I'd know it anywhere.

(*Joe gives another incredulous grunt.*)

MEG—(*Not noticing.*) An' he'll take me away from here. Down the mountain ter the world. (*A pause.*) Maybe he'll be rich; maybe he's a really prince.

JED—(*Entering and dropping the wood near the fireplace.*) Here's yer wood. (*Meg tries to hide her excitement.*)

JED—(*Slowly.*) An' now what's all this tarnation foolishness I heard outside. Yer ain't a-goin' down the mountain with no stranger, 'd'yer hear? Yer goin' ter stay right up here whar yer belong. Yer goin' ter marry Joe. (*Meg staggers as though from a physical blow, catches at the table with one hand and flings the other across her face. Then drawing herself up in an attitude of tense defiance she cries passionately.*)

MEG—No—no—no!

JED—(*Grimly.*) You'll do jest as I say; I'm yer pop, remember.

MEG—But—I—I can't.

JOE—I've tried ter tell yer fer a long time thet I wanted ter marry yer, Meg. Only yer wouldn't give me the ehanst.

MEG—But it wouldn't make any difference?

JED—What wouldn't make any difference?

MEG—This. Here. (*With a gesture around the room.*) Everything would be the same.

JOE—(*Eagerly.*) No, it wouldn't. I'd take yer away ter my cabin, Meg.

MEG—Yes, but it would be a cabin. It would be the same kinda life day after day. I'd hev ter cook an' sew fer you insted o' pop. It would be lonely. I hate the mountain. (*The two men look helplessly at each other.*)

JED—(*Trying to conciliate.*) Yer mind yer pop, now, Meg. Joe's a good feller.

MEG—(*Desperately.*) I can't marry Joe. Ever since I kin remember I've wanted ter git away from here. An' now when this man is a-comin, yer say I can't go. (*Hysterically.*) I want ter go down ter the world an' see things. Oh pop, it's so quiet up here. It's so lonesome an' still. I'll go crazy ef yer try ter keep me!

JED—Yer ain't reasonable, Meg. Yer ain't never seen this stranger an' he's never seen you. How'd ye know he's comin' up here?

MEG—'Cause he said so. 'Don't yer believe me, pop? Ef he comes up an' yer see him, then you'll believe me, won't yer? Then you'll let me go, won't yer, pop, won't yer?

JOE—(*Under his breath.*) Hell.

JED—I got ter see him fust 'fore I'll believe any o' this nonsense.

MEG—(*Controlling herself with an effort.*) Thet's—thet's all right, pop. You'll see when he comes. (*Looking around for some reason to get rid of them so that she may be alone.*) Why, pop, thet ain't half enough wood ter last over ter-nigh. I—I wish you an' Joe would chop up some more.

JED—(*Humoring her.*) All right. Yer stay here an' kinda think it over. Me an' Joe'll git yer the wood. (*He goes out.*)

JOE—(*Going to Meg.*) I—I wish you'd hev me, Meg. (*Meg gazes out into space and apparently does not hear him so he goes out. Meg stands for some time motionless.*)

MEG—(*Just breathing it.*) I'm—comin' up fer yer, Meg. (*She crumples into a heap before the fireplace. It is very quiet in the room. Suddenly a man's voice, young and vibrant, cries out.*)

VOICE—Lord that was a climb! (*Meg lifts her head.*)

VOICE—Look, a house! (*Meg springs up like a flash. Her eyes sparkle restlessly and her whole manner indicates that her nerves are at full tension.*)

MEG—(*Taking the flower from the pitcher and holding it before her in both hands.*) Did ye hear thet voice? Did ye hear? He's come! He's come! (*She thrusts the flower into the belt of her dress and flings herself toward the door where she runs into the arms of a girl who has just started to enter. Behind the girl is a man, tall,*

young, handsome. The girl is larger than Meg and wears smart sport clothes. Meg's look of triumph fades to one of startled surprise. The girl is the first to recover.)

THE GIRL—Would you mind if we came in to rest a few minutes? It's a long climb up the mountain and we're a bit tired.

MEG—*(Stepping back and not taking her eyes off the man.)* Come in. *(The man and girl enter.)*

THE MAN—This is awfully nice of you.

THE GIRL—I wonder if I could have a drink of water, if it isn't too much trouble. Tell Danny where to get it. He can bring it to me.

MEG—I'll git it fer yer. *(She goes out of the house.)*

THE GIRL—What a wicked person you are, Danny, dragging me way up here. You'll probably have to carry me going down the trail.

THE MAN—You know I'd love to.

THE GIRL—I haven't an idea but what you'd enjoy it, you impossible person. You're always trying to mortify me in public.

THE MAN—I'm not even going to pretent to quarrel with you today, dear. I'm too happy.

THE GIRL—Are you happy, Danny?

THE MAN—Oh my dear, don't ask. Haven't I been eating my heart out because I thought you didn't care? Only last night I swore I'd come up north and get you.

THE GIRL—Swore, Danny?

THE MAN—Yes, I was all alone in a sort of little grotto place and I couldn't stand it any longer without you. The moonlight and the dark trees—everything made me think of you and want you. And now to have you here—I can't believe it's true.

THE GIRL—*(Tenderly.)* I wish I'd come before. Danny dear, you know I was half—*(At this point Meg returns with a dipper of water. After she has given it to the girl she sits on the stool before the fireplace, her eyes on the ground. The girl drinks from the dipper and then places it on the table.)*

THE MAN—*(Leaning forward.)* What a dear little thing you are, Meg! *(Meg looks up and smiles happily. Her fairy tale is going to come true.)*

MEG—(*In a low voice.*) Do you think so? (*A little pause.*) I knew you'd come. (*She turns around to look into the man's face. The man and the girl are in each other's arms. Meg rises trembling. All expression leaves her face.*)

THE MAN—To think that it was last night that I called to you—when I thought you were way up north and now you're here, here.

• MEG—(*Moving slowly toward them and speaking in a colorless, dead tone.*) Wot's yer name?

THE GIRL—My name's Margaret, but Danny here calls me Meg. (*Observing Meg's strange expression.*) Is—is there anything wrong?

MEG—No—nothin' much. (*A pause.*) Do yer love her?

THE MAN—So much that I've been acting like an ass because I thought she didn't love me!

THE GIRL—He hasn't been acting like an ass. It's I who was foolish.

MEG—Are you goin' to marry him?

THE MAN—You bet she is! I'm not going to let her get away from me again. (*Laughing a little at his own earnestness.*) You wouldn't if you were me, would you?

MEG—(*In a low voice.*) No. (*Passionately.*) Keep her—an' love her—always. (*She turns abruptly from them and stands gazing into the empty fireplace.*)

THE GIRL—Come, Danny. We must hurry along if we expect to get back to the hotel before dark. (*Turning to Meg.*) Thank you for letting us stop. Good-bye. (*She goes out. The man leaves some money on the table and turns to go.*)

THE MAN—Good-bye, little girl. (*Meg turns around.*)

MEG—Good-bye. (*He goes out and she is left alone, motionless, staring straight before her.*)

MEG—(*Very slowly and regularly, like the ticking of a grandfather's clock.*) Good—bye—good—bye—good— (*She puts her hand to her head with a sudden wild gesture. Then calling in a strained voice*) Pop, Joe. (*Jed and Joe enter. Joe with an axe in his hand.*)

JED—What d'yer want, Meg? Did yer call?

Meg—(*Pointing to the money on the table.*) Look. Some money.

JED—Where did hit come from?

MEG—(*Breathing hard.*) Some people—left it—here.— They came to rest.

JED—Who was they?

MEG—A girl—an'—an'—a man—from down the mountain.

JED—A girl an' a man—do tell. (*Thinking to be slyly facetious.*) 'Twasn't the man you was expectin', was it, Meg?

MEG—(*With a burst of wild, mad laughter and speaking with feverish intensity.*) Oh, pop, o' course it wasn't. He was jest—jest a joke—a joke. Didn't you and Joe know that?

JED—(*Greatly pleased to find her so changed.*) Yes, yes. I knew yer was foolin' all the time. Joe—he was the scairt one.

MEG—Yer know I was only foolin' yer, don't yer, Joe? (*In a dull, emotionless voice.*) I'll marry yer.

JOE—I'm mighty glad, Meg. (*She moves away from him and stands in the open doorway.*) I'll take yer down ter my cabin Meg. I wish 'twas more of a place seein's yer tired o' livin' here on the mountain.

MEG—(*Listlessly.*) I ain't tired o' the mountain. I don't mind the quiet an' the lonesomeness.

JED—There won't be no echo down ter Joe's place ter keep yer company.

MEG—(*Taking the flower from her dress and slowly tearing it to pieces.*) Echoes is empty things.

Curtain.

HELIOTROPE

FRANCES CURRAN

"God grows weary of great kingdoms, but never of little flowers."
(Tagore.)

Something there is about the scent of heliotrope
That is the scent of you.
Something noble, very quiet,
Very wistful, incomplete,
Something distantly quite gracious,
Something infinitely sweet.
Scotland's Mary might have worn it,
Jeanne d'Arc have felt its fragrance when she prayed;
Perhaps Guinevere of England,
With her lips laid close to Lancelot's,
Thought of Arthur when she smelled it,
And knew how to be afraid.
Galahad most surely found it,
Spreading sacred incense round it—
At that altar when he knelt before the Grail.
But—for me—it is your presence,
And the world's a little dearer,
Outcome brighter, purpose clearer,
For the fragrance of your living, great and frail.

THE IMPORTANCE OF BESSIE

CATHARINE YOUNG

The living room of the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Barton was very bright and cheerful, especially when viewed in contrast to the cold and dampness of the March weather. On this particular evening, which was rather darker and colder than usual, no small part of the pleasantness of the living room was formed by the presence of Mrs. Edward Barton. She was comfortably seated in a large brown wicker arm chair, busily knitting the inevitable gaily colored sweater.

There was nothing very strikingly beautiful about her, and yet her small, regular features, clear white skin and shapely hands and feet, combined with her unimpeachable good taste in dressing and her daintily charming manners, make her attractive to most people and irresistible to some. She was typically the sheltered, guarded, well-cared-for woman. There had always been someone to live for Bessie Barton—first her mother, then a practical, vigorous older sister, and finally Edward. Bessie was the product of the unselfishness of these three people, all of whom had loved her almost too well. She had the endearing traits of an affectionate and warm-hearted young girl when life went smoothly, and things were as she wished them to be. And she had the irritating qualities of a spoiled child when things went wrong.

Something was wrong now. An annoyed little wrinkle creased her forehead as she glanced at her wrist-watch, and saw the tiny hands pointing to half-past six. With an impatient sigh, she threw her knitting on the table, and went to the door of the dining room.

"Bertha," she called.

"Yes, Mrs. Barton," answered a high-pitched voice, and Bertha, the domestic prop of the Barton household, appeared.

"Bertha, it is half past six, and I wouldn't be surprised if Mr. Barton hadn't even left his office yet. I don't think I'll wait any longer."

"All right, Mrs. Barton. You just come in and sit down, and I'll keep something warm for him."

Bessie started into the dining room, but the sound of a heavy

door opening and closing, and masculine footsteps through the house, made her pause. A moment later Edward appeared in the living room.

"Oh, dear, Edward, are you here at last?" she asked, fretfully. "I'm sure I don't see why you are always so late to dinner. Don't you ever think of all the inconvenience it causes us?"

"Why yes, dear, of course I do. I tried hard, but I couldn't help it this time. But here's something you may like."

He handed her a square, white package, and immediately her impatience disappeared. Nothing more pleased the child-like Bessie than a present—particularly an unexpected present. She tore at the wrappings in nervous haste, and when the box of candy came to view, she gave an exclamation of pleasure.

"Bless your heart! You know this is my favorite kind. Now I can forgive your shameful lateness."

"I'm glad you like it, dear. Now let's go in and eat. I'm mighty hungry tonight."

When Bertha had served the soup, Edward spoke again.

"I'm sorry I was so late, but I had a meeting of the committee for the Republican campaign for General Wood in Hinsdale county. I couldn't get out of it, and I couldn't cut it short."

Bessie's face fell at this information.

"Well, now why under the sun did you have to go to a thing like that at all?"

Edward hesitated with appropriate modesty, and then replied.

"I've been er—chosen chairman."

Bessie's despair was increased.

"Now, Edward, why do you want to go and get mixed up in a lot of political fuss?"

Edward's voice took on the tone of forced patience which one sometimes uses when arguing with a person who persistently refuses to see the point. He saw a long struggle ahead before Bessie could be persuaded to appreciate his feeling in this matter.

"It isn't getting mixed up in a lot of 'political fuss' as you call it. It's doing a piece of public-spirited work, and it will only mean a very small part of my time for the next few weeks. Besides, I think I ought to do it."

"Will you please tell me why you think you ought to do it?" asked Bessie, scornfully.

"As I told you before, I was chosen chairman, and I promised to serve."

"Yes, I know just how it was. A whole lot of men that think we ought to have a military man for President got together and said, 'Now we'll get Ed. Barton to be chairman. He'll be so flattered that he'll be willing to do all the hard work!' I never saw anything like it! They just impose on you all the time."

"Come, Bessie, be reasonable," pleaded Edward. "It wasn't like that at all. You know a young lawyer ought to make use of every opportunity to increase his acquaintance in his town and county—"

"Why didn't they get Mr. Cunningham to be chairman?" interrupted Bessie.

"Mr. Cunningham is manager of one of the biggest concerns in town, so of course he is a great deal busier than I am. And then there's a slight possibility that they may have preferred me, you know. Cunningham's vice-chairman."

"I never saw anyone that got into as many muddles as you do!"

"Dear, haven't I just been trying to explain that it's nothing of the sort? It's simply an opportunity to do a little bit of public-spirited work—"

"That's your name for it," broke in Bessie. "I call it politics, and I detest politics. I know just how it will be—I'll never see anything of you in the next two months. Four nights a week you'll be out campaigning for Wood—the rest of the time you'll spend with the Boy Scouts, and choir practice!" And Bessie's voice, as she contemplated such an unhappy state of affairs, took on a decided tremble.

"Not at all, dear," said Edward soothingly. "I have arranged especially for the committee meetings to come at five o'clock, so I can have my evenings free." He looked at his wife brightly, hoping that the problem was now solved. But there was no answering brightness in Bessie's face.

"But what good will that do? You're late for dinner every night as it is. I suppose you'll simply be later on committee nights, and it will take us so long to finish dinner that we'll never have time to go anywhere."

"Well, dear, I've only done what I thought was best. I'm sorry you can't see it my way. Women don't understand things like this."

He turned his attention to his plate. But the subject was not closed.

"Now it's just like a man to say that!" Bessie began indignantly. "I understand better than you think—understand well enough to know that you care more for a lot of politicians than you do for me!"

"Oh, Bess, how silly! Why this committee doesn't really amount to a thing. And as for my neglecting you for it—that's ridiculous. In fact, I am counting on your assistance."

"My assistance?"

"Yes, Mother, I have a very great favor to ask of you."

Edward, unlike most American husbands, almost never called his wife "Mother." The use of that name for Bessie, who looked anything but motherly, signified that he was very serious about something.

"Well, what is it?" asked Bessie, shortly.

"General Wood is going to speak here next Friday. He is coming from Morriston with Colonel Proctor, and Mr. Cunningham and I are to drive our cars up there to meet them and bring them down here. Mrs. Wood and Mrs. Proctor are coming with them, and we want you and Mrs. Cunningham to drive up with us, to meet the ladies."

"Well, I certainly will not do any such thing!"

"Now, dear, I know you don't approve of any of this. But I don't see why that will prevent your helping me out in this matter. It's a small thing, and no trouble to you. And if you refuse, it will cause me a great deal of embarrassment."

"Why?"

"Mr. Cunningham asked me if you would do this, and I replied that you would be glad to."

At this, Bessie's small form stiffened anew, and her petulant little mouth took on a tighter line. Here was a fresh cause for grievance.

"You had no right to take that for granted," she said angrily.

"Perhaps not, but since I did, I naturally don't care to return to him and my committee and say that I'm very sorry, but I misunderstood Mrs. Barton—that she doesn't approve of my doing anything for General Wood, and that she will not receive his wife next Friday. I think you might help me out for once."

"Help you out for once? As if I didn't always help you whenever I can! But there are some things which—honestly, Edward, deep down in your heart, do you think that it is quite fair of you to ask me to do this?"

"Fair?" Edward queried in surprise. "Why, Bessie, surely there's nothing unfair in a husband's—"

"Oh, you don't understand, Edward. You're forgetting one thing—the most important thing of all."

"What?"

"I'm not for General Wood. I don't believe in him at all. I'm for Hoover."

"Well, in heaven's name, what difference does that make?"

"It makes all the difference in the world, my dear. Why, if I drove to Morriston to meet the Woods and the Proctors, it would mean that I would have to pretend that I want General Wood to be nominated. And I don't. I want Hoover. Look here, Edward, if I got up a committee to take care of Hoover's campaign in Hinsdale county and asked you to go up to Morriston to meet him, you wouldn't want to, would you?"

"That's an entirely different matter, my dear," said Edward loftily.

"Oh, is it? I don't see that asking you to go against your political principles is such a very different thing from asking me to go against mine!"

"This isn't a matter of political principle—"

"It certainly is!" interrupted Bessie. "I don't think you realize how much this means to me, Edward. As a potential voter—"

"As a what?"

"A potential voter. I was reading only the other week that the leaders of the suffrage movement are confident of a complete victory this fall, and that means that I, Bessie Barton, will have the right to register my opinions at the polls—"

"Don't you mean neutralize your husband's opinions at the polls?" asked Edward slyly.

"Certainly not! I would never vote in opposition to you merely to be contrary. But as a potential voter, I can not afford to go against my political principles. Of course I admit that women, in some ways, should be guided by their husbands' views and experiences to a certain extent. But I also think that they should do some independent thinking, and that's what I'm doing now."

"Yes, dear, I see you are!"

"No, Edward," she continued thoughtfully, "I can't be for General Wood. I never did care for military men. And Hoover has a much stronger face, I think."

Edward suddenly lost patience.

"We're straying from the point!" he answered severely. "This isn't a matter of military men or strong faces—it's a matter of saving me from embarrassment. You and Mrs. Wood probably won't discuss politics—you won't have to mention your preference, for she certainly won't ask you point-blank!"

"Why, Edward!" Bessie was surprised and injured. "How can you talk so harshly to me, when you know I'm torn between my political principles and my duty to you?"

Edward was not to be silenced.

"Own up, Bessie! All that's worrying you is that I accepted the chairmanship of this committee without your knowledge and against your wishes, and now that I'm into the thing, you don't want to help me. If I were you, I would certainly go. It can't hurt you, and it will help me. Besides, you'll probably enjoy it. No doubt Mrs. Wood and Mrs. Proctor are charming, and in any case, it's a delightful motor ride."

"No dear, you don't understand. I'll go, but not of my own free will. Simply because it's my duty to you."

Bessie had given in at last, in the most graceful way open to her—the role of martyr. Edward was triumphant—not, however in his own success, but in Bessie's good sense.

"There! I knew your good judgment would come to the rescue, and you would do the right thing, once you thought it over carefully."

Edward's love was not of the kind which, armed with a magnifying glass of criticism, searches for the faults of the beloved object. Bessie had a matter of fresh concern.

"And now, Edward, what do you think I ought to wear?"

"Why—er—oh, wear anything. You always look all right!"

"Of course, there is my new spring suit—in case it's warm. And then, if it stays cold, I have my duvetyne dress and fur coat."

"I guess you don't have to worry about clothes, then."

"But I really do hope it stays cold. I don't care a great deal for my new suit. It makes me look fat. I can't think why I bought it, except that I couldn't find anything else. I paid a hundred and fifty dollars for it, too. But I don't think I want to wear it. I look

so much better in my duvetyne dress. And I think I owe it to you to look my very best, even if I don't care for General Wood!"

"You always do look your best to me, dear."

"Oh, Mr. Barton," shrilled Bertha from the hall. "You're wanted at the telephone!"

"Excuse me, will you, dear?" He rose from the table and left the room.

He returned in a short time. There was a sheepish expression on his face, which he sought to explain away.

"That was Cunningham. He 'phoned to say that Mrs. Wood and Mrs. Proctor would not be in the party, and so there won't be any ladies in the receiving committee."

"Then I won't have to go?" asked Bessie eagerly.

"No, dear, you won't have to go. But Mr. Cunningham said that his wife would like to have you lunch with her Friday and go to hear General Wood's speech afterwards, and I hope you'll accept her invitation."

"Oh, yes, I'll do that. I like Mrs. Cunningham. But I would much rather play bridge after lunch than go to hear a tiresome old political speech."

Edward smiled at her indulgently.

"Politics and business haven't much interest for you, have they, sweetheart?"

"Not a bit!" Her agreement was emphatic. Then her tone softened. "But you don't care if your wife doesn't like them, do you?"

Edward crossed to the other side of the table and took Bessie into his arms.

"I should say I don't care! I like my wife as she is. In fact, I'm glad she doesn't like such tiresome things! Now, dearest, what do you say to the second performance at the Colonial tonight? Think we can make it?"

"Of course we can! I'm crazy to see it. Oh, Edward, no other woman ever had such a perfect husband—" and she kissed him enthusiastically.

"Oh, nonsense," said Edward, when he had recovered from the ardor of his wife's embraces. Yet he was unable to keep a fatuous little smile from his lips. It was worth a man's whole life and work to have the love and admiration of a charming creature like Bessie, (even if she didn't care to have him go in for politics!)

TO BLISS CARMAN

MARION ELLET

One day there was when I cried out on life,
Half choked with rage at ugliness and pain.
There was too much of death and change in life,
Always the futile, staring ugliness;
And then, I turned and saw you standing in my door,
Smiling that gentle, wayward smile of yours.
You laughed at me because my eyes were dry,
For the tears wouldn't come.
And then you led me out into the light
And up the steep hillside and through the wood,
Choosing the way that you knew best I loved;
And the warm amber light of the late sun
Burned in the secret places of the grove,
Mellow and rich as an old Persian wine,
Or as the pulsing beat of your own songs.
And when we reached the summit of the hill, you paused,
And I could hear you speak, but dared not turn.
"See how that wood-smoke curls against the sky,
And look, the quivering aspens have turned red;
What then, would you ask more of God or man?"
And still, half wondering at my bitterness,
You smiled. And that was when the tears first came.

EDITOR'S TABLE

ELEGY

HELEN GREEN

Mother has given my dolly away,
My "Mary Virginia," with real, curly hair,
But I'm "Daddy's big girl," and going on ten,
So somehow I s'pose that I oughtn't to care.

Brother would call me a baby, I know,
To cry about her when I still have the rest,
But he couldn't even tell them apart,—
And I've always loved "Mary Virginia" the best.

I suppose that Mother thought I was too old
To care about playing with dolls any more,
And that's why she packed them away in the chest
While I was at Grandmother's, down on the shore.

But all of the time I've known where they were,
And I've gone up to see them when nobody knew,—
And if someone should suddenly give me away
Without asking Mother, I think she'd cry, too!

AS EMERSON SAYS

SARAH CLARKE

"As Emerson says—," began the tall good-looking Senior with the appealing smile, and the faces of the audience became overspread with bright intelligent anticipation. The "little Freshman" in the green dress over on the right hand side, up near the front, looked awed and admiring. She concentrated her attention on the speaker, with that intense enthusiasm characteristic of the new-born freshman. The pleasant sound of the speaker's voice ceased for an instant, as she paused before a new phase of her subject.

"As Mr. Fosdick has so admirably expressed it—" she resumed. Again the audience paid earnest attention. With the rest, the little Freshman shared a glow of pleasure at the delicately implied flattery, mingled with a firm conviction of her own intelligence which could receive and appreciate any words of Mr. Fosdick.

Surely this was an audience composed of women. Women of the world! Women who would one day rule destinies. Her eyes became clouded for an instant with dreams of some future day when *she* would be standing before five hundred young women, all eager to learn, and eager to serve. And she would respond to the unformed question in their eyes, out of her vast fund of information and learning, accumulated through three full years—years of striving, and of toil, though confessedly not the grey toiling of the grind. And with even greater *éclat* than this marvelous creature with the dark hair and the charming smile, she would—

"Shakespeare says—" The little Freshman woke from her dreaming with a jerk, and firmly fixed her attention on the pearls of wisdom of "the immortal bard." The Junior next to her leaned over and whispered—

"Stick a book in the small of your back. You don't get tired half so fast."

"Oh, I'm not tired!" The little Freshman assured her earnestly—almost reproachfully. "She's so wonderful!" The Junior gave her an amused look, and turned to contemplate the speaker's left ear-muff, which had, if such a vulgar expression is allowable, slightly slipped its moorings.

“Matthew Arnold put the thought so beautifully when he wrote—”A vaguely puzzled expression came into the Freshman’s big innocent eyes. There seemed to be a lot of repetition somewhere, yet where—. Or was it that—. Anyway, she was quite sure that this last wasn’t going so smoothly as the first. At all events, it wasn’t so—well, so inspiring. But it was only when the dark-haired girl quoted something from Whittier—J. G. Whittier, she added—that the little Freshman frankly frowned.

The meeting was not over with Whittier—J. G. Whittier. Oh no indeed. The audience heard quite a bit about what President Lowell of Harvard University, Lincoln—Abraham Lincoln—, Nicholas Murray Butler and Henry Ward Beecher had said, expressed, written or put, on a number of different subjects, before it was finally dismissed. The little Freshman got up with the others and murmured enthusiastic sounds without words to the Junior at her side. She glanced at her watch to see how much time there was to do those thirty lines of Livy and the chapter in chemistry, which were still painfully and definitely to be done, and which she had neglected for the meeting—“where Josephine Purdy was going to speak—one of the most popular girls in her class, my dear.” What! The meeting had been only twenty minutes. Why, honestly, it had seemed hours, yet it was awfully interesting. She was still puzzled, yes, she was even upset. Things which do not fit expectations distress freshmen more than most people. Each detail stands for so much. So we can go so far as to say that the little Freshman was really upset. She wanted very much to ask her guardian Junior about it—whatever it was that was bothering her—but somehow, walking along where you never could tell when you would be interrupted next didn’t seem to be conducive to intimate discussions. Especially when it was barely possible that the Junior might think you unduly critical, and also—well, even Junior advisers have their limitations.

But she thought quite a bit about it; “Why *was* it?” she wondered over and over. What she meant was, why will people make speeches which are really only a series of quotations strung along together with a few conjunctions, and ending with a collective application of all and sundry, using the words, “why can’t *we* do so and so?” Of course it was not that “the quoted” were of no value. No one is denying the power and even the authority of Shakespeare, and Mr. Fosdick, nor the value of the actual quotations. The little Freshman meant some-

thing else than that. But she had gone to hear what a girl—not so much older than herself, and therefore sharing, or having shared, a common experience—thought on a certain subject. And she knew no more of that than she had when she went in. It is true that she had never happened to collect what all the gentlemen quoted by the speaker had had to say on that subject, but had she time or inclination, she would never under ordinary circumstances lack the equipment for finding out what each one had thought, or written, or expressed. Whereas, she would seldom if ever have another opportunity to determine what that charming girl with the dark eyes and hair had thought about it. Of course, it is very likely that the dark haired girl's thoughts would be very much less valuable or important than Emerson's, or Whittier's, and perhaps not even as interesting. But that isn't the point. The little Freshman was far more concretely and vitally concerned with the dark girl's experiences than Matthew Arnold's, at that particular moment and under those circumstances.

She was not objecting to quotations in general. Indeed, anybody can tell you that a word from Browning here and from Demosthenes there adds "tone" to an address—sets it, somehow, on a higher plane. But it should be used as an illustration; literally as a picture is used in a story—as it relieves the eye, so a swinging verse or so pleases and rests the ear. Oh, it can undoubtedly be proved very scientifically, and psychologically, and probably biologically, and anthropologically as well.

But to return to the little Freshman. The three years had passed, and on the platform, facing five hundred young women all eager to learn, and eager to serve, stood a little girl with big innocent eyes, who addressed them with admirable poise and dignity. Two late-comers slipped quietly into some back seats, and one of them, a Junior, said to her Freshman, "That's one of the most popular girls in her class."

The little girl on the platform took a step forward, and included her whole audience in one embracing glance.

"As Emerson says—"

EDITORIAL

This is a discussion apropos of the remarks one often hears made about "style" in writing . . . "Monthly style," "Weekly style," "college style," to make the allusions local. Is there such a thing, and if there is, what is it?

Venturing into a discussion of style is like going on an excursion to view the dinosaur tracks . . . interesting, but absurd. For theories, like dinosaurs, are far-off, unprofitable things, at best, and when one has thought the usual thought . . . "Bigger creatures than I have walked here!" . . . there is nothing left but to marvel, and to laugh. Let us laugh, then.

What is style? Aristotle and Arnold Bennett have said it. What is its function, purpose, and underlying cause? Ask Horace . . . and Walter Pater. What are its problems, and the possibilities of surmounting them? Herbert Spencer and R. L. S. can tell you . . . in treatises long and elaborate.

Theories, theories, theories all! Abundant and redundant! Fascinating, certainly; and true, perhaps . . . but far too complex for a subject so simple, and far too self-conscious for a subject so unimportant.

"The proper words in the proper places make the true definition of a style," says Swift.

"Mais non," counters Buffon, "le style est de l'homme meme."

"It is most true *stylus virum arguit*, our style bewrays us," admits quaint old Burton.

Then Newman says, sternly, "Style is a thinking out into language," and Bennett echoes, "Style cannot be distinguished from matter," and Spencer contributes this gem, "To have a specific style is to be poor in speech."

What does it all come to? Simply this, if you boil down the theories: Style is a man's manner of expressing his ideas. It is true, however, that a man's manner of expressing his ideas is tempered, and even molded by his disposition, education, and environment.

But, as Brunetiere says, in his "*The Law of the Drama*," "My dear friends, it is not art, science, nor life that is complex; it is the ideas that we form for ourselves in regard to them."

EXCHANGES

Of three magazines received from Ohio colleges, the two which are published in women's institutions are far superior to the one which comes from a man's college.

The Sun Dial of the College for Women, Western Reserve University, is very promising. "The Disillusionment of a Freshman," is a clever satire upon upper and under class relations. "If Romeo Had Worn 'Em," is an amusing story. "The Vase," is entertaining and well-constructed. We wonder why it is placed in the sketch department of the magazine. It is unmistakably a story.

The Western Oxford has several hopeful contributions. "A November Night in a Down Town Apartment," makes an effective use of contrast. We are glad to see a special department in this magazine devoted to book reviews. "The Great Hunger" by Johann Bojer is reviewed efficiently, but uncritically. The volume entitled "Plays for a Negro Theater," by Ridgely Torrence is discussed intelligently and sympathetically.

We find no excuse for the science number of the *Spectator*, from Capital University. It lacks tone and purpose.

Packer Current Items contains one story, "Julia," which is distinctive amid much mediocre material, as it is interesting and well-written.

The Fordham Monthly contains nothing unusual. "The Moving Finger" is a tale of horror, plainly imitative of Rudyard Kipling's inimitable stories of India.

AFTER COLLEGE

Contributions to this department are desired before the end of the month in order to appear in the next issue, and should be addressed to Dorothy Schuyler, 30 Green Street, Northampton, Mass.

MARRIED

- '18. Elizabeth White to Warren Griffith King.
Sallie Storrs to Capt. Clifford H. Tate.
Helen Kotting to Walter Ballard Maurice.
Lucy Plumb to Arthur Delafield Smith.
- '19. Helen Ledoux to Stephen B. Gibbs, May 21.
Stella Huston to Byron R. Cecil, Aug. 25.
Sally Clement to Alfred M. Pease.
Helen Smith to Franklin Bailly.
Constance McLaughlin to David Ross Green.
- '20. Louise Sommers to Robert S. Peet.

ENGAGED

- '18. Regina Wendel to Dr. Simon B. Kleiner.
Eleanor Boardman to Frank Fraser Siple.
- '19. Dorothy Loomis to Robert D. Coye.
Margaret Osborn to Forrest S. Emery.
Sara Smith to Edmund G. Davenport.
Constance Kelton to Frederic W. Celee.
- '20. Frances Smith to Dr. Frank C. Johnson.
- '21. Helen Kittredge to Robert Hamblett.

CHILDREN

- '16. Marjorie (Wellman) Freeman—a daughter, Bertha Elizabeth.

OTHERWISE OCCUPIED

- '17. Anna Campbell has finished nurses' training at the Presbyterian Hospital and is now head nurse of the surgical department at the Vanderbilt Clinic.
Eleanor Spencer is studying art in Paris.

- June Clark is doing canteen work with the Y. M. C. A. in Germany.
- '18. Josephine Ramsay is with the central field office of the Y. W. C. A., Denver, Colo.
Bernice Wheeler sailed in September as a missionary to China.
Dorothy Erskine is teaching French in the Bridgeport (Conn.) High School.
- '19. Dorothea Choate is director of the State Coöperative Laboratory in Green Bay, Wis.
Edyth McConnell is a newspaper advertising agent.
Eleanor McKnight is taking a business course at Duff's College, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Hazel Noera is a Secretary at the Babson Institute.
- '20. Mary Bennett is in the Biological Laboratory of H. K. Mulford Co.
Mary Buckner is teaching Latin and Ancient History at St. Mary's Hall, Burlington, N. J.
Helen Jack has been taking a course in practical social work at the Massachusetts General Hospital.
Helen Hoyt, 1920, is now spending the winter in New York City.

Notice has been received here of the death of Eleanor N. Gaffield of the class of 1916, on January 6th.

THE
SMITH COLLEGE
MONTHLY



MARCH 1921

INTERCOLLEGIATE ISSUE

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL	151
GOSSIPS	<i>Harriet M. Cogswell, 1922, Mount Holyoke</i> 153
THE ETERNITY OF DAYS	<i>Florence E. Wolfe, 1921, Smith</i> 154
AFTER HEARING A SYMPHONY BY TSCHAIKOWSKY	<i>Katharine D. Riggs, 1921, Mount Holyoke</i> 156
THE SMUTTY FACED FAIRY	<i>Elizabeth Ambrose, 1921, Vassar</i> 157
FOUR WALLS	<i>Marion Ellet, 1921, Smith</i> 164
YESTERDAY	<i>Marjorie C. Marks, 1921, Barnard</i> 165
CERTAIN ASPECTS OF CHILD NARRATION	<i>Ruth E. Allen, 1921, Wellesley</i> 166
THE PARADE	<i>Dorothy Butts, 1921, Smith</i> 169
SATYR LOVERS	<i>Marion Ellet, 1921, Smith</i> 170
INERTIA	<i>Rebecca Hill, 1921, Wellesley</i> 171
IN A CHINESE GARDEN	<i>Elizabeth Reynard, 1921, Barnard</i> 179
POEMS AFTER THE CHINESE	<i>Anne W. Buffum, 1921, Mount Holyoke</i> 180
THE BURYIN'	<i>Ethel Halsey, 1922, Wellesley</i> 181
THE ILIAD	<i>Emily T. Burke, 1921, Vassar</i> 186
A LITTLE HEDGE	<i>Dorothy Butts, 1921, Smith</i> 189
THE MAN WHO SAW AFRICA	<i>Katharine D. Riggs, 1921, Mount Holyoke</i> 190
BOARDING SCHOOL	<i>K. Irene Glascock, 1922, Mount Holyoke</i> 194
THE WORLD AND I	<i>Florence E. Wolfe, 1921, Smith</i> 196
BOOK REVIEWS	
JURGEN by James Branch Cabell	<i>Mary Lapsley Caughey, 1921, Vassar</i> 198
LILULI by Romain Rolland	<i>Helene Crooks, 1921, Vassar</i> 199

The Smith College Monthly is published at Northampton, Mass., each month from October to June, inclusive. Terms \$1.75 a year. Single copies 25c.

Subscriptions may be sent to Dorothy Stearns, 30 Green Street, Northampton.

Contributions may be left in the Monthly box in the Note Room.

Tables of Contents for the year 1919-1920 will be sent upon request.

THE SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

Vol. XXIX

MARCH, 1921

No. 6

MONTHLY STAFF

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

EDITH HILL BAYLES 1921

MANAGING EDITOR

MARGARET TILDSLEY 1922

EXCHANGE EDITOR

FLORENCE WOLFE 1921

LITERARY EDITORS

CLARINDA BUCK 1921 ELEANOR CHILTON 1922

DOROTHY BUTTS 1921 MARION ELLET 1921

BUSINESS MANAGER

DOROTHY STEARNS 1921

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS

FREDA HAAS 1921 DOROTHY SCHUYLER 1921

VIRGINIA HATFIELD 1922

EDITORIAL

If you have the "Exchange habit—that is, if you are enough interested in contemporary undergraduate writing to look now and then at the collection of college magazines in the Lyon Reading Room—you will perhaps have noticed that, in spite of the variety of interests, tones, and magazine personalities they present, the "Exchanges" have one thing in common. Hardly an issue but contains, in some form or another, an editorial plea for material—"more material," "better material," or, in some cases, just "material." Poverty of copy is the college editor's bane—it is rare indeed that he can point with pride to an issue that has not in it a large percentage of "filler" material. Small wonder then, that college magazines are, for the most part, uninteresting reading—"tailing heaps," with only an occasional glint of gold! "It has always been so," say the faculty,

when business boards grumble and editors complain—and editorial board succeeds editorial board with the problem still unsolved.

The Intercollegiate issue is an attempt to bring about some change. Correspondence last fall between a few individual editors brought to light their similar grievances and mutual plight, and at a conference at Barnard, during the Christmas vacation, delegates from Wellesley, Mount Holyoke, Vassar, Barnard, Bryn Mawr, and Smith discussed the subject thoroughly and frankly.

It was at first proposed that the individual college magazines be given up and an Intercollegiate Magazine be established. . . . a plan not only feasible but advantageous in many respects. Business arrangements could thus be simplified, and, competition acting as a stimulus upon the college writers, good work could be produced, and only the best chosen. The Intercollegiate would be a magazine worth reading; Professor Baldwin, of Columbia, who was present at the conference, predicted for it a brilliant future as “. . . a young Harper's or Century.”

But, in spite of the attractive possibilities of this plan, the delegates finally agreed that the college magazine was, by its very nature, a part of the college answering a need that an Intercollegiate organ could not answer and owing a definite responsibility to the college. The best writers . . . those on whom the Intercollegiate Magazine would depend. . . . will undoubtedly continue to write after they leave college; it is to the “lesser lights”, whose talent and self-confidence are burning rather feebly, that the college magazine offers itself. To change the figure, it is their “proving ground.”

The Intercollegiate issue is a compromise experiment. Bryn Mawr having withdrawn her support from the project, each of the five remaining colleges was made responsible for a certain number of pages, and was assured representation in the magazine. Wellesley was elected “Intercollegiate Editor,” and, “trying to keep the proportionment as even as possible without sacrificing the idea of choosing only the best pieces of work,” has made a careful and impartial selection from the material submitted. As to the result—well, you are to judge of that!

It is hoped that the competition will prove a stimulus to the “literati” of the college—both readers and writers. With this in mind, the Smith College editors have attempted to place articles of similar interest where they may best be compared and contrasted.

If the plan is successful, and the editors hope that you will express your opinion on the subject in some concrete way, it will be continued and amplified next year, by an Intercollegiate board of editors, who will meet at Smith.

GOSSIPS

We passed a field today,
Shorn of its harvest,
Except for three tall stalks
Which wore brown bonnets—
Paper bag bonnets on their heads.
The old-lady stalks
Were whispering together—
Something about
Seeds . . . and spring.

Harriet M. Cogswell, 1922, Mount Holyoke.

THE ETERNITY OF DAYS

Meldon used to say that we should have lived in the days of Elizabeth. Then, we would have been successful adventurers. Unfortunately, we live in the unromantic present, and are only n'er-dowells, round pegs. Round, I say, because experience has rubbed smooth any angles. We are merely wanderers who leave Oxford-town to follow the beckon of the spring; vagabonds who follow its willy-nilly wanderings until, in early winter, it slips back to whence it came—and we come back to Oxford-town to rest and talk it over.

We had all come back to Meldon's room—"the only home you rovers will ever have," he used to say—all except Burke. We were waiting for him, saving our best yarns for him—even though we knew that our best would pale beside any of his. Burke is the kind of man who finds something exciting in a situation which others have denounced for its deadly monotony. His delay surprised and perplexed us. The call echoes back into the unknown, and at the same time leaves us stranded and tired, and two months is time enough for even the slowest traveller to creep home.

Everet had just finished a tale of priests and murders in the French hills, when shouting outside told us that Burke had come. We jumped up, ready to greet him—perhaps the roundest of the pegs, but a man who has carried with him the enthusiasm and the dynamic desire of Youth. When the call abandons us among crowds that are then only strangers, in cities only unknown, we all turn to crawl home, and each one of us has confessed that he hurries over the lonesome way to gain again the freshness of Burke's youth. This time we were all hungry for the power of his vigor, waiting to be electrified from yearning limpness to eager strength—by abundant zeal.

He appeared in the doorway. His face was drawn, sad, as if all the joy had been sucked out of it; his body was thin, with the leanness of starvation, and the skin stretched taut and dry, as if all the living qualities had been burned. But his eyes startled me most—dead looking, like the eyes of a fish that lies on the wharf. The one animated thing about him was the silver button sewed to his lapel—shining diabolically. He sank into a chair and began, without greeting, to talk.

"We were off the Novik Islands, fishing. We began to roll and toss in our small schooner. At noon, we were bouncing in the swearing green broth, and we gave up hope. We saw the faint outline of land, and went overboard. It was hopeless and we knew it, but most of us would rather die in the water than be sucked down in the hulk like rats. At first I swam with strong strokes, and felt as if I were cutting through the long green rolls, but I realized before long that I was merely standing still. Then I began to fight—to count strokes to shut up the yelling pain of my muscles, but the hundreds tumbled over each other. Mechanically, I swam, stroke after stroke for an age, it seemed. . . .

"I felt the warm heat of sunshine. I was on land. Turning my head I could see miles of ocean and miles of yellow, jeering sand. I sat up later on, and saw that I was naked, but around my neck dangled Meldon's button with its inscription "best o'luck." Why that should have stayed on in all that struggling water is another sphinx question.

"Hours I lay there. Days of soreness, with the sun burning through my very skull, and my ears pounding to the constant wash-wash of the sea. It seemed as if night came, and cooled me with green moonlight—but always the pounding sea. Days later I crawled around, finally walking, searching for habitation. I ate berries, praying that they would be poisonous. I yelled at the skies. I cursed the waves. I prayed to the Greatness of Things and at last recited everything I knew—even to the Horace you crammed down my throat, Meldon—recited to the palm trees that waved on indifferently. The loneliness, the stillness, the immobility of things—nothing to hear but the dull pound of the water. Always that unceasing, bumping wash of the sea. I would scream at each wave, and listen intently for its successor.

"Finally I got strength enough to climb a slight hill. I really crawled up, hours of agony, of weary muscles that almost refused to work. But I got up and down some way, and found myself in a village in front of a man. I asked for food in every language and patois I knew, but he squatted there, stolidly, before me. I reached out, touched him—a mummy.

"I gave up. To waste away, to become stagnant out there with a mummy, a sea, a pounding, pounding sea.

"The next thing I realized was nurses, doctors, clean smells and

no sea. I do not know how I got there. They never told me. I hated to learn the date, to realize the lost years, the change that had occurred. Occasionally I would get enough courage to ask my nurse, and then stifle the question.

“One day, a young interne dropped his prescription pad, and I saw the date.

“I had been gone four days.”

Florence E. Wolfe, 1921, Smith.

AFTER HEARING A SYMPHONY BY TSCHAIKOWSKY

Steel-gray winds souging across the steppes,
Grey wolf-winds skulking out of the dark forests,
Hunting in packs across the frozen grass-lands—
Up to the villages they come,
Bared fangs gleaming and dreadful little eyes glittering.
The foam drips from their jaws—
Flecks of snow with sharp teeth behind them;
And in the long winter nights they can be heard howling,
Howling at the ghost of a murdered moon haunting a dead-cold sky
Or hideously tagging the steps of a belated villager.

Come, shake the powdered frost crystals from your hair,
Oh, my Russian beauty!
And stamp the crusted snow from your boots.
Cold and flaunting scarlet are your garments,
Green and flaring yellow—
And your face more glowing than these!
Arms akimbo on your hips,
Heels tapping to the rhythm and the rush of the dance!
A fig for the cold and the dark!
—Why do you falter? Turn pale?
You who should be flushed and laughing,
You who should laugh over your shoulder,
Turning a face flushed with music and movement as with wine?
—Only the wind—the grey wolf-wind snarling down the chimney
Scratching and clawing at the door,
And baring his fangs at the window!

Katharine D. Riggs, 1921, Mount Holyoke.

THE SMUTTY FACED FAIRY

The smutty-faced fairy lived in an arc-light on Delaney street. Anyone who has given close attention to an arc-light will readily understand why his face was smutty. His name was James, because of his mother's romantic disposition. She had achieved a certain distinction by sitting still in a garden for an entire hour on a summer afternoon, while one human read a love story aloud to another. She was not exactly proud (although no other fairy was known to be still for more than fifteen minutes at a time) but she liked to think of the episode, and she named her son after the hero of the story. If he had grown up among other fairies, he would probably have had to undergo all sorts of rude remarks from the little Moths and Pease-blossoms and Mustard-seeds who would have been his playmates, but as it was, he did not even know that his name was unusual.

The May-flies and the June-bugs who fluttered about the arc-lights often argued as to how James came to live there. The May-flies always contended that he had been brought by a feebly flickering Fire-fly, the June-bug had a longer story. They said that one night, years before, a lady fairy had been flying over the city, when suddenly all the lights went out. Of course, no fairy can live unless light of some sort is shining on it, and so she fell to the street. When the lights went on again, she had only strength enough to throw the baby into the circle of light from the arc-light before she melted away to nothing. The little thing flew straight to the lamp, which was the brightest thing it could see, wriggled into it, and settled comfortably in the center. No May-fly was ever convinced by the June-bugs, nor any June-bug by the May-flies, and James did not concern himself greatly about the matter.

In the main he was fairly happy. He played about the street by day, and at night he stayed within the circle of light from the arc-light. He was a little lonely at times, because he knew that he was not a May-fly, nor a June-bug, and he thought that somewhere there must be other creatures like himself, but he found a number of amusing things to do. He made friends with some of the very youthful babies of the neighborhood (this was not too satisfactory,

for they had an unpleasant habit of growing too old to believe in him), he tickled the ears of the proud policeman who walked up and down, and he watched little boys shoot craps in the alley until he learned so much about the game that he would dance frantically about on the cobblestones, shrieking "Come seven! Come eleven!" at the top of his voice. Once, when the players left hurriedly, they dropped their dice, and James discovered that if he carried them to the top of the curbstone and pushed them off, he could roll them as well as anyone. For a long time, that was his favorite sport.

One day, just as he rolled an unfortunate seven, he heard a wheezy voice say, "What do you think you're doing?"

He looked around, and saw a stout and respectable beetle, seated near him on a sunny cobble-stone.

"Shooting craps," he answered shortly, and turned to pick up the dice again.

The beetle leaned back against the cobble-stone and rocked with mirth.

"What's so funny?" asked James.

"You are."

"Why?"

"You're a fairy, aren't you?"

"I suppose so."

"*Suppose!*" the beetle sniffed. "What else could you be, I'd like to know? And to see you down here—shooting craps—with a smutty face—when all the rest of them are dancing, and fussing around the flowers, and all that sort of thing—it's enough to make anyone laugh!"

James fluttered his wings excitedly. "Do you know where I could find them?" he said.

"Don't you know *anything*?" asked the beetle severely.

"Not so much," said James, feeling a little ashamed.

"It's time you learned," said the beetle. "And it's very fortunate for you that I'm here. You know what would happen to you if you went out of the light, don't you?"

"I'd melt away into nothing," said James.

"Ve-ry good. Now, in the old times, fairies stuck pretty close to the country, because of course they can only dance in a fairy ring, but when these electric signs began to go up, they naturally wanted to see them at close quarters, so swarms of them began to come into

the cities at night. Mostly, here in New York, they go up Broadway, then cross over to Central Park and dance there. It's rather dangerous when there isn't a moon, because the fire-flies they generally take around with them are so jealous of the signs that they won't go within the city limits, but on moonlight nights almost all the fairies of this part of the country are in Central Park dancing."

James hopped about on one foot. "Could I see them if I went there?" he asked.

"Certainly. Go to Central Park, and they will come this evening. You belong with them, NOT down here."

"Thanks," shouted James, who was already about fifty feet from the ground.

"Hey!" shouted the beetle, "Do you know how to get there?"

"No," said James, clreling.

The beetle grunted. "I thought so. What you want to do is fly up high, and go to the biggest green space you can see. That's Central Park. And when—"

But James had gone, and the beetle went to sleep in the sun.

All that afternoon, James did the things a fairy usually begins to do when he is first learning to fly. He raced with bumble-bees, he played hide-and-seek in the leaves, he shook the pollen out of flowers, and all of these told him more about the fairies who danced in the evenings. At moonrise he stood on the edge of the largest fairy-ring in the Park, a-tiptoe with excitement. When the sunset colors had quite faded, and the world was silver and gray, there came a flutter of blue and rose and silver wings, a soft laughing and chattering, the crickets struck up their tune, and the ring was filled with little, dancing bits of color. All the fire-flies who live in the Park came and danced in the air, and James danced for joy all by himself at the edge of the ring. Then the music stopped, and James saw a most beautiful young lady fairy coming toward him, with two very fine gentlemen fairies. He thought that she smiled at him, and he went a little bit forward.

"Will—will you dance with me?" he asked.

"And who are you?" asked the young fairy lady. The young gentleman fairies laughed, because they thought that she was clever, and always laughed at everything she said.

"I'm—" James began.

"Oh!" interrupted the young lady fairy. "I know who you are! You're a smutty-face." Then she and the young gentlemen fairies laughed, and every fairy told the joke to the next one. "There's a smutty-face here wanting to dance with Elderbloom," until the whole company were laughing as they turned to their dance again.

James went a little distance from the edge of the ring behind a clump of grass, and cried. "I can't go back to the arc-light after seeing them dance under the moon," he sobbed. But they won't dance with me or—"

"Oh, please don't cry," said a small voice near him. James uncovered one eye and saw a fairy—a very pretty little fairy. He uncovered the other eye. She was not so pretty, perhaps, as Elderbloom, but she looked at you differently.

"I wasn't crying," he said.

She took no notice of that. "Elder-bloom was horrid," she said.

"But why wouldn't she dance with me? And why did everybody laugh?"

"Your face is—just a little—smutty—you know," answered the fairy hesitatingly.

"But it's always been that way—I've lived in an arc-light all my life."

"Well," she said, "I don't see very well how you could help it, and I'm sure it's much more becoming to you than it would be to most people, but you see, none of us ever let our faces get that way, and so—"

"What must I do?" said James.

The fairy produced her handkerchief in a business-like way.

"Sit still," she said. James turned up his face to the moonlight and she polished vigorously. But her handkerchief was a cobweb, and crumpled up to nothing, and James's face was even more smudged than before. "I'm afraid that's no good," she said.

"Can't you fix it?" asked James.

"Never mind," she said, "You get some thistledown, or something like that, and scrub your face *hard*, and then you'll get it clean. Then come here tomorrow night. It's Midsummer Eve, you know, and the King of Us All will be here, and Great Ones from all over the world, and I'll show you to some of them, and I'll dance with you, and—"

"PEASE BLOSSOM," a stately dowager fairy swept down upon them, "COME WITH ME."

As they went James heard the dowager saying, "It seems to me that when your father is to read the address of welcome to the King of Us All, tomorrow night, you might consider—"

James smiled at the moon. "The others are all alike, but she's different," he confided to it.

The man in the moon winked at him sympathetically.

Midsummer Eve is the one night of all the year when the fairies come out from the hiding place of invisibility, and flit about the eyes of stupid mortals, most of whom think that the swift-winged things are moths. Somehow, this gives to every fairy a feeling of power, a sense that great things are in the air. Perhaps it is because of this feeling that the King of Them All holds his great solemn court on that night. At any rate, it was strong in James as he waited. He was rather proud, too, for he had scrubbed his face most carefully, and he did not know that one spot on his left cheek was still a little smutty. He talked gaily to the cricket orchestra as they practised, and occasionally he danced a little by himself.

Then again the air was filled with the sound of wings—not the gay rush of the night before, but a steady, measured beating. James was a little awed as he heard it, and saw the Great Ones cross the moon and circle slowly downward. Then the King of Them All, in his crimson robes of state, settled down upon a toadstool in the middle of the ring, while the Great Ones stood about him waving their gleaming wings ever so slightly, and the others elbowed one another to see.

A little old fairy, with an air of great learning, stepped forward to read the address of welcome.

"Beloved Sovereign Potentate," he began.

But at that moment the sixth sense which warns fairies of danger made them spring into the air and hover in the glimmering cloud, as two small colored boys came running through the trees and flung themselves down in the midst of the ring. "Guess 'at old policeman won't find us here," panted one. The fairies fluttered helplessly above them, the cricket orchestra, feeling that its duty was to remain calm, played, "God Save the King."

The colored boy who had not spoken looked up.

"Sam, what's dem little things?" he said.

"I don't know," said Sam, staring.

The King of Them All came to a resolution. Slowly he floated downward until he stood on Sam's hand. Sam's mouth opened.

"Does yo' see what I sees, Joe?" he asked.

Joe nodded, with a dazed expression.

"Youths," said the king—The fairies settled on the ground to listen—"We have assembled here tonight from all the kingdoms for our great meeting of Midsummer Eve. By all our ancient rites and laws ye, being mortals, may not witness them. Will ye therefore go, and leave us to our pleasure?"

"Li'l man," said Sam, "We-uns needs this heah place powahful bad ourselves 'cause everywhere we goes there's sho' to be some old policeman fussin' at us, 'cept right heah, an' heah we is gwine ter stay till we finishes our li'l game."

"If ye will go and leave it to us, we will gild your sleep with the seven dreams of power and beauty, we will teach ye the eleven spells of charm and magic, we will give you—"

But James had flown to Sam's hand, beside the King, and all the fairies were whispering among themselves in astonishment.

"Your Majesty," he said, "let me manage this."

The King was silent with astonishment.

"Sam," said James, "I'll roll them with you. If you win you stay. If I win, you go."

"Sam, I know's we's a-dreamin'," said Joe.

"I reckon you's right," said Sam. "But (to James) if we isn't dreamin', how can a li'l thing like you roll de bones?"

"I'll push them off your hand," said James.

"If I isn't dreamin', I'se had some home brew," said Sam, "but I'll do it."

He reached into his pocket. The dice rolled on the grass.

"Three! Go on, Sam, roll 'em again!" said Joe.

"Come seven! Come seven! Come on, you snake-eye!" shouted James, capering about on Sam's hand.

"This must be some strange and very powerful magic," said the King, stroking his beard.

The fairies craned their necks and whispered.

Sam shot again.

"Seven!" James turned a somersault.

"All right, li'l man! Roll 'em yo'self," said Sam. Carefully he put the dice on the hand where James and the King stood. James tugged them to the edge and pushed them off. Sam and Joe leaned forward.

"Eleven!" shouted James, jumping ten feet in the air and coming back to Sam's hand.

"Yo' wins," admitted Sam, putting James and the King on the grass.

"C'mon, Joe," he said, "we's gotta find some other place."

The fairies stood in awed silence, as the King took James's hand and led them to the toad-stool.

"Our dear young friend with the smut on the left cheek," said the King, "all fairydom is proud of you. To your knowledge of this new and powerful magic we owe the preservation of our meeting place."

The realization of what it all meant came to the fairies, and they cheered shrilly, fluttering like a swarm of butterflies.

"Tonight, as you know, our subjects of all realms," continued the King, "we appoint our successor. Would it suit your pleasure that it should be our young friend, er-er"

"James," murmured James in his ear.

"Ah, yes, James."

The applause which followed lasted for five minutes. At first James stared in bewilderment. Then a warm happiness came over him, and he turned six cart-wheels in succession, ending with a graceful bow.

The King raised his hand for silence.

"One great duty now devolves upon you, James," he said. "You must choose her who will be the Queen of Us All when I abdicate."

All the young lady fairies patted their hair. Elder-bloom stepped forward with a smile, but James was looking for Pease-blossom. At last he saw her, between the dowager and the learned one.

"If Pease-blossom will do me the honor—" he began.

Five hundred young lady fairies immediately stepped forward.

"Which is the Pease-blossom you mean, my son?" asked the King, benignantly.

"This one," said James, and jumping down he took the hand of the proper Pease-blossom and led her to the toad-stool. An enthusiastic and excited cricket began, "Hail, Hail the Gang's All Here," but was silenced by the conductor and gained a reputation for vulgarity that clung to him for the rest of his life.

"Your choice, we believe, is a wise one," said the King, pinching Pease-blossom's cheeks in a royal manner.

A fairy bishop ascended the toad-stool, a spider swung down from a neighboring tree, bringing a veil for the bride, the orchestra struck up the wedding march, and they were married then and there. And now, if you should blunder into a fairy ball some evening, you would find that every truly stylish fairy has a tiny smutt on the left cheek.

Elizabeth Ambrose, 1921, Vassar.

FOUR WALLS

Sing? You would have me sing to you tonight?
You who have taught me to forget my tunes?
Who only know the language of four walls?
You who have never lived nor loved nor dreamed,
Nor known the anguish of the old earth-cry;
That longing past all longing for the sod,
The dear warm touch and smell of the brown earth?
You who have never laughed at a wild sky,
Nor swayed with the maddening rhythm of the storm;
You with your spirit meant for its four walls;
Your craven, sodden, smug stupidity!
You with your gibbering prayers for my lost soul,
Your babblings of the brotherhood of man!
You who would see me pause and weep for sin,
And break my fragile little pipes of Pan;
Sing? You would have me sing for you tonight?
How sing, when I'm so tired of four walls?

Marion Ellet, 1921, Smith.

YESTERDAY

A thousand years have passed away
Since I was with you yesterday.
Isn't it queer I can't forget
The feeling of the stinging wet,
Soft snow against my face, and you
Striding beside me, loving too
The slippery walk along the edge
Of frosted-over barberry hedge?
And neither of us said a word
(Aloud, I mean) until we heard
Far off, a locomotive shriek.
Then it was you began to speak.
You said, "I wish you weren't going
Home tonight." And I not showing
What I felt, replied, "I know.
We're sure to be delayed by snow."
Then neither one knew what to say,
But in a friendly, silent way
Breasted the snow. And I could see
You didn't dare to look at me
Though it was equally as true
I didn't dare to look at you.
I knew that if my eyes should meet
Your eyes, the primly-peopled street
Would raise its eye-brows in dismay,
Surmising that between us lay
A feeling not quite everyday.
So neither of us spoke again
Until I climbed on board the train,
When both of us were forced to try
A brief, inadequate good-bye.
You stood and waved, and I waved back
Until a stretch of shining track
Widened between. I see you there,
The white snow kissing your black hair.
(I wish I'd thought to tell you that
You might take cold without your hat.)
But all of that was yesterday,
A hundred thousand years away
And every moment's living yet.
Isn't it queer, I can't forget?

Marjorie C. Marks, 1921, Barnard.

CERTAIN ASPECTS OF CHILD NARRATION

"Relate a dream to me and I will tell your fortune," said a dream interpreter one day.

"But I cannot remember any dreams I have had," I answered.

"Then make one up. It will do quite as well."

Seeing my surprise, he explained that it was not the result of unguided action of the mind which made a dream significant, but a sequence of ideas which were bound to have symbolic association. Any dreams which were recounted to him for his interpretation were bound to be sublimated to such a degree that it made no difference whether or not the original plot was conceived during sleep.

"People must always pretty up their gray-color thoughts, anyway—they cannot help it," I remember the gypsy saying.

It is just so with writers of tales about children. Try hard as they may, they cannot recount an event of their childhood without completing, refining or changing their mental impressions to satisfy their more mature minds. A child does many things as utterly inexplicable to a grown person as baby-prattle, and when he grows up and retells the incident, trying to recall the motives that prompted his actions, he will find himself giving them cause and effect, adding a vivid detail here, and eliminating other details for which he can think of no incentive natural to a child. In short, he will give it both rhyme and reason; it is only by so doing that the child portrayed would mean anything to the reader. It is quite necessary that an author "pretty up" his memory impressions.

In a tale which has for its central character some very small boy or girl, the writer, if he be a good writer, has the double task of leaving with his reader a convincing impression of real childishness; and at the same time of making the book worth while, so that it contains some underlying truths, no matter how elemental, which shall give permanent value to mere incident. Widely varied are the methods we find used by authors who have enough art to attain this two-fold impression.

Mr. Walpole's *Jeremy* suggests itself at once as an example of retrospect study, not told in the first person, yet not stooping to direct

comments from writer to reader, but rather expressing significance veiled in incident and narration. You remember the morning when Jeremy told the Jampot, his nurse, that he had cleaned his teeth, and he hadn't at all; and being discovered in his lie he was forbidden to go with the others to the Christmas Pantomime. But later in the evening his Uncle Samuel came for him, telling him that he was forgiven and might go after all. They left for home just before the end, and then, once again in the old familiar hall, Uncle Samuel said:

" 'Now you nip up to the nursery, and then they'll never know that you've been out at all.'

" 'Never know?' said Jeremy. 'But you said they sent for me.'

" 'Well,' said Uncle Samuel, 'that wasn't exactly true. As a matter of fact they don't know you were there.'

" 'Oh!' said Jeremy, the corner of his mouth turning down. 'Then I've told a lie again!'

" 'Nonsense!' said Uncle Samuel impatiently. 'It wasn't you; it was I—' And through all his happiness, after his mother had kissed him goodnight there was this puzzle: Uncle Samuel had told a lie and no one had thought it mattered. There were good lies and bad ones then. Or was it that grown-up people could tell lies and children mustn't—'

... " 'V' Nurse, are there some people can tell lies and others mustn't?'"

" 'All them that tell lies goes to Hell,'" said the Jampot.

The original Jeremy may have had this reaction. Probably, as children are always doing, he compared morals as they were taught him with the practice of the preacher grown-ups. Mr. Walpole's effective concentration upon this one question of the lie, which must have been an unimportant one of a great number of existing thoughts and conjectures in the child's impressionable mind, drives home the arrow. Omission of certain details which would detract, and probably did detract, from the significance of the episode, is a device which Mr. Walpole uses throughout his book. I have no doubt that Jeremy was thinking much more about the wonderful scene in the Pantomime where Dick Whittington dressed in red plush and diamond buckles, stood before the Mulatto King of the Zanzibar Islands, while his cat chased all the mice out of the golden palace.

If one stops to consider carefully the writer's descriptive phases, one notices a lack of uniformly childish impressions. In a book of

the length of "Jeremy," it might be possible, but it will never be probable that the eight-year old point of view could be kept consistently. Comparisons of Jeremy's feelings on cold mornings with those of Spartans, and descriptions which are not those of a child, such as the "Pool of so clear a color that you could see emerald stones and golden sand, as under glass."

In contrast to this frankly uneven prospective, it is interesting to call to mind "*Le Livre de Mon Ami*," that group of autobiographical sketches by Anatole France. Here the naïve manner of the French writer tricks one into thinking that the memory impressions were written down exactly as they were recalled, with as little sublimation as possible. There are very few details that one could say were added for effect. It is rather the careful elimination of certain material, and the grouping of certain details, that send the readers' minds away from little Pierre's experiences to their own. The book is so sketchy and fragmentary in treatment that almost any one of the sketches might be given entire as an example of M. France's method. I choose one that is a favorite with me on account of its delicate suggestiveness.

The little drawing-room in Pierre's house had wall paper which was strewn with roses. "Roses in bud, little, timid, modest things—all of them dainty and all alike."

"One day in the little drawing room," says Pierre, "Mother put down her work, and picking me up in her arms, pointed to one of the flowers on the wall, saying, 'I will give you this rose,' and so that there might not be any mistake in it, she made a cross on it with her bodkin."

There is almost an impressionistic effect in these clipped-off incidents. One is left to imagine a great deal, and to form in one's mind the significance of the intimate mother and child episodes. The child Pierre is much more unusual than Jeremy, so the French author had rather to tone down the strange episodes and conjecturings of his youth, than to brighten their effect as did Mr. Walpole. He keeps to the child's point of view rather more consistently than does the English writer. We feel with him how high the steps are for chubby little legs, how terrifying the wall paper monsters are, with their noses like stork's bills, bristling moustaches, and legs like chantiecleers—and each with one goggle eye in the middle of his cheek.

Anatole France quite frankly drops back into the personality of an old man every once in so often, but he never mixes the two points of view, and he never makes use of this direct address to other grown-ups to moralize or show the significance of an incident. That is left for the reader to supply as he chooses, and the reader knows that there is something to be gotten out of each event, merely from its sketchy, fragmentary and unfinished form.

“ ‘His hair is fair now, but it will get dark later on,’ My Fairy (Godmother) could read the future, but she was kind; she did not tell me all that was to come, for today my hair is neither fair nor dark.’ ”

Such comments from the author in his own person serve to make the childish incidents all the more realistic by contrast. We feel at once the difference between Mr. Walpole's method of leading our thoughts wherever he wishes by concentration and appeals by mature images, and the method of the French writer who merely suggests in which direction our thoughts shall go to apply the experiences of the little Pierre to our own experiences.

Ruth E. Allen, 1921, Wellesley.

THE PARADE

Faces, laughing, and torchlit,
Passing and passing,
Laughing and torchlit and passing!

Voices, crying and shouting,
Dying and dying,
Crying and shouting and dying!

Drums beating and thumping,
Retreating, retreating!
Beating and thumping, retreating!

Gone! There remains but the heat
Of the August night wind
Blowing a leaf down the street.

Dorothy Butts, 1921, Smith.

SATYR LOVERS

I'm glad we'll meet when Indian Summer comes
To woo again our drowsy, purple hills
With the caress of drifting smoky haze
And with the shifting flecks of golden light.
We'll meet at the old trysting place, high up
In that still glade that looks out toward the sea,
And where the clear pool with its pebbly marge
Mirrors the heavy clusters of wild grapes.
When the rich year is at its prime we'll come,
And there shall be one glad, most glorious day
Of sun, and laughter and of comradeship,
Even like the Indian Summer we shall come,
Laden with treasure and with wealth untold,
The fruitage gleaned from our long wanderings.
There shall be peace from starry, windless nights,
And memories of pungent, odorous glens,
And dreams from out the distance, and strange songs.
Ah, beauty past believing we shall bring.
You'll smile and lay your dream-board at my feet.
We'll talk of the far-winding paths we've found.
We'll speak a little of the scars we've won,
And of the cruel injustices of chance.
We'll weep a little at the fear of death,
And then we'll laugh at death and scars and all.
You'll sing me the bold ballads you have made,
And we shall dance and laugh and dance again,
Like the wild satyr-children that we are.
One glad, one mad, most glorious day! and then—
When the last flaming splendor of that day
Burns in the western shadow-land, I'll see
In your grey eyes the longing for the road.
I would not hold you when that longing comes.
And so, we'll say good-bye, and each shall take
His separate pathway down the steep hillside,
Where the first darkness of the evening lurks;
And each shall seek for Beauty in those ways,
In those strange winding ways that we have loved.
Only, if so the woodland gods be kind,
When Indian Summer comes again we'll meet
In our high glade that looks out toward the sea.

Marion Ellet, 1921, Smith.

INERTIA

The road that climbs out of Buffalo Valley and into Hen Step Gap is difficult and little travelled. In summer its rocky, rubble strewn floor is deep in red, stifling dust, and in the winter the mud sucks about the boots of those who have the temerity to pass that way. Along the upper stretch sorrel and huckleberry bushes grow more frequently between the stony ruts, the underbrush crowds more closely at the sides. Nothing is to be heard there save the wind blowing in the tree tops, the distant gurgle of an underground brook or the soft rustle as a snake that has been sunning himself on the rocks, glides torpidly away. At Hen Step Gap the road becomes little more than a foot path leading into Troxelville. Here is desolation indeed; a dozen or more dilapidated log shanties, mud-daubed, and protected against the elements by rags and paper stuffed in the chinks, a dirty pig or two wallowing in the mud flats that serve for door yards, and some few children, almost naked, sprawling listlessly in the shade.

Its inhabitants, scorning the peaceful, friendly ways of the valley people, live the slovenly, lawless lives that their fathers and grand-fathers lived before them. Originally, the sturdy offshoots of a family of Canadian trappers who had wandered down into the mountains for the abundant game, they had degenerated into little more than animals. Inter-marriage had reduced fierce pride to a stubborn inertia, and independence and love of the open to secretiveness and a mistrust of human kind.

Pappy, the oldest of the tribe, and its autocrat, was a hideous, shrivelled hulk of a man, with little, evil eyes that glared out from a wilderness of matted hair and beard. He always sat crouched in the chimney corner of his cabin directing the affairs of his people in a querulous old voice. His fifteen children had all married, and Pappy, having outlived a first and a second wife, had, in his old age, married again.

One September morning Rose, Pappy's young wife, was at the side of the cabin. A great iron kettle was placed over a fire built of small logs and branches, that sent up trails of pungent smoke into the clear air. Rose stood by the kettle, her bare feet planted in the grass, and her apathetic gaze fixed on the steam which belched forth

from the contents of the kettle as she stirred it with a long, smooth stick. With her, life was purely mechanical. She went through the motions of keeping house for Pappy without question. It was easier not to think.

When Pappy's wife had died two years before, and it became generally known that the old man was looking about for someone to take her place, Rose had wondered mildly upon whom the choice would fall, even envied her, in a lukewarm fashion, the importance that would attach to her as an inmate of Pappy's household. At that time Rose was seventeen, a tall slattern of a girl, with a great mat of molasses-colored hair that swung between her sharp young shoulder blades in a thick braid. When the choice fell upon her, she made no comment, but as a matter of course wound her hair around her head as a symbol of womanhood, and went to live in Pappy's cabin. She found life there much the same as it had always been, a few more household cares, and Pappy to look after, but nothing to worry her. As she stirred the soap around and around she asked nothing better than to stand there in the sunshine with the scent of burning pine in her nostrils and the feeling of the grass under her feet.

The unaccustomed sound of wheels in the road made her pause in her task to look up. A light farm wagon, newly painted red, stood in front of the cabin and from it a man was alighting. Hostility gave way to curiosity as she watched him approach. He was not one of the Dutch farmers who occasionally made their way into Troxelville to barter with her brothers and cousins. This man's hair was red and his eyes were wide open and very blue.

"Hello, Sis," he accosted her. "That's some road you've got. Step-ladder'd do the trick just as well."

Rose smiled in spite of herself.

"You've come a long ways, ain't ye?"

"Some," he responded. "The mud's six inches deep down in the valley—I guess it's the rains."

"I ain't bin down."

"That's why I come up," retorted the young man cheerfully. "Didn't know they grow 'em as pretty as you up this way."

Rose crimsoned with embarrassment. She stirred vigorously at the soap for a moment and then—

"What ye want up here, any hows?"

The stranger grew serious.

"I want to talk to old D'Auberman or someone that can get me a load of hickory nuts this fall. Skip along in, Sister, and find someone."

"Pappy's asleep," she said. "I dunno about John—maby he's home."

"Nope, I asked an' they sent me here. Say, sweetheart, I've come a long ways this morning an' I'm thirsty. Ain't that a spring over there?"

"You set down," said Rose hospitable on the instant. "There's a tin-cup jest inside. I get it fer ye."

"Can't shake me that way," said the young man. "I'm gonna stick around a while. Now show me the way to the spring, bright-eyes, I'm blind when you're around."

They walked to the spring-house—the stranger chatting with a cheerful loquacity that Rose had never dreamed possible in a man. Together they succeeded in filling the tin-cup after spilling a great deal. It took a long time, the young man declared, to slake such a thirst as he had. The truth was that he liked to watch the back of Rose's head as she bent down to refill the cup. At last he was satisfied, and they wandered back to the cabin.

"May's well make ourselves comfy," rattled on the stranger, settling himself on the doorstone. "Set down and talk to me. What's your name? I bet it's pretty."

She told him and he burst out with a delighted "I knew it! Gee, they had the right idea when they named you."

Rose's mind was in a peculiar state. Being a D'Auberman she resented the visitor's tone and easy manner but something far deeper than mistrust had responded to his wide smile and to the genuine admiration in his blue eyes. She did not know what to say but sat silent, brown hands folded, watching him out of level eyes.

"Mine's Steve," he rattled on. "Steve O'Marra. I've got a little grocery store over to Unionville an' I had a scrap with the Dutchman up here, that gets my nuts every fall. Them Dutchmen'd skin a guy out of house an' home. Thinks I to myself—Steve old boy, we'll go up after them nuts ourself. Am I right, sweetheart?"

"Pappy'll be awake directly." Rose assured him. "He'll know."

"Oh, I ain't in any hurry. Your pappy c'n sleep all day if he has a mind to."

But Pappy didn't sleep all day. It wasn't long before the two on the doorstone heard him coughing and sputtering and presently a rasping voice that called—"Rose, Rose—where be ye?"

Obediently Rose went in.

"There's a stranger outside," she informed the old man. "Kin ye see him?"

Pappy stirred under his wrappings and turned a wizened old face to the light.

"Eh?" he mumbled through broken teeth. "Eh?"

"There's a stranger askin' to see ye!" shouted Rose bending closer.

Instantly a furtive look crept to his eyes and he shrank further back in the corner.

"Don't want no strangers here!" he grunted. "Tell him I ain't here."

"It's about nuts;" began Rose. "He wants 'em for his store." But she was saved further explanation by the entrance of the young man himself. It seemed to Rose as if he brought in a great shaft of sunlight, for suddenly and pitilessly, every sordid detail of the cabin's interior stood out in hideous and stark relief. Beside his clean shirt and whole, well-brushed store clothes, the heap of rags and blankets, that served as bedding seemed to wither with filth and disorder. The cracked and dirty pots and earthenware tumbled together in the sheet-iron sink, shrieked grease and dirt. Pappy himself had never seemed so unkempt and loathesome. For the first time in her life, a feeling of shame and disgust for her own kind swept over her. She hated Pappy and the cabin, and her own ragged calico dress that sagged in the back towards her bare heels and hung in tatters where there should have been sleeves. If she had only tidied up a little bit! But no one ever tidied up in Troxelville. How was she to know that it was desirable? Rose saw that the stranger had at last persuaded Pappy to listen to him. Mr. O'Marra was doing most of the talking, Pappy following every gesture with quick suspicious little eyes, now and then stemming the tide of argument with a rasping question or two. Rose turned and fled from the shameful cabin. What impulse led her to the spring she could not know, but thither she hurried and, dropping upon her knees, she gazed earnestly at the face that looked up at her from the water. "He didn't know they grew 'em as pretty as you be, up this way." The phrase echoed and reechoed in her ears. No

one had ever called her 'pretty before. With trembling fingers she loosened the great braid of hair, and let it fall around her shoulders. In the sunshine it took on a glory that she had never observed before, but it was tangled and matted past hope of combing. Dipping her fingers in the water she smoothed it out as best she could and fastened it tightly around her small head. From the direction of the cabin voices had ceased. Perhaps he had gone. In a panic, she scrambled to her feet and ran down the hillside reaching the doorway just as Mr. O'Marra emerged therefrom.

"Ain't he gonna let ye have 'em?" panted Rose, breathless from relief at finding him still there.

"Oh, that's all right—your Pa and I, we fixed that up fine," he assured her.

"I'm glad," she said watching him move toward his wagon, and then added boldly, "Be ye comin' back for 'em?"

Mr. O'Marra paused.

"Rosie," he said in a more serious tone than she had heard him employ, "Rose, wildeats couldn't keep me away. Say, where does that path go?"

"To the Spinning Wheel. If you like t'fish, there's the place t'go."

"Fishin's my middle name. Now if I was to come joggin' up that road next Saturday, say about five o'clock in the afternoon, would you show me the way to that spinning wheel? You would? Now that's talking. Look for me at five sharp, Cutie, so long!" and with that the enterprising young man leaped into his wagon, whipped up his horse, and was gone. Rose waited until the last red gleam of wheels had disappeared down the mountain side and then she turned and went into the cabin to tidy up the heap of ragged bedclothes on the floor that had so shamed her in the stranger's presence. But it appeared that Pappy wanted a drink and when she had brought that, the fire needed mending. By that time the impulse to clean up the room had waned but the idea persisted. She picked up one quilt, folded it, and began on another. It seemed as if there were a hundred of them. It would take her all the morning. After all, they had always been there, and would just collect again. So Rose went out and finished making her soap. She went through the day in a dream. Her mind refused to be tempted away from Mr. O'Marra. He fascinated and interested her as no person or thing had ever done before.

Never had her attention been so concentrated on one subject, never had she so nearly approached the process of thinking. That he had mistaken her for Pappy's daughter added a certain charm to the situation. Rose smiled softly to herself as she stirred her soap. Think how surprised Mr. O'Marra would be if he knew she was Mrs. D'Auberman.

Saturday came and Rose, having settled Pappy for his nap, prepared for the advent of Mr. O'Marra. When he came, driving up to the cabin with a great flourish, she was waiting for him at the doorway. She had reduced the disorder of her hair to a state of remarkable smoothness. In the late sunlight her braid gleamed like a halo about her small, pale face. Her blue calico dress was mended and clean. There was a change too in Mr. O'Marra. His neat blue suit had given place to old gray trousers and a flannel shirt whose open collar was held in place by a red necktie. He carried a sweater over his arm and in his hand he bore tenderly a jointed rod neatly done up in a new canvas case tied with small black tape.

"Well, Rosie O'Grady—how's every little thing up here?" he greeted her.

Rose smiled appreciation of his wit and they proceeded into the woods. As they walked, she showed him the salt lick where, if you lay very quietly in the underbrush you could see the deer come down. She told him about the great white buck that everyone had said was a ghost buck until her brother shot him. The skin might be seen to that very day hanging on the wall of her mother's cabin. She had never talked so much before, but in the warmth of his interest she chattered on and on. At last they reached the Spinning Wheel where the creek broadened out between banks fringed with willow and button wood. The water was smooth and very deep, and at the lower end went round and round in a glassy whirl, silent and foam-flecked.

"Gee, this is great!" ejaculated Mr. O'Marra, as they emerged from the covert, and paused at a little bank of moss that lay between the gnarled roots of two great button wood trees. "Let's sit here a while."

They settled themselves and Mr. O'Marra proceeded to unfold his rod under Rose's wondering eyes.

"Do you know Rose, when I got home the other night an' got to thinking about my trip up here, it seemed I must have dreamed about you. It just ain't human to have eyes like that—dark and sad like—"

Mr. O'Marra paused in the manipulation of his rod to give greater attention to his speech.

"I've been crazy about a lot of girls, but they were common girls running around in high heels giggling their silly heads off. You're different, sweetheart, like the woods you live in, sort of quiet an'—"

Mr. O'Marra's voice had grown very deep and hoarse and in his jovial countenance sat a look of intense earnestness. Rose had touched his Celtic imagination as nothing he had ever come in contact with. He put down his rod and reached for her thin, sunburned hands.

"Look at me, sweetheart, please," he pleaded, and getting no response leaned swiftly over and kissed her.

Rose struggled to her feet gasping.

"You mustn't touch me—I—I—" and fled up the path.

Mr. O'Marra sank back and watched the flutter of her blue calico dress as the underbrush closed about her.

"Now what d'ye think of that!" he exclaimed. "Ain't girls the limit. I guess I scared the poor kid half to death. I'm a prize fool. But you'll come back—Rosie—" he murmured fatuously, as he gathered up the fishing tackle. "I'm gonna make the little Rosebud love me, if it's my last living act." With which vow he betook himself cheerfully in the direction of Rose's cabin.

When he reached the cabin, there was no sight of anyone. He whistled and whistled, but the blank windows gave no sign. There wasn't a sound but the wind in the treetops. Mr. O'Marra began to grow nervous. He remembered the tales he had heard of these strange people. The sunshine had lost its friendly warmth and the mountain hung like a menace over the huddle of shanties. Mr. O'Marra crossed himself and climbed into his wagon.

He was back again the next afternoon, ostensibly to complete his arrangements for the delivery of the hickory nut crop with Pappy. From her position at the door Rose saw his wagon wheels flashing in the sun far down the mountain. She had hoped he would come again, but she was afraid to see him after the unceremonious flight of the day before. How could she explain to him? She must tell him that she was Pappy's wife, not his daughter, but it would be so hard to make him understand. She would wait for him on the step and tell him as soon as he came. But when Mr. O'Marra reached the D'Auberman cabin it was as deserted as when he had left it the day

before. He descended, and observing the door to be open, knocked and entered. Pappy, dozing by the fireplace, roused himself and blinked at him with red, drunken old eyes.

"Come t' see about the nuts, hev' ye?"

"Yep," said Mr. O'Marra drawing up a chair—"Nuts and some-thin' else. That's a mighty fine little daughter you've got—"

"Eh?" muttered Pappy doubtfully.

"Daughter—" shouted Mr. O'Marra, pity for the dim sensibilities of the old man giving him patience. "Rose—, your daughter Rose!"

"Eh!" repeated Pappy wonderingly, "Eh—," and then broke out in a gleeful cackle. "She ain't my daughter," he chuckled. "She's my wife, he, he, he—"

All this Rose heard from the back door. Rather than listen she slipped around to the front of the house again. When Mr. O'Marra emerged he found her sitting desolately on the step. He had a very peculiar expression on his face, and did not drop down beside her, but stood at a distance regarding her intently.

"Say, Rose," he said. "I thought you said that guy was your pa."

"I ain't never said so," said Rose sullenly. "His name's Pappy. Everybody calls him that."

"Well, how'd y' expect me to tumble to that? If I'd knowd you was his wife—gee, Rose, I'm sorry I kissed you, there by the Spinning Wheel."

"I ain't!" Rose sprang to her feet, speaking very rapidly—"I ain't, I never had anybody ae' like I made any difference to them before. I'm glad—I am."

Mr. O'Marra had gone very white.

"Rose," he said hoarsely. "Rose, d'y'know what you're sayin'? You're tellin' me you love me."

"Well, sposin' I do?"

"Shut up," said Mr. O'Marra and climbed stiffly into his gay red wagon, groped for the lines, and drove blindly away.

"Rose—Rose!" a querulous old voice rasped from inside the cabin, "Don't be standin' there all day. Get me a drink."

Rebecca Hill, 1921, Wellesley.

IN A CHINESE GARDEN

The Nightingale :

All the night long I sing to thee,
To thee, my flower.
The grey fish swirl in a starlit sea,
Lovers watch in their bower.
From the emperor's garden, lanterns play,
Shoulder to shoulder the willows sway.
But the emperor's garden I do not see;
All the night long I sing to thee,
To thee, my flower.

The Rose :

How the wind's swaying me, softly, regretfully!
How the bird sings to me, proudly, forgetfully!
Whence flows a song like that? Surely he knows,
Last night he sang to another wild rose.

The Nightingale :

Hear my full song I pour to please,
To please my flower;
For the soul wakens and the heart strings seize
The night-lute's waning power.
The emperor sleeps in his golden bed
With a dragon guard at the foot and head.
But love, I care nothing for these.
All the night long I sing to please,
To please my flower.

The Rose :

Dawn comes; he flies away thoughtlessly, cheerily,
But the song stays with me echoing wearily.
How can I listen when, oh, the heart knows—
Tomorrow he sings to another wild rose?

Elizabeth Reynard, 1921, Barnard.

POEMS AFTER THE CHINESE

I.

When the white plum-blossoms rest like butterflies upon the branches, I play upon my slender flute.

I shall make a song for the little god in my garden; he smiles perpetually at the bowl of iris between his knees.

II.

Like the thin smoke of leaf-burning my soul rises.

Like the foam-flowers of the wild cherry my soul drifts through the amorous willows.

Like the silent junks upon the silver platter of the lake my soul moves toward the sunset.

III.

I have made a little god of carved jade. The smell of incense floats up to his nostrils graciously.

I have made him a necklace of amber.

But he stares ceaselessly past me at the colored picture on the opposite wall.

IV.

I watch your shadow passing and passing on the wall of the shoji;
I sing you a reed-song on my willow flute.

I whisper the silver of your name to the white lilies by the river;
Are you remembering that I love you?

Anne W. Buffum, 1921, Mount Holyoke.

THE BURYIN'

I look back on that winter as a domestic horror. We call it the year of the Great African Emigration. Never before or since have I found it so hard to rule fairly and manage with calm justice. Thomas, large, capable, beaming, black Thomas, with her wealth of Creole dainties in the kitchen and her hungering son Dan at the back door, was the stable factor in a season of change and confusion. First one pair of dusky damsels—goddesses of “up-stairs” and “down-stairs”—and then another, flitted like shadows across the kitchen wall; and always in the “Help Wanted” column I published an obituary of their brief careers. Finally there came a combination which promised to last. Viola, who was non-descript, ascended the stairs, and Selina, of whom great events were destined, entered the dining room.

Selina was young and slight—a not-so-well-pleased-mistress might have said scrawny—with hair a little straighter than the usual tortuous kinks. Her eyes were a limpid brown, and when she was addressed could look as tormentingly intelligent as if the cool stream of reason were really filling the echoing void which lay behind. But I forgave her stupidity, and other faults, because of a transcendent desire to please, a feverish helpfulness and an all off-setting affection developed for those she served. An illuminating smile at its best covered the greater part of her face and testified to a cheery disposition not given to the composing of hard names for her fellow-servants. Here, I sighed, is peace in the house. To be sure, there were minor discomforts. The hair, because of the comparative straightness, would develop the most surprising changes in coiffure on, say, the morning after a debutante friend had dined with us. Or, if a caterer and his assistant were called in to serve a dinner party with added formality, there were apt to be shrieks of mirth and excitement from the pantry, which even a rising inflection of the hostess’s small talk failed to cover. But I lived through such little trials for Selina, and all ran smoothly. That is, until the occasion of the Buryin’.

One morning I entered the sunny yellow kitchen with a telegram in my hand and a proper expression of regret on my face. Selina sat

dawdling over breakfast with Viola, and Thomas's bulky frame obscured the sink as she began on her dishes.

"Selina," I said, gravely, "I'm afraid I have bad news for you. This telegram just came from Roseland, La., for you, and was phoned up. 'Aunt Effie dead. Come at once. (Signed) Caleb'."

I paused. Thomas turned from the sink, arms akimbo: "Bless de Lawd—whut hah taken home one of his chilluns!" she intoned, eyes cast to the ceiling. Viola mumbled "Bless Gawd," and both looked at Selina. Something was expected of her. "Jes'y all wait t'well Ah liek up my co'fee an' lay by ma fo'k an' y'all gwine hyah some mo'nin!" But I gave my permission that she go to attend the funeral and retreated.

So she went. Draped in a long crepe veil over her everyday-green hat and greenish dress, with countenance set in a sort of subdued, holy joy, she went, followed by the envious glances of Thomas and Viola. Their eyes seemed to say: "Would that we, too, had a newly perished aunt!"

The atmosphere of our household became gloomy, funereal. I knew that we would be at sixes and sevens until Selina returned and prayed for an interment of Aunt Effie as speedy as dignity would permit. Viola waited on the table and chastened the family by her sober carriage, so that we spoke in low tones. With the swinging of the door between pantry and dining-room some such strain of conversation as this would drift to our ears, from Thomas's elegiac monologue: "—all mo'nin' fr'um de skin out!—yas'm, ah made ma second buy me a pa' black co'sets tah weah foh de firs'!—"

Two days passed—three. I strove with a disordered household. The fifth morning Selina presented herself. The crepe veil was laid aside. It seemed to me she wore a sheepish, harassed look.

"I'm so glad you're back, Selina," I began; then tentatively: "I hope things went off well, and that your family won't feel your aunt's death too much?" Selina shifted from one foot to the other.

"No'm, they won'. No'm, she ain' daid—"

With difficulty I suppressed an outburst of surprise and dismay. Selina, too, looked uncomfortable, distressed.

"Why, Selina! What was the matter with her?"

"Well'm, Mis' Marey, ma aun's pretty ole 'oman—'bout nin'y-seben yahr ole—, an' ah reckon she kina gittin' raidy tuh drap off. She musta had a call tuh go, 'cause she tak tuh baid an' prayin' an'

de pahson he come. Seem lak she' sinkin' fas', an' all time meanin' tuh hab a butiful buryin'—she's save up huh money foh it twell she hab a heap o' money, an' she got a butiful gole an' white shroud, so she got um to put it on huh an' she 'gin ter singin' de holy songs, an' she tell Caleb tuh summon de kin-folk so's dey kin gib huh a good sen' off. So Caleb he sen' foh ev'yone an' he reckon she gwin be daid soon, so he say she already daid, so all de kin be suah to come fo' de wake an' de mo'nin'. And all huh lodge—de Butiful Daughters of de Mornin' Stah—come on' begun de wailin' wid de pahson shoutin' Laws, Mis'Marcy, dey made a gran' sad soun'! But when Aunt Effie heard 'em she done raise up on huh pillow an' shout', not yit, mah sistahs, not yit!' Selina's voice rose and her eyes became as two large agates. "Lawd 'll set his own time an' don' go tuh rushin' de Lawd. So when dey heard dat, de mo'nin' cease. But dey go on layin' de bo'd an' do'in de cookin's. Well, nex' mo'nin' Aunt Effie gettin' strongah, an' nex' mo'nin' she lay off de shroud an' ax foh huh pipe. Den de kin-folk an' de Sistahs 'gin tuh eat de cookin's an' den dey mos'ly go home, an' de pahson leave, an' by de nex' day Aunt Effie gettin' up an' doin' huh house wo'k." Her voice trailed off flatly.

I said, "Well, I'm sure that is splendid, Selina, and I hope your aunt will be all right now," feeling as I looked at her face that I should be saying, "Never mind, Selina, the time will come!"

So routine was resumed and on the surface all was well, but I felt that Selina's heart was not in her work, and it was apparent that she had lost prestige in the kitchen.

"I'm so sorry for Selina," I said one night to the doctor; "I'm afraid she's worried about her aunt."

"Why?" he replied, "Is there any danger of her dying again?"

"No." I said, from Selina's point of view, "I'm afraid not." And we laughed in unholy mirth at Aunt Effie's suspended demise.

About a month after the first summons came the second. This time a limousine drove up to the back door, from which alighted a colored youth of countenance not dissimilar to Selina's. Ah, I thought, Caleb is a chauffeur. The automobile was full, extremely, of colored folk, "the kin," I supposed, and from my window I could hear a babel of excitement and hysterical laughter.

Caleb rushed to the kitchen door and conferred with Selina. A moment later she came into my presence. A large tear lent luster to each chocolate cheek and her voice trembled as she spoke: "My Aunt

Effie done pass out las' night, Mis' Marey, an', please ma'm, would y'all gimme mah week's wages an' leave me go tuh de buryin'?"

Once more she went. Once more the pall over the household, the gloomy confusion. This time a week passed. I began to worry about the eventual appearance of the grief-spent Selina.

Then she returned. Exhausted with the week of mourning festivities, but perceptibly brighter of countenance, she greeted me. My eye was fascinated by the black satin waist topping a red and green plaid skirt.

"Well, good morning, Selina! What kept you so long this time?" I asked, indelicately, I fear; but things had come to a pass the last two days and the house needed cleaning badly.

Oh, Miss Marey, they's bin a heap o' thin's keepin' me dis time! Fus' dey was de buryin'—"

"Sit down, Selina, and tell me about it," I urged, perceiving a story. Selina seated herself on the edge of a chair, upon which she twisted from side to side throughout her tale.

"It was sho a swell Buryin'! W'en I got home, dere was Aunt Effie all laid out pretty as you could want in huh white an' 'gole shroud an' plenty of flowers—de Sistahs of Mt. Olivet gave a cross of yellow an' red roses an' de Butiful Daughtahs of de Mo'nin' Stah gave a heart of blue fo' get me nots, an' plenty mo' flowers too, all pile up roun', de co'pse. Well n'en de fust night jes' de females sat'n up at de wake an' sang de chants an' some o' dem sistahs kin sho' mo'n! De secon' night de pahson led de bredren at de wake an' all night we could hyah 'em prayin' and shoutin' foh Aunt Effie's soul.

"De nex' night, bein' de las' night befo' de funeral, was de grand wake. All de kin, an' all de sistren an' bredren of de church an' all de neighbor-hood comin' in to de wake and dey fill de two rooms full. Dey was all kin' of food—cakes an' chicken an' ham an' an' li'l sum'pin tuh drink, 'cause Aunt Effie had some whisky laid by. Well, dey had de chants and den someone had hole of Caleb an' tell him to git his 'cordion an' gib us his song—'cause Caleb he got a shoutin' voice. Den Caleb say—'How you 'spec a horn gwine blow 'less you oils it befo'?' So we gib him li'l sumpin' to make de horn blow. Den he commence, an' he git ter singin'.

"Ah got two wings foh tuh veil ma face

"Ah got two wings foh tuh fly wid—"

An' he sing it again and again, gettin' loudah 'n loudah an' all de kin an' de sistern an' de bredren, dey git up an' 'mence ter feel de hummin' in dey bones and dey stamp de feet an' clap de han's and deys all lopin' de rabbit and buzzin' de buzzard, an' me, ah spees trouble gwine come in at de do' an so ah trabels out at de side an' look in fum de back window. An' bimby I see a kinda rush an' ah gaze towards de fron' do' an' in come a pleeceman. Den you nevah saw coons move so fas'! De officah call out, 'Line up—dah!' An' Lawdy, out o' de windo's an' de do'—! an' dey ain' no one lined up 'cept po' Caleb and Aunt Effie!

"Well, dat ended de wake foh dat night. Caleb went to de p'leece station an' de res' o' de comp'ny wen' home an' dere wern't no mo' shoutin's dat night. De nex' mo'nin we got some ob de niggahs back an' we gib's Aunt Effie her procession and service all lak she wanted, but we couldn' feel de same 'bout it wid Caleb in de jail. So aftah de fun'al we had ter take up a collection to git Caleb out, an dat took a coupla days cuz all de mo'nahs had spen' dey money on de flowahs an' no one wn't ready to gib no mo' foh gettin' Caleb out, wen dey say he spoil de wake-party wif too loud shoutin'. But Caleb he say twant his mo'nin' shoutin' but der mo'nin' dancin' whut brought de debil to de do'!"

She finished exhausted. "Well, Selina, I see you've been through a great deal," I said gravely. "Go to your work now and try not to think any more about the trouble." My eye once more lingered on the black waist and lurid skirt. "Selina," I hinted, "I have a black skirt you might like?"

Selina was shuffling towards the door. "Oh, no'm, Mis' Marey, thanks!" she smiled, "ma muddah she say 'All black foh respec' to de daid flesh-an'-bone kin, but foh de nex' blood, weah *half* mo'nin'!"

Ethel Halsey, 1922, Wellesley.

THE ILIAD

Not far from the ranch house, East Pass Creek slipped out of its canon and started meandering down the valley with the apparent purpose of irrigating Sam Davis's oat field. Across the brook there was a little-used bridge, and if you lay on your stomach and cautiously hung over the edge you could catch a glimpse of five trout before they dashed to cover under the banks. If you lay on your back, however, you looked up through fluttering cottonwood leaves to the Wyoming sky. Back up the canon, where the red rim rock cut into the blue in jagged profiles, it looked as if one of the old hunting parties of Apsaroke braves had been turned into stone.

Having frightened the trout away, I was indulging in such a speculation when I heard voices across the creek. The voices were raised in altercation, and I recognized them as belonging to Arthur and Robert who had, by sundry hairbreadth escapes, reached the advanced ages of five and three respectively. They were usually referred to by their still more aged friends as "those two enormous Davis men."

Words became audible.

"Art, gimme my nickel."

"Wobbie, I don't wanna."

Robert was firm. "Gimme back my nickel!"

"Wobbie, I'm not gonna. You got a penny 'eft anyway. I need 'iss nickel, I gotta get a nigger 'ooter."

The disputants had come around a clump of brush, and had stopped in the trail unconscious of an audience. The next phase of the discussion was simple—Robert, nearly as tall as his elder brother and more pugnaciously inclined, removed his thumb from his mouth, doubled it across his fingers, and smote Art in the eye. With a howl the smitten one fell. He continued to howl, but unresistingly, while Robert calmly appropriated the nickel. Not for nothing had his six-foot father spent winter mornings on the floor teaching his youngest enterprise in the matter of putting up his fists. On one occasion when father had hit harder than he meant to, it was proudly related by an older sister that Robert had come back with a coal shovel, damaging father's nose considerably.

At present the victorious Robert was saying sweetly, "Wobbie's nickel, Art and Wobbie want a nigger 'ooter too."

Arthur's anguish continued noisily. I got up and went over to offer condolences. Robert greeted me silently but with pride, holding out the spoils of war for my edification. Arthur also made for me, his eye seemingly none the worse for wear.

"I want a nigger 'ooter," he sobbed. "Wobbie's took the nickle. I want a nigger 'ooter that'll 'oot way up to God."

Nigger shooter was shrouded in mystery in my mind, but if a nickle could obtain an implement of such power, there must be ways of supplying the needful.

"I found a nickel a while ago," I began weakly. Arthur took the hint.

"I guess—I had two nickels," he declared in tones of surprise. "I ain't 'ot any now. I guess I 'ost one."

Searching in my pocket, I could find only a dime. I held it out.

"Does this look like yours?"

"'Es. My nickel was bigger, but 'ats all wight," he condescended graciously as he accepted it.

"Come and show me your nigger-shooters when you get them," I said.

The pair were already under way in fraternal amity.

"O'wight," they chorused. "Goo'by."

It was not till we were all sitting about on the wide cement porch of the ranch house after supper that they re-appeared, this time with a pail brought over for the evening milk. Excitement radiated like a halo from every inch of their persons. Four bare brown feet jumped up and down beneath blue overalls. Both pairs of brown eyes were snapping.

"I 'ot a beaver," shouted Art.

"He was wimmin' in a gra-a-deep ho' in the eweek," added Robbie incoherently.

"Ot a beaver 'at big," Art continued, stretching his hand as far as he could reach above his head.

"No!"

"Ye-ah!"

"How?"

"'Th my nigger-'ooter."

He produced it, a rubber band half an inch wide which he fitted on to his first two fingers as if they were a crotched stick, to make a sling shot. He drew from his pocket a round nickel-plated can which had once held a stick of shaving soap, but which now was the pebble-holder of young David. He selected a pebble carefully and fitted it into the deadly weapon.

"Bam!" he cried, releasing it in the general direction of the first faint stars. It described a harmless arc and returned to the earth.

"'Ee 'at?" they both clamored. Preceding consonants were utterly beyond them. We were enthusiastic.

"But I want to see the beaver you shot," I urged. They agreed to take me to it, only warning me that it was way up the creek. We arranged a rendezvous for the next morning and parted.

The expedition set out from their house which lay across the creek from the ranch house where the 'dudes' were accommodated. The three of us cut across the meadow where the fat roan pony was tied out among the wild geraniums and little purple asters. The nigger-shooters were much in evidence.

"'Ee 'at chipmunk, Art?" Robert grinned excitedly, and at once they both dropped to a sitting position, knees drawn up, elbows braced, sighting carefully, in exact imitation of their father when he was trying for a coyote with his six-shooter. The chipmunk, however, was fated to live to tell the tale to his grandchildren.

When he had escaped, rippling his tail impertinently, we set out again. In vain would I have paused at the Sarvice berry patch which was alluringly purple with fruit. Sterner business was the order of the day. Cautioned to silence, I squirmed through the brush along the creek behind my guides.

"'Ere he is," they both turned to hurry me up, their eyes as big as dollars.

"'Esterday we 'aw him lyn' 'ere an' we 'ust 'eaked up on him an' 'ot him with our nigger-'ooters—bam," Robert whispered.

"He died wight away," supplemented Art in an even more sepulchral whisper. He pointed a forefinger about two inches long through an opening in the brush. Robert's thumb was in his mouth, the stress of the moment being irresistible.

Against the opposite bank lay, sure enough, a dark, limp object. It wasn't possible, I told myself, pushing through to the brook, and

stepping on a wobbly rock the better to view the creature. The two enormous Davis men, re-assured at its deadness, threw caution to the winds. They splashed in beside me, holding up their over-alls and exulting in no uncertain tones. Their words formed a chant, a song of victory.

"We 'ot a beaver! We 'ot a beaver! 'Th nigger-'ooters we 'ot a gra-a-big beaver."

"He's dead, ain't he?" This from Robert as he splashed some water on the remains from a safe distance.

"He 'mells, don't he?" This comment from Art.

All my senses led me to confirm both opinions. "He is. He does."

All was clear, clear as the limpid gaze turned upon me by the two sets of brown eyes. He was quite dead, and had been in that state for some considerable time.

We turned to go, after I had expressed fitting admiration for their deed of prowess. The brothers Davis danced in ecstacy. Again their primeval chant rose as they splashed their joyful feet.

"We 'ot a beaver!"

"We 'ot a gra-a-big beaver!"

"An' he died!"

Emily T. Burke, 1921, Vassar.

A LITTLE HEDGE

I have no prim, excluding hedges,
Trimmed into squarest, stiffest edges,
To bar you, dear.
The lawn and gravel paths run free,
An anti-barrier guarantee,
Year after year.

But if at last you come and see
A little hedge enclosing me
You must not mind.
For I shall keep it low, (though stiff,)
So you may bow in passing—if
You'll be so kind!

Dorothy Butts, 1921, Smith.

THE MAN WHO SAW AFRICA

There was something fascinating about the big map in the outer office of Bristow and Muldane, exporters to Africa. It hung between two windows in such a position that Jim Ferguson must look at it every time he raised his eyes from the monotonous lines of figures in the big ledgers. It was an effective position; on each side smoke, mist, and a dull expanse of brick wall, then a sudden splurge of color. There was a great deal of pale, spring green mingled with the more lurid shades of the Dark Continent, and perhaps that had something to do with the effect the map had on Jim. It was the color of hyacinth tips and some moods of the sea, and it deepened here and there into a rich emerald like the wings of a parakeet or fresh-washed jungle foliage. There wasn't much green in Manchester. Across the pale expanse of ocean the roots of the company's steamship lines were traced in a black web. Jim used to say they reminded him of a spider's web with Africa as the spider waiting for its victim.

He had been looking at that map every day now for seven years. Small wonder he'd got it by heart. He told once how the whole thing began, the thing that became an obsession, a mania as the years passed. He used to locate Manchester on the map, easy enough from where he sat as all the black lines began there, follow them out to Liverpool and let his eye travel down one of them, across wide spaces of vacant sea and by many seaports, until it ended in some place with a fascinating name, some nick or cranny of the long sea-wall that was Africa.

He used to get an exhilaration from this smooth, unimpeded journey down the long, black curves, so he said, and when he got to the end of one he never wanted to come back. That was the way he put it. He set himself to imagining what lay out there with all the ardour of an explorer speculating on the undiscovered source of a river. The names helped some—Sierra Leone, Gambia, the Gold Coast, Mombassa, and after the thing began to grow on him, he haunted shipping offices and other nautical resorts, finally coming to have a definite picture of Africa, colored somewhat by the brilliant hues of the map, somewhat by the glowing descriptions of the literature of tourist companies, but most of all by his vivid imagination.

He'd been doing that now for seven years, ever since he was nineteen. He'd look at Africa so long that his grey eyes had that look of distance one sees in sailors and outdoor men, but rarely in clerks. He used to sit there at his desk, rather round-shouldered, and let his eyes travel over that map day in and day out. Bristow and Mundane couldn't have found him very efficient as a bookkeeper.

No one ever found out how long it took him to make up his mind that he wanted, above everything else, to go to Africa. Perhaps he never had to make up his mind definitely, for I think that there can be no question that subconsciously he had wanted it from the very beginning. It may have begun purely as a rebellion against the monotony of the office. Jim was not meant for a bookkeeper. But in the end it was more than that; it was all of him.

We thought little of his absent-minded way of gazing at the map—it was the obvious thing to do under the circumstances—but when he was also seen to stand with rapt contemplation before the photographs of the company's ships, and when he had been discovered by sundry people standing in front of shipping offices, his eyes on the ocean-liners there portrayed, it became impossible to overlook it. But that had started at least four years ago, and we had dismissed it as another of Jim's idiosyncrasies.

It was more than an idiosyncrasy; it had become a vital force in Jim's life. One morning Jim came into the office a few minutes late, a rare enough event for him. We might have read something from his face, if we had been observant, but we noticed nothing. It wasn't until he began to speak that we became aware that something was afoot.

He didn't say much and what little he said he didn't address to us but to Mr. Muldane in the inner office. The door stood open, and we could see his slim figure and hear his controlled, low voice.

"I shan't be back after Monday, sir," he was saying.

Mr. Muldane said nothing. We couldn't see his face, but his expression must have been worth millions. An announcement like that from Jim was startling.

"I shan't be here after Monday," he repeated. "Not after Monday. I'm sailing then."

(Not sailing to Africa, not sailing anywhere, just sailing.)

"I've made all my arrangements with Mr. Bristow, sir."

The storm broke then. There was an eternal, though relatively peaceful enmity between Mr. Muldane, who managed the home office, and Mr. Bristow, who had control of the shipping end of the business. Jim's mention of Bristow's name had been sufficient to loose Mr. Muldane's vocabulary, and he had one adequate for all occasions. There was, however, nothing which he could do to prevent Jim's leaving, so that he was forced to assent. Jim was to leave us Monday.

It seemed that Mr. Muldane realized as soon as we did what Jim meant by sailing, for he asked no questions of any sort and it was evident that he had not been approached by Mr. Bristow in the matter. That was something strange; Jim had an uncanny ability to make us aware of his inner thoughts and purposes without mentioning them to anyone. He had never said anything definite about Africa or his intention of leaving the office and going there, but somehow everyone seemed to be perfectly aware of it.

Jim came out after the interview with the same pathetic droop of the shoulders, but with something more than distance in his eyes. It may have been adventure.

For the rest of the week Jim spent most of his time before the big map not simply letting his eyes devour it but actually daring to touch it with his hands, a thing he had never done before. It was as if the actuality of the thing, the nearness of it, had made him more aggressive. That was the way we thought of it then. We spoke of the good it would do Jim to get away from the office and his idiosyncrasies, and let the sea wind blow the nonsense out of his head. It would be the making of the man.

Jim was shipping in a minor capacity on one of the company's boats. Mr. Bristow, who had always liked him, must have had a hand in the matter. As he was sailing from Liverpool, none of us was there to see him off. It was a gray day, and as we looked out of the office window and saw the shifting clouds and smoke of the city, we contrasted Jim's lot with ours—sudden green shores out of the sea, warm tropical sunshine, and the blinding blue of the sky. We envied him, because he was having the courage to take his dream in both hands and test the fabric of it. He was braver than we were. He was showing himself the aggressive idealist, the dreamer who lived his dreams.

We never learned all the details of Jim's brief adventure with romance. He never talked very much and after he came back he was

doubly silent. But being an idealistic soul, he felt that he had to account in some way for what happened, and he made several unsuccessful attempts to explain himself. By piecing his scattered remarks together we managed to get some idea of his mental processes.

To the casual outsider what happened must have seemed like a weakening of the purposes of the man. He had had a great dream of life as it might have been for him; he had not been strong enough to face it out, for to live a dream takes courage. But it wasn't that at all. Not at all. As we came to see it later, it was more the deepening of that idealism which we had always felt in him. It wasn't that he was afraid to test the fabric of his dream, as we have said; he dared to do it, witness his aggressive facing of the practical problems involved in shifting his position with the company and, later, his clean-cut decision in the moment of crisis. But what he could not bring himself to do was to face the idea that this dream of his needed testing, needed living out. He had created for himself out of the vital presence, the personality of Africa, what was to him a dream-life, amounting to a separate existence, and he could no more bring himself to make that dream-life tangible than he could have conceived of the necessity of creating a test of his own personal honor. What I mean is that he considered this thing as belonging to the same province of moral life as does a man's honor. It needed no testing.

Jim never saw Africa. The ship was only a few miles out of port when the mechanism controlling the rudder broke down and they were obliged to put back to port. The realization that there was to be no necessity for undertaking what he had found out too late to be such a testing must have come as a great relief to Jim. His idealism, it is certain, allowed him almost no opportunity of questioning his decision to return. It is probable that no other thought occurred to him aside from the compelling one that he need not trifle with the wonder of his dream, dulling it by actual experience.

The crew was given shore leave while the ship was laid up for repairs. Jim never boarded that ship again, or any other as far as I know. Two days after he left, Thursday it was, he was back in that outer office of Bristow and Muldane. Only an idealist would have attempted to return under such conditions; only the influence of Mr. Bristow who as I have said was partial to Jim made his return possible.

He never seemed to regret his choice. The last time I saw him he was sitting at his desk in the outer office of Bristow and Muldane, a round-shouldered figure bending above huge ledgers. He had grown older, but his eyes were the same. He was still looking at Africa.

Katharine D. Riggs, 1921, Mount Holyoke.

BOARDING SCHOOL

I

The Dean was magnificent,
If you forgot
Her shrewd little eyes.
She would have been a wonder
As a boss politician.
In a school,
Her passion for organizing her faction
Was disastrous.

II.

My roommate had doggish eyes,
And she almost barked with delight,
If you treated her kindly.
Most of us, I think,
Have moments
When we like to kick
A dog.

III.

The girl in the room above
Had beautiful lingerie,
And exquisite manners,
And immaculate hands.
She had the reputation for telling
The smuttiest jokes of anyone in school.

IV.

A new girl
Tried to elbow the world
Out of her way.
She looked as if she were saying:
"You are all against me,
But I defy you."
Really,
No one had ever noticed her.

V.

I remember one,
One who would have been beautiful
Standing at a well,
With a pitcher on her head,
And talking to a camel driver,
But she was certainly a fright
In a salmon-pink shirtwaist,
Strewn with diamonds.

VI.

And there was another
To whom I was habitually rude,
In my fear
That she might guess
How her touch was infinite glory,
And her words the burning wonder
Of my fifteen years.
Now she seems more remote
Than all the rest.

K. Irene Glascock, 1922, Mount Holyoke.

THE WORLD AND I

I am going to be twenty tomorrow. All week I have been thinking of it. All my life I have been thinking of it. Twenty.

Only two other birthdays are vivid. When I was ten and living with my grandparents, I had a party. After all my neighborhood revelers had gone, leaving me weary with excitement and my new age. I wandered through the house, back to my grandfather's study. It was forbidden territory except on such days as this. The door was ajar, and I pushed it open. The tea-time dusk softened the ponderous objects of the room and gave my grandfather's face a wistful look as he sat there making idle marks on a piece of paper. He looked up as I came through the door and held out his hand to me. I went slowly forward, unconsciously awed by the tender majesty of the man. He lifted me to his knee. I eyed with curiosity the strange marks that were covering the paper.

"Yes," he smiled, "it's your age. Ten. A new age for the little girl."

"But it *is* pretty big, isn't it?" I was jealous of my newly acquired dignity.

"Very big—so big that you have to write it with two numbers." He drew the page toward us.

"See, I have been making your age. Two numbers in place of one. This figure," pointing to the one, "is you—not very large. The other—the round, closed, big one is every body else. It's the world."

"Will I always have two, Grandfather?" I asked full of wonder at my double possession.

"Yes, liebe kleine, it will always take two to make your age. You cannot write the one without the other."

Then he told me some strange thoughts with new words—opportunity and responsibility—but I am afraid that I do not remember them very well, Grandfather, because I was watching the big round number. It looked so strange and so complete.

The other vivid birthday is the sixteenth. On that night I went to my first dance. The memory of it is like a gorgeous pageant of color, of music and flowers. There are a few vague faces and haunting voices in the memory, but the vivid thing is what I have always recalled as the Lounge Room discovery.

Toward the end of the evening, when I was beginning to grow faint with all the splendor and excitement, my partner took me away from the gay ball room to the sedate lounge. A fire was burning

there—evenly, steadily, in the midst of the flaring-waning-flaring giddiness.

“You are like your flowers,” he said suddenly, “But I suppose that I can not tell you more. You would tell your mother!”

“Of course. I tell her everything.”

“Even this?” he asked, and he kissed me. I do not remember what I answered if I did so at all. I was thrilled, not with the kiss, but with the discovery. How small and slim my feet looked in their silver covering.

When I reached home, I was rumped in costume and exhausted with joy. On my dressing table was a new present from my father, with a card, “To my sixteen year old daughter.” I looked enthusiastically at the number, yet not at the number—at the one. That was I. Grandfather had said so long ago—only all these years I had been seeing the other figure. Now I saw the one. I watched it with newly-awakened eyes.

Tomorrow I am going to be twenty. All week I have been thinking of it. Twice as much of me as when I was seeing the strange marks on the paper—yet the circle is just as round, as large and complete.

Twenty, with the golden visions, idylls, the treasured things of Youth, that are made and remade by laughter and tears in that age of dreams. Once I discovered you—then forgot you in myself, but now I want to break into the circle that is so complete.

I want to live. Of the pain in the world, I want my share. The joy of the world I wait with gleeful expectancy. I ask only for opportunity, for I want to work. It’s the keenness of my spirit that I want to try with the iron of experience. I’ve a sensitive enthusiasm that I want to fling. I hurl my illusions at you, life! Will you snatch them greedily, and send me back ideas with feet of clay?

And when I am thirty—three times as strong—and you are less complete, because I will have wedged a crack in your now impenetrable line, I will greedily take your ideas. As the keen edge of my weapon grows dull, it is broadened. As I hammer you with ideals, you resist me with ideas. I spend wantonly the first flush of energy, and its successors will come more slowly, yet they will come more surely. Neither of us has eternal strength, nor can we write the one without the other.

BOOK REVIEW.

JURGEN, A COMEDY OF JUSTICE

By James Branch Cabell

This book, within whose pages one finds a vast knowledge of primitive religion, natural myths, Hindu rites, and medieval tradition, is a parable of huge proportions. In spite of the author's preface advice we cannot "waive all allegorical interpretation."

Jurgen is the "genius," who putting on the shirt of Nessus, looks back over his life to see wherein he can find justice. He does not find it in Heaven, for Heaven is only his grandmother's dream. Hell proves to be an invention of his grandfather. The religion of the Philistines does not contain it, nor the strange rites of Anaitis. Jurgen finally meets Koschei, "who made things as they are," and has with him the following conversation.

Koschei speaks: "And do you really think, Jurgen, that I am going to explain why I made things as they are?"

"I fail to see, Prince, how my wanderings could have any other equitable climax."

"But, friend, I have nothing to do with justice. To the contrary, I am Koschei, who made things as they are."

"Jurgen saw the point."

Bound up with Jurgen's search for justice is his search for his wife, who was stolen from him by a devil, "poor fellow." Toward the women he meets on his wanderings Jurgen maintains one attitude. He is "willing to taste any drink once." His exploits in this line are of the usual sort; it is their phrasing that is unusual. Cabell has opened the storehouse of mythology and romance. Guenevere, Anaitis, Satan's wife and a tree-nymph, Chloris, Jurgen embraces with equal enthusiasm. Before Helen of Troy he stands breathless, crying out, "Oh very long ago I found your beauty mirrored in a wanton's face! and often in a woman's face I have found one or another feature wherein she resembles you, and for the sake of it have lied to that woman glibly. And all my verses, as I know now, were vain enchantments striving to evoke that hidden loveliness of which I knew by dim report, alone."

Turning from these women of fables and stories, Jurgen demands from Koschei his old wife, Lisa, because—"I am used to her."

With satire as biting as *Candide*, with passages of lyric beauty, Cabell has built a parable of the poet who seeks Justice, strives to understand all creeds and people, and who at the end wearily returns to the routine dullness of everyday life.

The book has been suppressed.

Mary Lapsley Caughey, 1921, Vassar.

LILULI

By Romain Rolland

In 1912, Romain Rolland was still an ardent believer in the possibilities of the future of humanity—though he saw the great European unrest, his wish for the coming generation was that they might be greater and happier, and the last pages of *Jean Christophe* were one long Hosanna.

Then came the war. Rolland chose to stand alone, "above the battle." This attitude is shown by the following words addressed to his enemies: "They can hate men, but they will not teach me to hate." And still he is hopeful that "the harvest will come."

But in this new book, Rolland's philosophy has seemingly been shattered; he no longer stands above the battle, but comes down ready for destruction.

Liluli is Illusion; alone she makes life possible, colors the worst evils, kisses the dreamer, the soldier: those who would be content with their share she leaves to the care of her cousin Opinion, who forces them to leave safety for the uncertainty of war. The skeptic who tries to visit her is crushed in the final downfall:

"Wait, ere you laugh and mock, my friend,
At fate, until—The end."

This Liluli says as she sits smiling on the ruins under which lie Polichinelo, who laughed before the end—and Alatir and Altares who killed each other out of pure love.

Yet this fanciful allegory is a sharp satire. Rolland shows how men have deformed all ideas and shaped their god, and all that is best, unto their own likeness. Truth is veiled; Love is no longer blind; Reason wears a bandage; Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, are Tyrants; Peace is armed, and the only rulers are Illusion and Opinion.

The play probably lost in the translation, yet everyone enjoys the irony of the dialogues, and the ridicule, as thrown on the Diplomats, for instance. It is a play such as could never be produced with sufficient display, but this inconvenience disappears in the reading, and we can trace with each book the trace of Rolland's mind, which, going even past Socialism, shows its appraisal of internationalism and pacifism.

If we resent having the war shown as it is, denuded of its glory, we cannot but own that the ironical shafts strike the right places. Whether or not we approve of Rolland's ideas, they are not such as can be ignored; only it always seems dangerous to start out on such a destructive enterprise when no better solution can be offered.

Helene Crooks, 1921, Vassar.

THE
SMITH COLLEGE
MONTHLY



APRIL 1921

CONTENTS

SONNET	<i>Margaret Tildsley, 1922</i>	201
OLD HARRY	<i>Alice Parker, 1923</i>	202
GARDEN SCENE IN "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING"	<i>Evelyn Hardy, 1924</i>	205
THE LEAN YEAR	<i>Lenore Wolf, 1921</i>	206
PLEASE	<i>Dorothy Butts, 1921</i>	211
AFRAID	<i>Marion Ellet, 1921</i>	212
THE ALTERNATIVE	<i>Adelaide Cozzens, 1922</i>	213
UNDERCURRENTS	<i>Dorothy Benson, 1922</i>	216
THE WAY OF A MAN	<i>Helen Josephy, 1921</i>	217
WHENEVER NOON COMES TO THE TREES	<i>Eleanor Chilton, 1922</i>	225
EDITOR'S TABLE		
ON POETRY	<i>Lenore Wolf, 1921</i>	226
FRIENDLINESS	<i>Lucy Hodge, 1923</i>	227
PROTEST OF THE COMMONPLACE	<i>Alice Parker, 1923</i>	228
FABLE	<i>Evelyn Price, 1924</i>	228
EDITORIAL		229
EXCHANGES		230
AFTER COLLEGE		231

The Smith College Monthly is published at Northampton, Mass., each month from October to June, inclusive. Terms \$1.75 a year. Single copies 25c.

Subscriptions may be sent to Dorothy Stearns, 30 Green Street, Northampton.

Contributions may be left in the Monthly box in the Note Room.

Tables of Contents for the year 1919-1920 will be sent upon request.

THE SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

Vol. XXIX

APRIL, 1921

No. 7

MONTHLY STAFF

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

EDITH HILL BAYLES 1921

MANAGING EDITOR

MARGARET TILDSLEY 1922

EXCHANGE EDITOR

FLORENCE WOLFE 1921

LITERARY EDITORS

CLARINDA BUCK 1921 ELEANOR CHILTON 1922

DOROTHY BUTTS 1921 MARION ELLET 1921

BUSINESS MANAGER

DOROTHY STEARNS 1921

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS

FREDA HAAS 1921 DOROTHY SCHUYLER 1921

VIRGINIA HATFIELD 1922

SONNET

MARGARET TILDSLEY

How often have you set the glittering stage,
Decked it with beauty for a splendid play,
And bent your eager eyes upon the page
That held your lines? Each passionate word you'd say
Of all those thrilling, long-thought-over things
You tirelessly rehearsed. Arrayed in state
You sat and looked and listened at the wings,
Until the very stillness seemed to wait.

And then—the star comes not; the footlights dim;
The color fades away; the flowers droop.
In shadowy darkness now, you see the grim
Sad figures of Despair and all her troop.
The glory of your golden thought is fled;
Before the curtain-rise, the play is dead.

OLD HARRY

ALICE PARKER

He used to come often and sit beside me, during those long dusty evenings of August when business was slack at the garage. There was a seat—made of an old plank and two rickety boxes—beside the door, from which we would watch the sun set behind the scraggly trees and the lights appearing in grimy windows. At first he was a little shy about coming, probably because I was a “woman critter” and decidedly out of place in charge of a garage. But gradually he lost his reserve, and each night after supper would stumble out of his little shack across the street, hail me on equal terms, and come to take his accustomed place. Always half, and often more than half drunk, blear-eyed and unsteady, greasy and unkempt from ragged straw hat to pitifully cracked shoes—he was not an object attractive to look upon. I never heard him pronounce more than six words without swearing, in which art he could have profitably instructed a gutter snipe. He was coarse, without doubt, by nature; yet there was in him a streak of fineness which made of that coarseness nobility.

Sitting there as we did in those graying twilights, he used to talk. He liked to talk as a rule, and liked to hear himself do it. Consequently I often left both sides of the conversation to him, as I mused on fancies far from “them gol-darned folks on the avenoo” and “the Injuns whut Maria an’ me staved out of our saloon.” But sometimes, when it was near the end of the month and he had to wait for the arrival of his pension to get more whiskey, his words jumbled into a resemblance of a narrative, from which I pieced together his story. He was a Civil War veteran, and tremendously proud of the worn blue uniform, which no one else could wear in the town’s celebration of Memorial Day. The West had claimed him among some of the earliest pioneers, and with him his then young and lovely Maria. (Alas! Poor Maria! Paralyzed and half-witted now for thirty years! “The ole woman’s worse today,” he would tell me, “Lyin’ there an’ gibberin’ like—(let us omit)—”) With her he had opened a saloon in the first rough-and-tumble town of Carney. With her he had “staved out the Injuns” and likewise many a hilarious cowboy, aided by two shotguns and a neatly flung bottle or so. With her, when the

town was taken and burned by "them red imps of Satan" he had bravely moved to a new site and begun again. With her, and during the last quarter century as her tireless slave, he had suffered and fought and worked ("God Jesus! How we worked!") until he had come to the tumbledown brown hut across the road.

I never knew how it happened that his wife came to the condition of mind and body that she did; there were portions of old Harry's narrative that he always left blank, even when recounted at the first of the month. To be sure, old men spoke dimly about "that wife of his'n" and some unmentioned man, as well as of Harry's losses "in irrigatin' stocks or suthin'—fool idea" and how his hair turned white in a day. But one may always find rumors to explain anything, and nothing more definite than that was ever discovered. Of one thing I am sure—never was a Launcelot more devoted to his lady than was this drunken wreck of a man to his Maria. He tended her always with his own hands—and those who have watched him say they were always steady *then*—feeding, washing, clothing that repulsive mound of flesh which was the one human thing he loved. She was often irascible, and struck and clawed him with the one hand which she could yet use; he swore at her, but so gently that each oath fell like a caress. I remember seeing them out together once at a circus—for she had a baby's delight in sound and color—and watched him proudly wheel her to a spot in the best reserved space. The money he spent thus needlessly (for one place was like another to poor Maria) would have sufficed for several good drinks, but self-denial was easy when it was for his "ole woman."

The efforts of the Ladies' Aids and charitable societies to help care for the poor woman were resented in the beginning; he would have preferred to provide the jellies and broths, the bright pillows and blankets himself, from his meagre pension. After a time, however, he became reconciled to the acceptance of these things from others and to put his own money into the necessities of life, among them whiskey. Never shall I forget a glimpse I caught of the two of them one night after the consumption of an extra large amount of the "eau de vie." As I passed the house I noticed that one shutter was hanging open, and through the aperture could see into the bare, untidy kitchen. Maria lay back in her chair, wrapped in a gray cotton blanket and laughing crazily, while old Harry attempted to pour some of the liquor down her throat, spilling most of it on the

front of her soiled calico waist. Then they both laughed and he swore and she shrieked. Repulsive? I suppose so. Yet the man was doing his best to share with her the only pleasure which he himself enjoyed.

As I think of him now, I remember especially that last evening in early September when we sat before the garage. He was smoking—he didn't usually—and the glow from his pipe-bowl lit the face above it, that seared and flabby face with the watery eyes and the nose disfigured from some old blow.

“So, ye're goin' away, be ye? Blank, blank. Ain't satisfied to be common-as-dirt folks like me 'n' Maria. Gotter go make yerself like them blankety-blank folks up on the avenoo. (His utmost form of contempt was the “avenoo.” One could come from hell and be quite *au fait*, but from the “avenoo,”—no.) Well, lemme tell ye, ye—a void—, ye ain't a-goin' ter make yerself no better. Y'oughter seen my Maria when *she* wuz a girl, *she* didn't have no collegin', Lord! My Maria!”

I left next day for college; I did not return for Christmas nor spring vacation. As I was walking up the street a day or so after I reached home the following June, I came upon a sodden, bowed figure seated on the curb. It was old Harry, drunk, of course. I spoke to him. Slowly he raised his head and stared at me unknowingly. Then without speaking he got up and shuffled doggedly away.

Maria had died during the winter.

GARDEN SCENE IN "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING"

(Korngold's Music, Played by Kreisler)

EVELYN HARDY

In Messina the winds are fair,
And people of rude speech are rare.

The garden of the Governor
Is sheltered, and entrancing, for
On one side stands a marble cliff
Dull-white, and streaked with orange, if
You catch it on a misty day,
Its forehead wet with leaping spray.
The other side slopes slowly up
Walling the garden like a cup.
And there the blue Sicilian hills
Look down upon the daffodils,
And tawny poppies nodding slow,
Narcissi, bending very low
To see their golden heads again
Within the pools of summer rain.
There, all night long, the fountain falls
Wearing away its green-bronze walls;
The nightingale in ecstasy
Sings from the grey-green olive tree:
And far below, there comes the cry
Of a hungry ocean leaping high—
But look; among the shadows thick
Stand Beatrice and Benedick!

THE LEAN YEAR

LENORE WOLF

"I don't know what to do with Lolly. She gets stouter every day. A person would think she'd be ashamed to be the only fat one in the crowd—but I do believe she rather likes the distinction. I'm just at my wits' end. Why I only weighed a hundred and one when I married and she weighs one hundred and forty now—five pounds more than I do!!", and Lolly's mother sat back in her chair with a weary sigh.

"Lolly's only fifteen," sympathized Mrs. Butler, her dearest friend and nearest neighbor, "and maybe she'll be tall. It'll only be a year or two before she'll shoot up and lose all her fat. Besides, everybody likes Lolly, she's so good natured."

"That's just it!" groaned the exasperated mother, "she's too lazy and fat to be anything else. She lets all the others make fun of her. She lets that little skinny Williams girl get all the beaux—while she spends her time eating candy and sodas!"

"Why Henry likes her best of all the girls—he says she's got lots more sense," consoled Mrs. Butler, "but if you hate to see her fat why don't you write to Susanna Crocroft? She reduces people forty and fifty pounds. They do say she's wonderful."

"I believe I will! I'll let Lolly run around till fall but I'll diet her this winter. You mark my words, I'll have her down to one hundred and one by next summer. Nobody's going to say Amelia Simpson's got a fat child!", and having thus made up her mind, Mrs. Simpson with characteristic firmness, changed the subject.

The object of this discussion was at the moment lazily engaged in watching a heated tennis game. She was sitting on the ground under a big shade tree, alternately watching the game and laughing at the quips sent her way—"Hey Loll, why don't you play? Work off a little averdupoise." or "Fraid' you'll melt in the sun?" Lollie laughed comfortably. She didn't seem to mind their fun at all. Presently, however, she got up and wandered towards the orchard. Once there, out of sight and ear-shot of the scoffers, a queer thing happened. Lollie the even-tempered, Lollie the ever-smiling, threw herself down on the grass and began to cry hysterically. She was a

grotesque little figure—about five feet two inches tall and—very fat! She was the type that, contrary to Mrs. Butler's hopes, would always be small. She knew she wasn't tall, she knew she was fat and she knew she was the butt of her friends' humor. She also knew that her good nature was a mere mask. She winced inwardly at every thrust and secretly hated its giver even while she laughed and said nothing. She often came to the orchard to cry. She rebelled at being so different from her fellows. They all, even her very best friends, made fun of her. All except Henry Butler and he didn't count. He was her next door neighbor and she was used to him. Even if all the girls made eyes at him and the boys chose him for their leader, she couldn't see anything so wonderful in him, and she wished he wouldn't always take up for her—it made her doubly ridiculous. Sometimes she hated him, hated him for his slimness, his sureness and his popularity. Then there was the case of her name. She hated to be called Lolly. It sounded so fat and chubby. But Henry's name for her was even worse. He called her "Butter," short for Butterball. She couldn't make him stop. To be sure he never let anyone else call her that—he had established his copyright at the expense of many a black eye, and now the others respected his claim. But O dear! Her real name was Rosalind—why couldn't they call her that? Rosalind Simpson—that sounded lovely, so slim and graceful. She sat up with a jerk. She'd teach them not to make fun of her. She'd make them call her by her right name. She'd show Henry Butler that she didn't need his protection. She'd get *thin*!!

When Lolly arrived at this momentous decision, the summer was nearly over. For the remaining two weeks the young people saw very little of her. Even Henry was puzzled. She had never been given to long walks by herself before. She repulsed all attempts at friendliness and seemed preoccupied when anyone was with her. She was surely a different Lolly. At the end of the two weeks school began and Henry who had reached his seventeenth year and had graduated from High School, left for his first year at college. Lolly refused to join the crowd to see him off at the station, so Henry was forced to come over to tell her good-bye. He grasped her hand and said blithely:

"Good-bye, Butterball, I'll surely miss your fairy form this winter," then, striking an attitude,"—and who'll protect me from the wind when I walk to school?" Then seeing her face pucker he

gave her hand a hurried squeeze and dashed out, shouting as he went, "I'll write you all about it. S'long!"

Lolly ran for the orchard. How mean of Henry to take that parting shot. He was as bad as the rest of them. She guessed she'd show him! What she didn't guess, however, was that those careless words had covered a good sized lump in his throat.

There followed a winter of agony for Lollie. Her desire for revenge, her mother's close coöperation, and even Miss Susanna Crocroft's helpful hints, didn't serve to keep her spirits up—and the orchard, barren but still a haven of refuge, saw many stormy scenes and bitter tears. The way to school was a perpetual torment. She had to pass a bakery and two drug-stores. She would walk past these delicious devils of temptation, repeating viciously her diet list. Her life seemed surrounded by apples and toast. She dreamed at night of bathing in pools of soda water with floating drifts of ice cream and huge chocolate creams. Her most delicious dream was that she danced barefoot over the strips of a huge cherry pie and finally lost her balance and fell in. She would wake up weak from gorging.

But it wasn't all bad. The first week and a half she lost five pounds. After that it didn't go so fast. Some weeks she lost only a pound and some weeks she gained a little, but on the whole she lost steadily. It was fun watching the scales and taking in dresses. It was still more fun to watch the change in her friends' attitudes. Their jokes began to be a little flat. She had the proof against them. She even ceased, after a while, to be good natured when such attempts were made. With feminine consciousness of her new found charms, she employed them with surprising ease. She commanded her erstwhile tormentors to do her bidding. She insisted with queenly firmness, on being called Rosalind. There was no sign of her good nature when slips occurred. She didn't speak to Jinnie Williams for a week because Jinnie told a visiting boy, when he asked her who that cute little girl was, that it was "Lolly" Simpson. At Christmas time all the visiting boys liked her the best. She knew she was the most popular girl in the bunch. It was a glorious feeling. Her mother was radiant, but she didn't relax her vigil till the one hundred and one mark was reached, Miss Crocroft was satisfied, and Lolly herself was triumphant. She had won! She didn't crave sweets any more, she had had her vengeance, she was pretty, she was rapidly getting thin, the crowd called her Rosalind and she had exchanged her smiling good nature for smil-

ing assurance. But one thing remained. Henry Butler must be shown. But Henry had spent his Christmas vacation with a friend and wouldn't be home till summer. She could wait.

There was a big crowd down that summer. Everyone had a visitor and times were gay. Lolly, free from school and therefore maternal vigilance, had a gay time. She played tennis, swam and danced with a fervour that belongs particularly to fifteen-going-on-sixteen. All the while, however, she was on the lookout for Henry. He vaulted the fence one evening just as Lolly finished supper. After a cheery familiar whistle, he shouted gaily, "Butter, O, Butterball! Where are you?"

Lolly's heart jumped to her mouth. Her knees began to tremble. Her moment had arrived. With seeming nonchalance she floated towards him. "Hello Henry," she greeted coolly.

"Why Butter, what have you done?" gasped the bewildered Henry.

"That's not my name."

"Lolly then—"

"That's not it, either!"

"Well then—Rosalind—what have you done to yourself?" he repeated.

"Gotten thin!"

"That's obvious." If Lolly had gained assurance, so too had Henry. Lolly, however having gained her point on the name and having bewildered Henry by her appearance, gave her overworked dignity a rest, and, grasping Henry by the hands, whirled him around madly, singing, "Just think, Henry, only one hundred and one, only one hundred and one."

"You were much prettier fat," said Henry, disengaging himself roughly.

"Why Henry Butler!!—"

"Here's some candy I brought you," he muttered quickly, sensing a storm.

"Thanks"—frigidly, "It's off my list."

A battle royal would probably have ensued had it not been for the timely arrival of three youths accompanied by their banjos.

The following week was one of entire bewilderment for Henry. He felt lost without the old Butter. He couldn't get used to his Butterball—*Rosalind* he had to call her—in her new form. Rosalind

playing tennis, Rosalind swimming, Rosalind dancing, Rosalind, elfin in the moonlight listening to some silly fool talk nonsense. He couldn't seem to get near her sometimes. She was always surrounded by a gang of fellows. He hadn't known she was so pretty and sweet. She had it all over all the girls he'd seen in the East. She surely treated him mean, though. He was sadly in need of sympathy and he found it in the person of Jinnie Williams' visitor.

Lolly noticed his aloofness. It hurt her. She hadn't remembered how good looking he was and he had such a distinguished air. She hadn't wanted to scare him away. She was tired of having all those silly boys around. They weren't nearly as nice as Henry. Besides what could he see in Jinnie Williams' visitor. She was awfully uninteresting and so—fat. Lolly was dissappointed, she told herself, in Henry's choice. As Henry became more and more defunct, Lolly became more and more worried. The orchard once again became her haven of refuge. Once again the apple trees witnessed the shedding of bitter tears. Then one day Jinnie told her gigglingly:

"Do you know why Henry is so crazy about Mabel? Bet you can't guess. He told Dick he liked her because she's—*fat!* Imagine that! With all the girls crazy about him. He won't even look at us. My dear, Dick said that Henry is freshman captain and has been pledged to the best frat at Yale—and besides he is the most popular fellow in his class. Then she added maliciously—"It's almost worth getting fat for him isn't it? Believe I'll try."

Lolly fled to the orchard. Henry whistling cheerily, pretended to stumble upon her there. What he saw made him drop quickly to the ground by her side. Lolly was propped against her favorite tree, tears running down her cheeks—consuming as fast as she could a box of chocolate creams.

"Why Rosalind, what are you doing?" exclaimed Henry.

"Eating candy."

"Why, it's off your list!"

"Don't care," she sniffed.

"You'll get fat."

"Want to."

"Why?"

"Like myself that way."

"So do I," then awkwardly, "I like you this way too."

"Thought you liked Mabel"—(in surprise.)

“That fat thing—” (scornfully.)

“Honest Henry?”

“Why Rosalind! you know—”

“Don’t call me that!”

“Lolly then—”

“Not that either.”

“Well what shall I call you then?”

Their hands met in the box on a common chocolate cream. Henry gave hers a squeeze and held on to it. Lolly dropped her eyelids and allowed her dimples to twinkle in and out.

“Call me Butter,” she said.

PLEASE

DOROTHY BUTTS

Give me the old familiar things,
Though they be very plain,
The quaint, old tune Joanna sings,
The small house in a lane,
Whose fragrance meets the open door;
The faded carpet on the floor,
The patient peace of furniture,
Familiar things I can endure.

I have been brave a long, long while,
Heard praise—and scorning afterward;
I have met eyes that did not smile,
And now I ask for my reward.
I know the panoramic strand
Of happiness, and grief’s sequence.
Rough grains have scratched my venturous hand.
I beg no tribute nor defence.
I only ask familiar things,
The quaint old tune Joanna sings.

AFRAID

MARION ELLET

All day I've swept and dusted feverishly,
And made all manner of unmeaning tasks,
And prayed there would be yet another one
To fill my hands, and then another one.
I've rearranged the delit-blue china cups,
Set them in order on the white-washed shelves,
Put your old books in their accustomed place;
Yet have I never turned their leaves for fear
My own dull, haunting dread might stand revealed
In some heart-piercing bit of ballad song.
And I have shone the andirons on the hearth,
The ones with gargoyles that leer at the fire.
And I have lit the fire, knowing well
That the inevitable dusk would come
With its gray shadows in the gray, still streets,
And I should fold my hands and ask myself
Why I had lit the fire and ranged the books
Since never again your hand would lift the latch;
And I should look ahead on days and days
With the uselessness of these same tasks
And, worst of all, that I should love these tasks,
Cling like a frightened child to this snug room,
With its consoling warmth of firelight,
With its diverting china cups and books.
Because you may not lift the latch again,
I who have loved great silence and great hills
And the black wondering depth of treacherous pools,
I have become afraid—afraid to think!

THE ALTERNATIVE

ADELAIDE COZZENS

Captain Pierre du Loup stood at the wheel of the little mail-steamer that was the only connecting link between the tiny villages along the Saguenay river and Montreal. During the bitterest part of the Canadian winter, Old Pierre had never failed to guide the steamer up the ice-blocked river.

A full day and a half, in fair weather, it took from the mouth of the river to the northernmost point of navigation; while, in storms like this, the Captain sometimes stood at his wheel for forty-eight hours at a stretch. This was hard work for an old man, too hard for so old a man as Pierre, the company had decided; for this was the last time that he would make his trip. He was to be retired on a comfortable pension with a medal for his long years of service which the company desired to show that they appreciated.

"H-mm, turn me off like old dog, an' think I not growl when they throw to me a bone," he muttered between his lips, as the boat snorted its way through the floating ice.

Pierre was a swarthy old French-Canadian with a drop of Indian blood from way back. All the passion of the three races was mingled in his withered body; but the stoic reserve of his weather-beaten face gave no hint of the fury of outraged old age that burned within him. Wrapped in his large great coat, he looked more like a snow-covered tepee than the figure of a man. As he stood on the deck of his little ship, he stamped and slapped his hands, for it seemed the most cruel storm that he had known in all his term of service.

Sixty years he had been on the river, and every wave of the whole dark length of it he knew by heart. With his Indian love of nature, he felt himself a part of it. The Saguenay had been his only bride during these three score years—"a fiery devil of a woman when she freezes," he called it. He had made himself familiar with every twist, every turn of her sinuous course. Round the capes that towered austere above her murky waters, she flowed appealingly, like a naughty child who is begging not to be punished. The whirlpools showed her tantrums, while the rapids showed her frenzy. And the long slow miles of currents to the St. Lawrence seemed the thoughtful

moods of her turbulent nature. Old Pierre loved her for her very turbulence, yet mostly for her cunning. He had matched his against hers, hundreds of times, with the result that he had come off victor. He was her master.

The sense of his power added a proprietary quality to his love. He looked upon every bubble on the dark surface of her depths as his. He loved the shores that she lay within and the little villages which lived through the long winters of gray days only with the expectation of the arrival of his ship. He was the friend of all who lived by the river's edges and of many for miles inland. He was master here, by right of conquest of the water, by right of service, and by right of one who feels himself a part of the wild beauty of the northern woods.

What younger man could know the treacherous ways of the river as he knew them? Who else could name every farmer from Tadousac to Chicoutamie? Could any mere stripling point out the exact location of each farm on the banks, every rock in the water, when the fog closed over the river, or when, as now, the snow blinded him even to the gray sky, and only the ship's wheel and the compass beside it were not lost in the world of cloudy whiteness? What young sailor was as weather-wise as he? He asked himself jealously.

What right had the company to put another in his place? Too old to render further service, was he—true enough—when he had reached Chicoutamie on the trip before, he had been completely exhausted. The company agent had wanted to send another man to relieve him on the return trip, but he had sternly refused the offer. Now his place was to be usurped from him, while he stood by, powerless to guard his age from the unswerving onrush of generations—unless—there was a way to save himself the humiliation of becoming a piece of scrapped humanity. Old Pierre had an alternative which brought a light into his foxlike old eyes.

“No one else will have my place on the ship,” he clicked between his teeth.

Near the dock of Chicoutamie, there was a rocky point which had to be rounded before the steamer could land. They were fifty yards from the wharf when Pierre blew the whistle which brought the crew on deck. The river was frozen too solid for the steamer to make the dock.

“Take the mail and go ashore on ice. Be back in two hours sharp, so we catch the tide! Go now, and mind, you come back sharp!”

“Oui, oh oui!” exclaimed the men, as they clambered over the ship’s side—too eager to be on shore to question the Captain’s strange order.

Pierre watched them disappear in the storm. When the last of them had vanished, he went back to his wheel. No one was going to replace him! He would never try to sleep warm at night, on land, when the piercing cold was penetrating the courage of another captain. He would not live to see the river ruled by any master, but himself.

With these thoughts circling round and round in his mind, he pulled the lever, and by means of the little steam still in her, he backed the ship into more open water. Then, giving the wheel a turn, he let her drift toward the outlying rocks of the point.

As she struck, the shock sent Old Pierre hard against the door of his cabin. The icicles on his beard cracked and broke into tiny pieces. He got up with difficulty, for the hull was tilted half out of water. He smelt the smoke-laden air.

“She’s caught,” he muttered, as he pried open the door of his cabin and crawled out on deck to see the flames.

They spread over the forecastle and the ship’s side that lay horizontal to the water, while the smoke-stack leaned far over on the down side. Faster and faster, the flames licked up the old wood and the tarred seams. Pierre, triumphantly looking his last on the frozen river, drew in his head from the snow and flames. He stood on the slanting floor of his cabin, while the water flowed under the cracks of his door, and presently, the icy bosom of the river quenched the jealous fire in man and ship, as Old Pierre went down to the service of death, in which no one could usurp his place.

UNDERCURRENTS

DOROTHY BENSON

It was not from my hands the silence fell,
My words were swift enough; but through *your* fault
A pause crept through the barrier of our talk,
And silence flooded in, too swift and deep to halt.

The silence crowds between us and the fire,
And I am many memories from tonight.
If I forget, because you look the same,
And bare my soul before a stranger's sight . . .

If I forget . . . here in this dim-lit room,
Where more than firelight lingers, and you know
The things that haunt its solitude and mine,
That stay the spell, cast very long ago!

Within the oval mirror on the wall,
The past awakes; a broken whisper slips—
“But you are strange!”; like icy steel
I press the knowledge hard against my lips.

THE WAY OF A MAN

HELEN JOSEPHY

It was ten o'clock on the first morning of his first summer vacation at home, when Stuart Blakely II drew up his car to the curb of Main Street, before the Hesse and Knox cigar store and soda fountain. The car was yellow, a sport model of the latest lines, the envy of every boy at the Hilton Military Academy, from which Stuart had just graduated. Stuart himself, in complete golf-outfit, was a perfect example of what should go with such a car. And he knew he was quite all right, for everything had been bought by mail order from the best house of its kind on Fifth Avenue.

Yet for some unaccountable reason, Stuart was in no hurry to step over the door of his car, and into the midst of the group of loungers decorating the stoop. He changed his golf sticks from the right to the left side of the seat, refolded the camel's hair robe, tinkered under the seat. The plunge into life at Ripley, Ohio, was still to be made. So he got out the most elegant of the four cigarette cases given him for commencement, discovered it was not the one in which he had left his cigarettes, closed it with a bang and leaped lightly to the pavement.

By this time everyone lining the front of the popular young men's club was watching the newcomer. His face crimson, otherwise perfectly composed, Stuart nonchalantly worked his way through the crowded doorway. His eyes were fixed impersonally on some bright, but far-removed spot inside, possibly the cigar lighter.

He heard someone say, "Pipe the knickers," and a loud laugh as of many voices in unison. And then, "Regular little highland laddie. in them cute little plaid socks, ain't he?" Louder laughter. The cigar lighter seemed much further removed than it had appeared from the door. Arriving there, he remembered the empty case, and strolled leisurely over to the counter. A red-cheeked, red-haired youth rose from behind a pink sporting sheet to inquire of his wants.

"Pall Malls," ordered Stuart in a lordly manner, plunking down a half dollar on the counter.

"Out of 'em," was the answer.

"Well, then, any good cork-tipped cig."

"How about Philip Morris. All the fellows like them."

Philip Morris would suit Stuart perfectly. Their eyes met over the change.

"Say, aren't you Blakeley?" queried the friendly and curious clerk.

"Righto. I remember you now. You used to sit across the aisle from me in the sixth grade. You used to make little paper things that sailed through the air and hit people." Stuart chuckled at the memory.

In a moment they were off, reminiscing, like two old war veterans, of campaigns lost and won against pedagogical tyranny. Of the times they had played hookey, and "got away with it big," of the time when they were caught putting Jane Harper's pigtails in the ink-well, of another day when they had been spanked for reading Horatio Alger behind their geographies. Blakeley was having a good time. He had forgotten all about being a smart young man-about-town. He leaned over to give his old friend "Red" Martin a slap on the back. Over went a metal cigar cutter that had stood at his elbow.

The noise immediately drew inside nearly all of the gauntlet through which Stuart had so recently passed. The cigar cutter was restored in a moment, but not the poor boy's composure. Again he was crimson, and more than ever nonchalant. His eyes were fastened entreatingly on Red's. They begged him to remember the old days, "when you and I were boys together,"; they asked for protection, for a place in the sun of Hesse and Knox's young men's club. That look was not unsuccessful. Red was Irish, which means tactful.

"Hey, you, fellas, this is Stew Blakeley, and he and I are old pals. What'll you have? Stew here is settin' them up."

Stuart's face faded to its natural shade. He knew how to set them up. In less than no time they were all lined up at the counter. "Stew" had got behind to help Red with the service, and the "gang" began to learn that knickers and two-toned sport shoes don't mean that you aren't a regular fellow, and can't tell a story as well as the next one.

Someone started the victrola. They talked of the big dance on next Tuesday, about the Jamestown Pep orchestra, four piece, including a saxaphone, and of the girl each would take. Stuart again felt himself a mere on-looker of this thrilling whirl of life, an outsider in his home town.

"Say, fellas," he asked, lighting a cigarette. "Who is the"—puff, puff, "nicest little"—puff, puff, "girl in town?"

"Now that's a fine question to ask," chuckled Red. "Course I think my girl is, but Bill here, he'd say Annie Robinson, his girl, was.

"What do you want to know for, anyway?" questioned Bill, he of the Highland laddie simile.

Stuart flushed. He was in for it now.

"I meant the girl that was rushed the most—the most popular girl in town. I—I just wondered. That was all. They don't all have just one beau, do they?"

"'Bout all of them that *can* have two," drawled Bill smartly. He winked slyly at Artie Burke, who had just dropped in from his Young Gent's Furnishing Goods Store across the street.

"All of them but Janet Westlake. Flossiest little skirt in town, isn't she, Art? All the boys are crazy about her, but she keeps us all hopping. Won't have any more to do with one than the other. Will she, Red?" he winked in that direction, too.

"Well, say now—" Red began.

The playful Artie interrupted.

"Red's mad because she won't let him have a date. But say, I'll bet she'd like you a lot, Stew. One of these college girls. Plays golf and everything, and you know with them, the best is none too good."

"Stew, I bet you could be her steady—the most popular girl in town, too, and boy, how she can dance," continued Bill.

By this time the cigar store was all enthusiasm—each one doing his bit toward the glory of Janet. She was "just right" they all agreed, and lucky the man who could win her favor. She had all of the accomplishments requisite to the small town belle.

First and foremost, there were looks. Then, a car, a small car. Third, a large front porch, comfortably furnished in wicker furniture, especially a porch swing. The boys spoke with feeling of that porch swing, and of the lovely refreshments Janet always served there on Sunday evenings. They began to get dreamy as they talked on, like a mother telling fairy tales to the children.

Stuart became dreamy, too. This was the ideal girl. Already, he could see himself sitting in that porch swing, alone with Janet. Or, better still, gracefully whirling to the saxophone strains of the Jamestown Pep orchestra, the envy of every Hesse and Knox habitue.

Of course they would ride in his yellow roadster. In fact, the right sort of girl was all his car lacked. He pictured the two of them in correct sport togs, golf sticks partly visible, Janet looking up at him rougishly, like the last cover on *The Yale Record*. He woke up.

"Red, where does this Princess live?"

He was given the information.

"Think I'll be going along now. So long, fellas. I'll see you all again soon."

He ambled out to the car, eyes fixed on a dim spot in the distance.

It was not as difficult to meet her as he had imagined. The Blakeley's and Westlake's belonged to the same church, were trustees of the same bank. It was not only proper, it was expected that the heir of the House of Blakeley should telephone the heiress of the House of Westlake, and ask if he might call.

Yet Stuart almost lost his courage and hung up the receiver when the Westlake maid said,

"Miss Janet will come to the phone in a moment," and at her soft "Hello" (he had never before noticed what a beautiful word "Hello" was) he forgot the speech he had so carefully prepared during the previous hour of mental anguish. It was only after her second "Hello" that he remembered. Then, as though from a vietrola played very far away, he heard his own voice saying his introduction. Of course he did not expect that she could see him that night, but perhaps tomorrow night, or even the next day?

To his amazement, she said very simply,

"But, I'll be glad to have you drop in tonight—about eight, say. Nobody but the family will be here."

He stammered his extreme pleasure at the prospect of meeting her, and, at the last moment, remembered to ask about her mother for the sake of his mother. And he was alone—until eight o'clock.

Her first appearance was a disappointment. To be sure, the boys hadn't described her either as a small, fluffy blonde, or a stately, vivid brunette, but he knew now that he had expected one or the other. She wasn't even pretty, at least not according to Hilton standards, which were those of *The Yale Record*, which were those of the Cosmopolitan covers. He remembered, vaguely, some print or portrait that they had taken up in the Renaissance Art course for Seniors. Her brown, bobbed hair was the only encouraging feature. According to Hilton, bobbed hair stood for a "regular girl." It was

too bad that she parted it in the middle. It rather destroyed the usual "bobbed" effect and heightened the uncomfortable Renaissance impression. And then, as they shook hands, he noticed her eyes—and his faith in the judgment of Hesse and Knox returned. Her eyes were long and gray, and sleepy-looking, fascinating eyes.

She was apologizing for looking so warm and "flustered," as she called it. She had been playing in the back yard with the dog.

Ah! so that was his cue. Booth Tarkington's "Baby Talk Lady" had always sounded adorable to him. He never could understand why his mother had laughed so.

"And do you call your little dog 'pwecious Floppit'?" he inquired boldly. It was just the right thing to say. Her slight little figure swayed back and forth with laughter. She ran to the door, whistled and called,

"Jumbo, oh, Jumbo, old fellow, come here to me."

The largest St. Bernard dog Stuart had ever seen bounded in, almost knocking him over, mentally and physically.

The chilly atmosphere of the parlor became genially warm. They sat down together on the piano bench and laughed and laughed. Janet said that she had seen at once that he was dreadfully disappointed in her. He assured her that he was not disappointed, and mentioned the print and the Renaissance Art course. Then, fearing he had hopelessly branded himself a prig, he added,

"Especially your eyes. Your eyes are wonderful—so different. They're gray—aren't they?"

"Indeed not! They're green. As green as grass," and she gave him a straightforward look from them, like a scientist displaying "exhibit A."

Somehow, they returned to the subject of the art course. Janet wanted to know all about it. She, herself intended to be a designer. He admitted—what he had never told another girl—that he hoped to be an architect, if his father wouldn't make him go into the bank. He talked to her about a number of other things he had never discussed with girls—about the poem he had had published in the school magazine, of his dislike for vaudeville, and of his adoration of the Barrymore family. He was describing the back drop for a play he had seen given by the Provincetown Players, and she was all attention, when he realized with horror what he was doing—"talking like

a damned book," he thought, "to the most popular girl in town." He hastened to turn the conversation into the proper groove.

"You know, I was awfully flattered at your letting me come to see you tonight."

She looked puzzled, a trick she had, he had noticed, whenever their talk became personal.

"Of course I've heard all about you from the fellows. How you're rushed, and everything." Thinking of the fellows made him eager to show off his prowess at once.

"Seems to me I heard something about an informal dance at the Armory tonight. Want to go?"

Janet jumped up, and clasped her hands tensely.

"Oh, I'd love to!" she exclaimed. "It's been such ages since I've had a real dance!"

Stuart smiled knowingly to himself as she went for her cape. Girls were funny—such exaggerators—and such flatterers. But nice—very nice.

After the first dance, his estimation of Hesse and Knox' taste went up another one hundred percent. She certainly could dance. And she didn't bother a fellow by talking, either—just danced. The only trouble was that the boys had an annoying habit of "cutting in" on him, especially Bill and Artie. They always seemed to get her, too, just before the music stopped, so that they could sit out the intermission with her. He watched her laughing at Bill's smart comments, watched her looking up at Artie with those wonderful, half-closed eyes, and decided that, at best, girls were but fickle creatures. Yet, he glowed with pride at his own foresight, hearing Janet tell Artie, just before they left, "I'm so sorry, but you see, I have another engagement for the dance on Tuesday."

* * * * *

It was about noon, one month later. Stuart was keeping shop at the famous Hesse and Knox counter, while Red went to lunch. Everybody else seemed to have disappeared for the same reason. Behind a pink sporting sheet, Stuart was lazily dreaming, of the dance to be given that night, of that little picnic up the river the night before, of the ninth hole yesterday morning. In short, he was

thinking of Janet. He thought of his first morning here, and of what everyone had said about her. Nobody had done her justice. Nobody could.

He worried a little over Artie and Bill. Of course everybody in town understood that he was first in her affections. Still, she would let Artie and Bill, and now and then another of the "gang" come to call. He supposed it was his penalty for insisting upon the most popular girl in town.

The voices of his rivals, just arrived on the front door step, floated in. Bill was saying to Artie.

"Who are you taking to the dance tonight?"

And Artie answered gloomily,

"Oh, I asked Janet, but of course she already had a date with Stew."

Stew chuckled in spite of himself.

Artie continued.

"Funny, isn't it, the way you and I talked her up that morning when Stew first got back, and she the biggest lemon in town. Why, I don't think anybody had ever been around to see her, and as for going to dances—"

"And to think that all that had been going to waste, just because none of the fellows ever had the nerve to give her a chance," mused Bill.

Stuart sat upright in his chair, paper clenched in his hands. He must be dreaming, without knowing it. He had heard of such things.

"Wonder if Stew ever knew that we were just fooling!" (Artie's treacherous voice!) "Don't you remember how we fixed it up to cut in on him that evening, just to keep things going for a while? Who would have thought she'd be such a peach!"

"Gee, but I felt cheap afterward, after I'd gone up to see her, myself. But I can't help laughing when I hear Stew talking around here about the way he cut everybody out with his girl!"

They both laughed.

Stuart's head was in his hands. He was trying to think. They had been making a fool of him for a month. It was agonizing to think on. Of course they all liked her now. He jumped up, stamping the pink sheet under foot as an idea came to him. He strolled out to the door, idly puffing at a cigarette. So might Cavour have looked before springing a "coup" on half of Europe.

"'Lo fellows," he said clearly. "I just came in from the side door. Just got on to that side-door lately."

He puffed away until the two conspirators had recovered their poise.

"Say, Artie," he remarked, "I wish you'd show me how you do that little hesitation step you and Janet were trying the other night up at Fern Cliff. She says it's the best little thing in town."

"Nothing to it," mumbled Artie, still not able to look up. "It all depends on the girl. Wonderful dancer, Janet is."

"You bet she is. The best ever."

A short silence. Stuart went on dreamily.

"You know, when I got home from school mother told me about Janet, what a fine little girl she was, and how none of the fellows paid any attention to her. And thinks I to myself, 'Stew, old chap, here's your chance to show yourself for what you are.'"

By this time, both Bill and Artie were looking at the orator with as much amazement as interest. Stuart's enthusiasm increased.

"I had to laugh to myself when I heard all you boys talking about her in here that first morning. But, thinks I, 'all the more reason for my bringing her out—showing the town what a fine little girl she is.'"

Pause, while Bill and Artie exchanged surprised glances with each other, and admiring ones with Stuart. He concluded,

"And I believe I've done it. Don't you, fellows?", and he clapped them both on the back.

"You've done it, all right, but—" they began.

He interrupted.

"Have to be going now. Janet and I have a little date to play golf this afternoon."

He walked out to the curb, eyes on some far-off object. He stepped over the door of his car, and was gone in a flash of yellow.

"Well, I'll be damned!" followed him from the doorstep.

WHENEVER NOON COMES TO THE TREES

ELEANOR CHILTON

Whenever noon comes to the trees,
And to the level shine of grass,
In rhythmic, pulsing swirls of colour—
Buoyant—and shadowless;
Whenever night spreads, restless-grey,
Behind a staring, sallow moon—
And slender winds rest wearily at corners,
And one finds them there
Delirious-eyed—with dusty scents
Of crumpled, dead leaves in their hair;
When come such noons and nights, the walks
Are tingling things—where once I felt
No touch but that of heel on stone.
Each step I take gives me a sense
Of lonely, odd experience—
Of Emptiness—where there should stand
A magic presence evermore.
When I stretch out my empty hands—
Is it you I'm reaching for?

EDITOR'S TABLE

ON POETRY

LLENORE WOLF

You love poetry. You shiver with appreciation when you hear *KISS* rhyme with *BLISS* and *GIRL* with *CURL*. That lovely symmetry of sound appeals to you. It has a very pleasant connotation in your mind. You think of "moonlight and honeysuckle" and immediately you sit down and write:—

"O, glorious, hazy, grey-lined hills,
Where dwells my love on high,
You are the healer of all ills,
I look at you and sigh."

You are thrilled at this accomplishment. You like it more the oftener you read it. Your love for poetry increases now that you find it so easy to express yourself in that way.

However, your enjoyment is short lived. Someone calls you old-fashioned and thrusts a volume of modern poetry into your hands. You read one—and read on fascinated. Your bewilderment increases as you progress. You halt at one poem. It reads something like this:—

"Blue, yellow, mauve,
And purple
Blended together.
Yellow, orange and red.
Red, like an overripe tomato
Smashed on the garden wall!
O! Hell!!!! how I love the sunset!!!"

You cringe. You throw the book away. You pick it up again and turn to the appendix. You learn that this poem displays a depth of feeling and an eye for color rare in humans. The author is heralded as a genius. You sigh and compare your own verse. You tear yours up. You realize that there is no more rhyme. You admit sadly that this is a modern age and that you are perforce a modern. You must bury your little girl and her curl. It's *off* the *BLISS* and *on* with the *KISS*—unadorned!

FRIENDLINESS

LUCY HODGE

I wish you would not always be polite—
You make me feel so cold and far away.
I ask you if you'll take a walk with me—
"Thank you so much, I'd be most pleased," you say.

Then, when we're walking in the friendly woods,
And see a laughing brook so tumbling by,
"Oh, do let's go in wading!" I exclaim.
"Why surely, if you wish it," you reply.

I say I love the dress that you have on—
"You're very kind, I'm sure." You smile at me,
And sometimes compliment mine in return,
But you're not really friendly, don't you see?

If you would only scold me now and then,
And tell me you don't like the things I do,
Or say that you don't want to play just now,
Then I would feel—oh so much nearer you!

PROTEST OF THE COMMONPLACE

ALICE PARKER

It is perhaps one of the most evident characteristics of modern life that we are—or think we ought to be—unable to see things about us as they really exist instead of as they appear through the lens of our own interpretation. We delight in thinking that our ability to read the hidden messages of simple sights and sounds sets us apart from the common herd to whom a rose is merely a rose.* The paradox of the matter is that the “common” has in this case become the distinctly uncommon, and a person living in a world of realities is a rarity. We have become so accustomed to an imaginative flight whenever we whiff a sprig of heliotrope or hear a sparrow’s chirp that it has become quite the conventional thing to do. If perchance our fancy refuses to soar when thus stimulated, it must be prodded from the rear and forced to take to wing. It would never do to admit such grossness of spirit as to feel nothing but the immediate sensation.

Nowhere is this predilection for forcing the extraordinary from the ordinary better shown than in the literary field. There the surfeit of poets inspired by Nature to muse upon the SOUL, of prose writers whose joy is in their emotional wanderings from small beginnings (told in awed phrases with dots between) has become almost too much for endurance. The necessity of being continually dazed by the little wonders of the world has been worked to the bone and is—thank heaven—beginning to become burdensome. Even now an occasional budding author who sees truly and is none the worse for it appears like a splotch of clear sky amid much fantastic cloud. The relief is welcome.

FABLE

EVELYN PRICE

Within a box lay two balls,
One gilt, one gold. *L*
The gilt one lay upon a padded tray,
The other rattled gleefully below.
“Be still,” the gilt ball said, petulantly,
“All the gold will come off.”
The other paused.
“Am I gold?” he said, “I didn’t know.”
And danced more madly than before.

EDITORIAL

One hesitates to make any accusations against the faculty. It is . . . well, indiscreet, to say the least. But may one not point to glaring faults?

We understand that there is a rule, made by the faculty for themselves, that a class should not be examined within the term, on more than three weeks' work. This is constantly ignored or broken flagrantly. There are many ways of "getting around it." We cite instances: "I know," said one member of the faculty, "that I should not give you a written on more than three weeks' work; so I give you this choice . . . I shall give you either an easy written on the term's work, or a very hard written on three weeks' work. Which do you choose?" Another member of the faculty announced to his class that he would give a written on the term's work, and that anyone objecting to it might protest and be examined separately.

Is there not also a rule against announcing a written for within twenty-four hours' of a vacation? One professor "gets around it" in this way: "I am not allowed to announce a written for the afternoon before the vacation, but . . . " she halts expressively, ". . . I have my little devices"

If we are misinformed on this subject, we apologize. We beg, however, that this matter be stated clearly, and if there are rules, they be observed.

* * * *

The Monthly Board has been telling itself for the last month or so . . . ever since it began to plan for next year's Board, in fact . . . that it was both glad and sorry to give over its duties. "No more manuscripts to read; no more proof!" it exulted; and then added hastily, and with a sigh, "But we have enjoyed the work, haven't we? we will be sorry to give it up."

We suppose that this is the natural and normal way for retiring Boards to feel . . . and that is what annoys us most. We had not meant to be sad at parting; to our mind there should be no sadness in parting, except the sadness of regret for opportunities not realized to their full. We had meant to fulfill our obligations in such

a way that there would be no regret. But here we are, running with the pack, conventionally, though sincerely, sad that we have to give up our work "with so little accomplished, and so much yet to be done." It would be funny, if one did not feel quite so close to tears.

However, we have one great consolation . . . the new Board. We look to it to do all the things we meant to do and didn't, all the things we tried to do and couldn't, and all the things we hoped to do and lost sight of in the rush of college life. We have infinite confidence in them, and we wish them luck . . . and, what is of more importance, patience, and untiring industry, and courage to go on when manuscripts are few and critics painfully honest.

EXCHANGES

The music number of the Capitol University *Spectator* is unusual and so successful that we wish the practice were more universal.

The Sibyl from Elmira College has better prose than verse, "A Vignette" is a clever piece of characterization. We think that the magazine would be improved if the material were arranged in a less monotonous order. The alternate prose and poem of the February number is too mechanical. "Excuse" is a likeable spring poem that avoids dexterously the hackneyed springtime phrases.

The slender *Bowdoin Quill* is disappointing. Its size gives the impression of exclusiveness that the contents fail to substantiate.

The Harvard Advocate is excellent. The keen criticism of the book reviews is, in view of other exchanges, astounding.

The Bema, like the February issue from *The Williams Literary Monthly* is more graphic than literary.

AFTER COLLEGE

Contributions to this department are desired before the end of the month in order to appear in the next issue, and should be addressed to Virginia Annon, 59 West Street, Northampton, Mass.

MARRIED

- '18. Dorothy Barnard to Clifford Henry Smith.
Hester Chapin to Mansfred A. McKeage.
Margaret McClenathan to Dr. Philip Lewis Marsh.
Evelyn Smith to Elmer Allen Claar.
Martha Wright to Louis A. Mitchell.
- '19. Gladys Mager to Robert G. Ernst.
Hilda Waterman to Otis C. Williams.
- '20. Madeline Fuller to Clark W. Collins.

ENGAGED

- '18. Christine Brown to Robert Colgan Schmartz.
Ruth Bray to James Russell Doty.
Jeanette MacDonald to Claude B. Cross.
Ada Whitmore to Harry C. Hartman.
- '19. Eleanor Ballou to Seabury T. Short.
Julia Goetze to Henry Pilling.
- '20. Darthea Sharpless to William C. H. Lewis.
Jeannette Lawson to Edmund Francis Jewell.

CHILDREN

- '18. Louise (Adams) Dugan—a son, Thomas Means, December 20, 1920.
Esther (Fanning) Francis—a daughter, Leila, October, 1919.

OTHERWISE OCCUPIED

- '18. Marion Banker is instructor in Sociology and Economics at Wellesley.
Theresa Boden is a statistician doing interesting work with The Bell Telephone, Philadelphia, Pa.

Alice Crouter is secretary to the Dean of Women at State College, Pa.

Margaret Dewey is supervisor of Physical Education at Choate School, Boston.

- '19. Eleanor Clark is doing Social Work with the Worcester Children's Friend Society.

May Bartlett is working for an M. S. in Physical Chemistry, University of Chicago.

Katherine Merriam is working for Robert Ingersoll and Brother, New York City.

Katherine Moore is doing psychiatric social work in Philadelphia.

- '20. Jean Archibold entered Albany Medical College in September.

Barbara Arnold is teaching history and English in the high school at Clinton, N. J.

Geneva Croxford is doing medical research work in aviation physiology.

Mary Dangler is teaching Latin in Miss Hasker's School in Palo Alto, Cal.

P. W. W.

THE
SMITH COLLEGE
MONTHLY



MAY 1921

CONTENTS

COLLEGIATITIS	<i>Sarah Mason Clarke, 1922</i>	233
PIERROT	<i>Alice Robinson, 1922</i>	235
THE END OF THE STORY	<i>Clarinda D. Buck, 1921</i>	236
A SONG IN MAY	<i>Dorothy Butts, 1921</i>	244
THE PROM PROBLEM	<i>Naomi Lauchheimer, 1922</i>	245
ETERNITY	<i>Dorothy Butts, 1921</i>	252
EDITORIAL		253
SO I SHALL STAND	<i>Eleanor C. Chilton, 1922</i>	256
THE INNER SHRINE	<i>Lenore Wolf, 1921</i>	257
BREAK	<i>Dorothy Butts, 1921</i>	262
A BUBBLE	<i>Elizabeth Hart, 1924</i>	263
GWYN	<i>Ellen Everett, 1921</i>	266
BOOK REVIEWS		274
EXCHANGES		276

The Smith College Monthly is published at Northampton, Mass., each month from October to June, inclusive. Terms \$1.75 a year. Single copies 25c.

Subscriptions may be sent to Dorothy Stearns, 30 Green Street, Northampton.

Contributions may be left in the Monthly box in the Note Room.

Tables of Contents for the year 1919-1920 will be sent upon request.

THE SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

Vol. XXIX

MAY, 1921

No. 8

“Collegiatitis”

SARAH MASON CLARKE

It seems only natural that after the recent debate with Mount Holyoke College there should have been more or less discussion among the students here concerning the comparative excellencies and defects of the points made and of the personality of the speakers themselves.

I heard one girl say frankly that she thought the actual material of the opponents was much more exhaustive and truly logical, but that their less attractive delivery made it harder for them to “put their points across.” She said also that in her opinion the opponents had far better technical form, whereas the affirmative speakers “slipped up” in points of courtesy in more than one instance. She enumerated the instances which proved her point. But she was not allowed to state her views in any sort of peace. She was immediately “jumped on” and “shouted down.” She aroused prompt and violent antagonism, and a hot argument followed.

Later I heard the girl’s roommate criticising her behavior.

“You’re so funny to say things like that,” she said.

“Would you prefer to have me keep them to myself and say only what everybody else thinks, and not what I think?”

“But you’re so queer to *think* things like that. It’s not a bit—collegiate.” The girl looked despairingly at her roommate, and groaned.

It made me wonder. Why are we so anxious to stamp everyone as “collegiate”? Smith girls are a type which can be recognised anywhere. At vacation times, when the undergraduates flood the

cities, the Smith girl is unerringly picked out of crowds in subways, theatres, dances—anywhere. Even after a few years of changed environment have softened the crudest outlines, the Smith woman is still easily determined.

Smith girls are proud of Smith. They should be. But do they think they are doing Smith the greatest possible good, by using one rubber stamp for all; one type,—of clothes, of opinions, of morals and ideas? They eat the same way, pray the same way, and think the same things in the same way. It has developed year after year until the similarity of any two Smith girls is now ludicrous and revolting.

Fundamentally, Smith does not aim to standardize women—to average them—but to develop the individual, along the best lines, not of that individual, but the finest women the world has known. But in expecting certain results from widely varying specimens of girlhood, the college does seem tending to throw us all in one melting pot and then cast us in one mold.

The upperclassmen try to enforce that mold upon the Freshmen, and few are strong enough to stand before the blasts of three upper classes as well as those of their already-converted fellows. Any girl who has eccentricities is scathingly informed that "that sort of thing doesn't go in college, and you'd better cut it out, if you want to get along." Many an incipient genius has been crushed by repeated commands to "go in for things" to such an extent that by the time the activity in which she is really interested comes along she has no energy left to employ in it.

Freshmen who express unexpected or unusual views are thought "queer," and frankly told that that is thought of them. Little tricks of speech or manner are heartlessly ridiculed and the victim is supposedly encouraged by being told that "a year or two of college will get rid of that—we'll rub off the corners for you." And colloquialisms are acquired, which compose a kind of collegiate dialect.

The stores cater to this passion for likeness. Witness the famous Bramley dress. Where else in the United States but in a college town—and particularly Northampton—would two thousand women more or less, deliberately patronize a single and patently standardized type of dress? How many women, rather, exert their entire energy to acquire exclusive models straight from Paris! Yet surely it is not putting it too strongly to say that one of every two girls in Smith possesses, if she does not wear, a Bramley.

The Faculty, too, sometimes appears to believe that college grinds all its grist in one mill, and that the Smith mill and the grade it produces are without dispute the "best." Early last fall, I heard one professor, illustrate a point he was making by saying—

"Some people come up here to Smith and think they can make people do what they want them to. But they soon find that they have to do what *we* want." There was positive pride in his tone as he went on to elaborate the all-mighty characteristics of Smith. After President Neilson's exhortations to preserve the individuality such remarks were depressing.

What is the lure of "being collegiate"? What is it that compels girls to renounce their finest possessions to conform to the crowd; to follow the mob? Is a college which permits its undergraduates to continue emphasizing "type" fulfilling its best purposes? Are undergraduates who submit to being standardized and averaged either getting the most out of college or putting the most into it? Isn't it time to stop merely admitting the type, and to begin forgetting it?

It is a little thrilling, perhaps, to know that Smith sends out special trains to some of the greatest cities in the world, to know that her fame is international, that she draws her student body from the entire globe—but when one boards one of those special trains at the sign of "The Smith's College Special" it is definitely, if incomprehensively humiliating, and makes one stop to wonder.

Is "being collegiate" the only thing that rightfully belongs to a college graduate?

Pierrot

ALICE ROBINSON

What, Pierrot, weeping?
The audience will like thee little, then;
Lest they too weep.
They come not here for that;
But weary men,
They come, forget themselves, and laugh awhile.
So thou must smile,
Scatter thy tears as gentle winds the chaff
And for thy life, my Pierrot,
Thou must laugh, must laugh.

The End of the Story

CLARINDA D. BUCK

(A love story without a triangle)

"One lump or two dear?"

"Three, please," Robert Hughes sighed a little as he passed his cup for more coffee. His wife looked up with an apologetic smile.

"Of course, how stupid of me! Three." There was a pause in which Robert turned over in his mind not without a melancholy pleasure at his own patience, the stories he had read, ay, and written too, he blushed to remember, of wives whose whole duty consisted in remembering how many lumps their husbands were accustomed to, and whether they preferred their toast buttered in the kitchen or on the table. He had held up to ridicule in his novels these "dumb waiter" wives. "Any man could hire a cook; what he needed was an intelligent companion, an interesting friend to converse with across the breakfast table." He looked across into the unfathomable brown eyes of his wife and smiled. It need only be said in favor of Alicia Hughes as an interesting friend and companion that five years of lukewarm, insufficiently sweetened coffee had not entirely convinced Robert of the error of his theory. He could always speculate over what was going on behind the unruffled calm of her face with the assurance that if he troubled to find out, it would prove interesting. Her calm was no mere curtain for a vacant soul.

His reveries were interrupted by Alicia's white arm about his neck. She had slipped from her place and was now perched on his corner of their diminutive table, the sash of her organdy dress as Robert nervously observed, perilously near the butter.

"Robert!"

"Yes." (She edged closer to him, and consequently away from the butter. He breathed a sigh of relief.) "Yes, my dear." "Do you really suppose," her voice dropped to a mysterious, throaty whisper, which she alone in his wide acquaintance with women was capable of producing.

"Robert, do you think that in another five years I shall remember that it's three?"

"Alicia, my love, in another five years I shall be quite accustomed to two." He rose with a smile, glanced at his watch, and moved reluctantly towards the door. Robert was a professor by necessity, not by nature, and at nine in the morning he felt himself curiously callous to the appalling need of the world for knowledge.

Alicia had risen with him. She hesitated a minute and then asked abruptly: "Have you thought over what I asked you last night?"

Robert swung around to face her. "Thought it over? I told you then, Alicia, I couldn't give you the money."

"I'm not asking for myself."

"I would like it better if you were."

"Robert," her mouth was stubborn. "It isn't as if I were extravagant myself. You can't say I am."

"No, but you are thoughtlessly generous to others, who do not need it."

"No—no—this time they do," she protested.

"And so do we!" He took her hand. "If it were the best cause in the world, I couldn't help you; I haven't it to give."

She withdrew her hand angrily.

"You could if you wanted to—Why don't you write another book?"

"Alicia," his voice was stern. "I have told you I can't write about nothing, and I can't travel and see things just at present—perhaps some day."

"Some day! I'm tired of waiting for some day. I wouldn't mind being down-right poor, but this comfortable sufficiency, this selfish safety—yes, you are selfish."

"Do you really think so?"—he looked at her curiously. "Well, I don't want to enter into any recriminations, but sometime when you are idle, amuse yourself balancing the amount of money you've spent on bulbs for the garden and plants for the house with what I've had for books! You'll find it interesting." He turned again to go. She watched him thoughtfully. At the door he paused and came back a few steps, a strange teasing smile on his lips.

"You would really like me to write a book?" She nodded waiting.

"I could write a very interesting one about you."

"Go ahead, I don't mind."

"Do you really mean that?"

"Of course, why should I care? If you can find anything interesting in me, you're welcome to it." She tossed her head defiantly.

"Honor bright?" He searched her face anxiously, but she only laughed.

"Honor—it should be very amusing."

"It should certainly sell very well," he remarked judiciously. "Good-bye."

A rare blush spread over Alicia's face as she watched him go down the path. A curious foreboding that she might try him once too often had occurred to her once or twice lately. She frowned. If only Robert could understand her.

Her frown was more than matched by Robert's, as conscious that he was late, he walked down the elm-arched street to the campus. All of Alicia's most irritating qualities were superficial, and for that very reason they obtruded themselves the more often on his consciousness. Underneath—he smiled, for all his ruffled nerves, he knew he would never exchange Alicia, the real Alicia, who still, hidden as she was by fads and mannerisms, moved his inmost being with her fragrant charm, her utter sincerity, for any awe-inspiring woman who would keep his accounts straight and her sash out of the jam.

* * *

If a year later, anyone had asked Alicia why she had chosen the worm-eaten log-cabin, situated on the banks of Hell Bottom Swamp, as a place to retire to, when, as her friends expressed it, "her world lay shattered at her feet," she could not have told them, unless it were perhaps that it was the most unpretentiously ugly spot she had ever seen. Here was no sham, no "whited sepulchre hidden by roses and lilies, no cankering sore, 'masked in the beauty of the spring'"—like Robert's soul. Hell Bottom Swamp presented its bones unabashed, naked to the eye. There was something ingenuous about its ugliness, something frank and undecieving, so Alicia thought. She did not know that in the July days, every protruding stump and slimy weed was covered with water lilies—a shimmering expanse of white and gold and green. Alas, for the deceit of Nature! But now it presented to her aching eyes only an unheroic miniature of a Sargasso sea. All morning she had sat on the porch, peering with glazed eyes over the

burning surface, a telegraph blank clutched in one hand, a check in the other. Her cheeks still burned, "How dare he after that terrible book—and the telegram with its reckless disregard of the ten word rule: 'Sending check for amount of first receipt from book for charities. You might redeem Hell Bottom—Your loving husband. Robert.' "

And the two other equally insulting notes that lay on the table inside, one for every day. What would it be this morning? She would throw it away unread. Would he never realize that she was serious?

Robert, as he sat at his desk in his study, realized perhaps better than she how serious it was, or would be, if he allowed her to take it so. For the thousandth time he wished he had his hand on the necks of the prying hens who called themselves Alicia's friends. He would stop their cackling. He could hear them yet—banding together to protect their "insulted womanhood" to soothe poor Alicia's feelings. "Of course, Robert loves you, we know, but such a one-sided character sketch. Yes, of course, the story is purely imaginary, but then..."

"Damn it all!" He banged his fist on the table, his grey eyes narrowing to dark points. If only she would read it, she couldn't help seeing. Of course, her foibles were amusing—whose weren't?—and he had tried to give a fair picture. It couldn't be that the whole meaning of the book would escape her—some of the tenderness he had lavished on it must shine through. So much of himself had gone into the drawing of that fascinating creature of complexes—his wife—but what was the use, if she wouldn't read it—and even then, supposing she didn't understand? His throat ached. He could still hear her indignant voice as she left him: "Read it? Of course, I haven't! Nothing could induce me to go beyond the first chapter. That was enough to teach me what you really thought of me."

This was a slight exaggeration. Alicia with her mind intent on her friend's sugary "my dear, how dreadful! If it were my husband—" had skimmed through the first third of the book with burning cheeks and white lips. And she had found what she was looking for. Her cherished fads drawn into the glaring light for inspection, her eccentricities thrown into relief, her tricks and mannerisms exposed, her poor memory, a story she had once told him of her childish dislike for bull pups and ministers; all set down coldly—her life anatomically dissected for the benefit of the curious. If in that swift glance she had

noticed an astonishingly clear insight into her character, an understanding of things she had never dreamed he knew, if she could have seen that the laughter was sympathetic, the probing gentle, it would not have helped much just then. Alicia had sighed often enough it is true, because Robert didn't understand her, but whatever she may say, no woman likes to be seen through even by the man she loves. And Alicia had missed all that her husband had hoped she would find.

Alicia's head ached unbearably from the glare on the water, but she did not stir. Underneath her injured pride and vanity, lay a far deeper hurt, the conviction that five years of life together had meant nothing more to him than a series of amusing accidents. She wished she had the book, not that she would read it, but she would like to see if he had spared anything from the public eye. One thing troubled her. So far as she had made out, among her other weaknesses he had not listed the daily sugar episode.—Why? Or had she merely missed it? She felt a totally disproportionate curiosity concerning that point.

The grandfather clock in the room behind her struck eleven. She rose mechanically, reached for her hat, and made her way down to the undersized dock where a fisherman's dory was riding, oddly out of place on the mill-pond surface of Hell Bottom. The mail should be in by now across the swamp, and she supposed she might as well get it.

Ten minutes later, a little hotter, a little angrier, and considerably perturbed, she emerged from the salmon-pink grocery store, which also served as a general rendezvous, a telephone booth, and post office, for the thirty or so cottages which formed Hot-Hole. She held in her hands a small package, a letter, and a telegram. A dozen speculative eyes followed her down to the boat, where she flung the package disrespectfully on the dirty bottom, and pushed off. A lady that chose to live alone in a cottage by a swamp, and got facetious telegrams every day, deserved to be watched. If it had only happened a year before she would have been a God-send as a German spy. But fate is cruel, and, anyway, the one pair of field glasses in town was broken.

Alicia was oblivious to their curiosity, oblivious to the heat, and the route she took, so much so that twice before arriving at her dock she ran upon one of the numerous snags which helped the swamp to live up to its name and reputation. The package at her feet looked suspiciously like a book. She picked it up as if it had been a snake, and carried it gingerly to the porch, where, ensconced in the only rocking chair, she sat and glared at it. She glanced at the letter and

telegram still unopened in her hand. Should she degrade herself by reading them? After a minute's hesitation she tore the telegram open and with one quick glance flung it aside—well, what had she expected?—"Always supposed you had more sense than to take cue from lot of hens. No use destroying book. One follows every day—Robert."

He had not even asked her forgiveness, not once. And the letter would be only another insult. But when she had read it she sat a long time without rocking, her hands folded, her eyes fixed on a distant spruce.

There had been two notices inside, one a small sealed envelope with "not to be opened until you have read the book," the other a few almost illegible lines: "Do you remember the day we promised each other never to condemn the other fellow without a hearing? You are crawling. I give you four days to read every word of the book, skipping no fair. Then I shall come. If you haven't finished I shall read the end aloud to you, which I think you would find embarrassing—Love—Robert."

The morning of the fourth day found Alicia sitting in front of a smoky fire which emitted damp coughs of despair now and then as a log settled into place. Alicia had never been able to build fires properly, and this one, feeling that it had never had a fair chance, gave up the unequal fight, and laid itself down in its bed of ashes to die.

Alicia mourned over it while the rain dropped with pessimistic monotony from the eaves, and the clock beat with a lame, one-sided tick that became confused in her mind with the thumping of her own heart. The book lay unopened on the table—and he was coming. The last of his messages lay on her lap. It was uncanny how he had gauged her moods these last three days, the gradual dying of the first quick anger, the dull pain, the wondering if she were right, the crumbling of one after another of her defenses of pride until only a stubborn unreasoning determination not to give in remained—and this last message. "Is stubbornness after all one of the chief virtues?" And it had been sent from Brunswick, only thirty miles away. A shiver of excitement ran over her. What would he do—supposing when she said she hadn't read it, he only looked at her and went away? Was stubbornness really the only thing that held her back? Had she become that petty? With a sudden movement of determina-

tion she rose, lit the lamp, and dragged the table towards the one-time fire, and settled down as the clock struck eleven.

At five she was still sitting, her face buried in the open book, her body shaken with sobs. Robert had not come, dully she hoped he wouldn't. She couldn't face him yet, with the mockery of his dedication still burning fresh in her mind—

“To my wife who will understand.”

How she had understood him!—and he. . . What had she ever done to reach the place in his life that he had given her? She knew she should feel proud, happy that underneath she had meant that much to him, but there was only a hurt and shame. Shame that he had read so much into her that was never there. So many moments that she had thought had passed him by unmoved—he must have known, though she could not find them in the book. There was much that wasn't there, much that she was grateful for his having omitted—rare moments of confidence and deep feeling. He had presented the heroine as a girl, not as a wife—that was their own still. It was true that the Alicia of the first half of the book was hateful, shallow, a bundle of mannerisms, and yet herself as the world saw her. The Alicia of the end was as he knew her. She might have guessed from the title “Underneath”—she might have trusted him.

She reached sadly for the note he had left to be read now—there was not much, only—

“If you are still angry there is nothing more to be said. I am sorry if I hurt you. While I was writing I learned to know and love you better. I thought you would understand. All my love—Robert.”

She was too tired to cry, though her throat ached with the desire. She felt that her hurt had been little and passing compared to his. No man, naturally undemonstrative, likes to show you his soul and then have you slap him in the face. He will not forget soon, nor try again.

It was a very forlorn figure that Robert found an hour later, asleep, her head on the table, a damp note clutched in her hand. The fire had ceased even to smoke. The kerosene lamp had taken up its duty and was filling the room with choking vapors. Alicia's hair had come down, and there was a great smudge across her only visible cheek. He sighed with relief as he stooped to kiss the mark.

Three quarters of an hour later Alicia lying on the hair-cloth sofa before a miraculously resurrected fire opened her eyes dazedly upon a cup of tea which had suddenly appeared from nowhere, into her hands.

"Did I faint?" she inquired inanely.

"You did." Robert remarked cheerfully, as he poured some of the scalding tea down her throat, two or three times in succession. "If after five years of married life I can still make my wife faint by kissing her I count myself a success as a husband."

"Robert," she sat up and peered at him through straggling wisps of hair. "Robert!"

"Not a word." He pushed her back gently. "Not one until you've had your hair combed and your face washed. You're a shocking bad sight, I can tell you."

He bent forward and passed a judicious finger across her cheek. "Yes, it comes off,"—he sighed hopefully. "I was afraid—don't believe you've washed since you left me."

It was another quarter of an hour before Robert removed an almost untouched plate of chicken and bread and butter from the now cleanly Alicia and sat down beside her on the couch. There was a minute's silence.

"Well, I judge you're not mad any longer," he said a trifle huskily.

"Mad—Robert!" and there was another silence in which they both proved their satisfaction in the outcome of the entire affair. But once Alicia started speaking it took her the entire evening to convince him of what she really felt and all of Robert's persuasive powers to assure her that he understood. Once she looked up at him with a teasing smile:

"Why didn't you, while you were at it, put in about the three lumps of sugar? I'm sure I deserve it."

He surprised her by blushing to the roots of his hair and answering awkwardly: "I don't know—I'm not sure—I just didn't."

He didn't tell her that to him it was the daily test that proved that he still loved her better than any other woman.

"Nor," he muttered abstractedly, "nor that your sash drags in the butter when you sit on the table."

"Robert," she was horrified, "you never—my sash doesn't drag in the butter, does it?"

"I'm afraid it does, my dear," he quailed under her eye.

"You never told me.—Why?"

"Oh, I don't know. I like it that way I guess." He suddenly held her close.

"Um," she murmured into his coat pocket, "it will be terrible living with a man who understands all about one. I won't dare say anything, and even then, I suppose you will interpret my silence."

"Heaven forbid that I should dream of understanding you. If I had, should I have dared write that book?" She winced and drew back.

"There is only a little of you," he went on gravely looking down at her, "the part I see the rarest that I think I know. The rest of the time I'm up a tree." He walked a little away. "Now why," he ruminated, "why shouldn't you be able to remember about my sugar? I never cease wondering."

And Alicia, metaphorically speaking, winked the inner eye of consciousness, and mentally vowed never, so long as she lived, to remember it.

A Song In May

DOROTHY BUTTS

What matter can it make
If each of us two take
Another road today?
For apple blossom sprays
Will be along our ways
Reminding us of May.
And new love is a boon
Won easily in June.
If you prefer the new
And I the old and you,
What matter can it make
With apple blossom sprays
Along the way, and dreams of May?

The Prom Problem

NAOMI LAUCHEIMER

When I look back on it now, everything seems to have happened so providentially that I almost feel that Heaven must have had a finger in the pie. If it hadn't started out being warm that day, I could never have persuaded mother to let me wear her little short fur coat with the ravishing mole collar, and if it hadn't turned chilly later, I shouldn't have caught my cold, and then I shouldn't have been at home when Mrs. Patton's chauffeur—But I am getting ahead of myself.

It started, as I have hinted, on a warmish morning, when I was becomingly attired in mother's aforementioned coat, and Mrs. Patton called for us to take us into town in her daughter-in-law's machine, who is taking a trip (the daughter-in-law of course) with her husband, leaving the elder Mrs. P. in charge of the household and two children. Mrs. Patton is Southern and sweet, and a doting grandmother. She read us Louise's "cute lettah to huh mothah," and told us all "Babe's" cunning tricks, to all of which my mother, who is one of those blessed people who can not only say just what the other person wants to hear, but mean it too, was lending an attentive ear and appropriate comments. I was sleepy and in a bad humour and therefore no addition to the company.

Mother noticed this after a while and said, "Well, daughter, why so lively?"

A remark like that always helps—to rile one, so I merely shifted my position and replied brilliantly, "I'm not lively."

"No, I can see that, my dear," said mother, "I think you had better brace up," and she turned again to Mrs. Patton.

"Brace up, indeed!" I thought to myself. How on earth could I brace up when I was in the depths of gloom? The fact was I had had a perfectly terrible fight the night before with Dick, and I was busy rehearsing it in my mind's eye. Dick and I had been pretty good friends for quite a while and were just about at the stage where

people put us together at dinner parties as a matter of course. I didn't like the matter-of-course business so much, but I did like Dick—I mean I used to.

At the explosion of last night we had vowed never to see each other again. I didn't mind that especially; I guessed I could stand it if he could—but he was my one and only white hope for Prom. And here I was rather late in the day as it were—Easter vacation—and without a Prom man. I simply couldn't ask another man in our crowd—any one would refuse on general principles knowing I had asked Dick first, and I had no intentions of making up with—

Mother's voice finally penetrated and permeated my agitated consciousness. "Leila," she was saying, "Mrs. Patton is speaking to you."

"Oh. Pardon me," I mumbled, and leaned forward. The sweet little old lady was smiling at me adorably, and wanted to know if I cared to meet her and come out with her that afternoon in the car. Well, the Long Island Railroad has been raising its fares lately in a way that isn't at all funny, so I was nothing loath to save the car fare.

"There's plenty of room," she said cordially, "just Clarence is coming out with me."

By that time we were across the bridge, and at Bloomingdale's, mother and I got out to start our shopping for the day.

"For Heaven's sake, Leila, what is wrong with you?" said mother as we went into the store. "Please act a little more alive if you can. I don't know what Mrs. Patton must think of you."

"Who's Clarence?"

"What?"

"Who's Clarence?"

"Clarence who?"

"That's what I want to know. This Clarence that's going out with Mrs. Patton this afternoon."

"Oh that's Mrs. Patton's unmarried brother, so you'd better wake up a little before then."

I didn't quite get her point. Why pep up for this old gentleman married or not married? But at this moment something else came up and I forgot all about Clarence and his sister until I said good-bye to mother at about 4.30 P. M. As I prepared to meet my chariot, mother called out laughingly, "Better try to make a good impression, Leila," and again I was mystified at her concern. But anyhow, thank

Heaven I had the presence of mind—due to habit, or intuition, or instinct—to powder my nose just before the machine came along and I got my first look at Clarence.

Mother really should have been more explicit. Here I was expecting an old man, and he turned out to be the younger Mrs. Patton's brother, and far from old, and intriguing looking to boot.

I climbed in and was introduced, inwardly blessing the mole collar and the powder on my nose, and had a good look at Clarence. In spite of that name he was a peach—slim and brown, with twinkly eyes, and straight hair, and a square chin. And appreciative—why he just had the nicest habit of throwing back his head and bellowing forth in a loud "Ha, ha."

He loved hearing about college—about our hall 'phone, and the interest we take in each other's conversations, and about the community system in clothes. In fact he displayed such an avid interest in everything, that I just unburdened my soul about every funny thing that has happened this year.

Dick's conversation runs largely along the line of "You and me and mostly me," so this eager drinking in of my words by Mr. Witherspoon—(Yea, verily, on top of the Clarence)—warmed the cockles of my heart toward him. He didn't say much himself, but somehow I wasn't in the least bored! And he asked just the right kind of questions, such as:

"And now that you're home I suppose you're painting the town red?"

I admitted the soft impeachment, and proceeded to enlarge and elaborate to Clarence's further enjoyment. Really, it was with deep regret that I saw our little home town come into view. I began to wonder if I could ask him to call—sadly decided in the negative—hoped faintly and vainly that he would ask if he might, as we drew up at the paternal domicile.

That night I sneezed four times in mother's hearing, arousing her suspicion and the remark, "I knew you should have worn your long coat. And I suppose you went without a petticoat."

Next morning I sniffed and coughed and protested, to no purpose, against bed, a mustard plaster, aspirin and having to break all engagements.

The next two days were repetitions with slight variations—mother having proved impervious to my plea that I must be on the

look-out for a Prom man. On the fourth day, mother relaxed her vigilance and went to New York; I was allowed to leave my bed of pain, and wander about the house, which, of course, thrilled me unspeakably.

And now we come to Mrs. Patton's chauffeur. It was about three o'clock that afternoon when the doorbell rang so violently, that my curiosity was sufficient to make me bestir myself in its direction. The maid was just admitting Mrs. Patton, who was in a terrible state—nearly hysterical, in fact.

I got her settled, brought a glass of water, and tried to get some meaning out of her incoherences.

"Oh my dear—the man is intoxicated, and behaving in the strangest way—simply terrified—looks all red in the face—corners on two wheels—I was passing here—lucky to get him to stop—mercy of the Lord—he's been singing a song about seeing Nellie home" (Mrs. Patton's name is Nellie, and I couldn't help chuckling at the chauffeur's sense of the appropriate, displayed even in his cups)—"terrible grinding of brakes—call Clarence—Plaza 20—tell him—"

At the sound of that magic name I flew at once to the 'phone, and while waiting for Central to decide whether the line was busy or out of order, I had a chance to observe Friend Chauff through the window; truth to tell he did not inspire me with confidence. I have never seen such a perfect exposition of the word maudlin. Hereafter I shall be careful how I use that word on my little friends at college.

Central must have been ill because I got Plaza comparatively soon, and Clarence a little later.

"You aunt's here," I said after the preliminaries, "or—not your aunt—your sister's mother-in-law or whatever she is to you—Mrs. Patton. The chauffeur got drunk and she came here for help and I don't just know what to do. I'm afraid to bring him into the house and if I leave him outside he may elope with the car."

"Good Lord! Well what is he doing? Is he violent?"

"No, but he's singing, 'I'm to be queen of the May' and other ditties. I think it was probably wood alcohol he drank."

"Hmm. Well, I've got my car here. I'll be right down."

"You can't make it in less than an hour. What'll we do in the meantime?"

"Are there any men around?"

"Every male in the town commutes."

"Well, then, 'phone the police."

"It'll take too long for them to get here."

"The devil! Can you drive?"

"Yes."

"Do you suppose you could get him to the Police Station? He doesn't sound as if he ought to be loose."

"Yes," I promised rashly.

"Will he go with you?"

"Suppose so, if I let him sing to me on the way."

"All right, I'll be down as soon as I can make it to look out for Mrs. Patton. Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

I got Mrs. Patton to lie down on the couch, seized father's coat and went out to beard the alcoholic.

"Will you give me a driving lesson, John?" I asked, getting in and starting. Luckily he wasn't in the driver's seat.

"Sure," he said heartily, and we started off to the tune of "Comin' through the rye." I was a little nervous for fear he might try to suit the action to the word, but I needn't have flattered myself. He was sitting with his feet over the edge of the door and waving them about in time to the music when a policeman stopped us.

I had made it a point long ago, when I was young and used to drive without a license, to make friends with all the policemen around—this happened to be a new one.

"Phwat's the meaning o' all this rumpus?" he growled. "Shame on yez the two o' yez. Come along to the station house wid me."

"I was on the way there anyhow," I said with dignity as he got into the back seat, "to take this man there. And I don't need you."

"Indade! Well I guess I'll come and tell the chief about yer conduct. Foine way t'be actin' on the public street. Look sharp now, young woman, and drive to the station house and be quick about it or I'll come take the wheel."

Well, I didn't see anything else to do, and I suppose I did look funny in Dad's coat and no hat, with my hair flying in the breezes. And I figured that when I got there, the chief would know me and it would be all right.

Only it wasn't. In the first place when I stepped out I realized that I still had on the bedroom slippers I'd been paddling comfortably

around the house in, and—there was a new chief. (That's what comes from having the Republicans in office.)

The policeman said he'd arrest us on a charge of drunkenness and when I said I wasn't drunk they squealed me.

Finally after much palavering the chief turned to John, and said, "Is this woman your wife?"

John winked at me and started to sing, "She is ma Daisy," and though I indignantly disclaimed the honor, I don't know whether they believed me any more than they did when I said I wasn't drunk.

The chief turned to me: "What's your name and where did you get the stuff?"

"My name's Leila Alden," I was furious by now, "and I haven't any stuff and I'm not drunk. I live down on Bayview Road here in town and my father is Grover Alden and it's an outrage to keep me here!"

"Easy now, my girl. You just answer the questions I ask, and don't try to give me any bunk about your being Grover M. Alden's daughter. If you are, what were you doing with that man?"

"I was bringing him here to get him out of the way," I exploded, "and now I'm afraid to leave him with such a bunch of imbeciles."

Well, that made him so mad he wanted to lock me right up, but after much discussion I persuaded him to call father's New York office to identify me, but father had left. I knew neither he nor mother were home yet and I didn't think Mrs. Patton or the maids would be much use, so I resigned myself to fate till the train should get in. John meantime having disturbed the peace with "The Old Oaken Bucket," had been removed to more private quarters.

When I had sat and thought of my sins for a while, I was suddenly struck with the thought of Clarence arriving on the scene at home and thinking I had absconded with John or vice versa, so I started on another campaign to persuade the chief to let me use the 'phone. This was still in process when the door opened and in came a policeman and—Clarence. He'd been arrested for speeding.

"Holy Pete!" I exclaimed, thus calling his attention to me in a simple but effective way.

"Great Scott!" he said looking surprised and idiotic. "What are you doing here?"

"You told me to come," said I, "and," pointing at the chief who was beginning to prick up his ears and look interested, "*he* won't let me go."

"What's the meaning of this?" blustered Clarence to the chief, who told him quite frankly that I was being held on a charge of drunkenness and disorderly conduct. Clarence looked at me, and laughed—long and loud. I tried not to join him but failed miserably. So when we got through we wiped our eyes, and Clarence said he'd vouch for me and that I wasn't drunk.

"That don't go," said the chief. "I don't know who you are, and anyhow you give me twenty-five dollars for speeding before you get out of here yourself."

Clarence argued, protested, swore and finally divulged the fact that he had only ten dollars with him. That of course made things still more pleasant.

"It's all right," I comforted him, "Daddy'll bail you out."

"Thanks. But where is he?"

"What time is it?"

"Four-thirty."

"Fine. He and mother take the 5.09 train. Gets in here at five of six. We'll just have to possess our souls in patience till then."

He laughed again. (He has nice teeth.) "Well, anyhow, let's call up Mrs. Patton and tell her where we are, so she can send your father for us as soon as he comes in."

"Righto!" said I agreeably. (I felt more kindly disposed toward the world now that I had found this strong protector—or, rather, had him pushed in on me.) So we 'phoned for some time but Central alternately insisted that the line was busy or that they didn't answer, and we got discouraged and decided to wait.

We sat down on the bench and had a gorgeous chat. It's quite surprising how much faster you get on with a man in jail than under ordinary circumstances. I began to wish mother and dad would miss their train so that we could talk longer. But no such luck. Clarence 'phoned about quarter past six and got the number. My fond parents had just arrived and Dad said he'd be right up with twenty-five dollars and my birth certificate.

"You know," said Clarence as he hung up the receiver, "I've had a wonderful time. I feel as if I owe John and our charming friend here." (meaning the chief) "a vote of thanks."

I blushed and giggled unintelligently.

"I think I'll have to take a run up to that little place you call 'Hamp' and see if things are as nice as you say."

"Please do," I started—and wondered if here wasn't a solution to my problem, and whether I could ask him to Prom.

That was working a bit fast, I decided, but after dad came and the necessary business was gotten through with, and Clarence had been invited to dinner and had accepted, I went outside and when I saw his car—I changed my mind. It would be perfect to bat in. I just couldn't lose it or let it go to waste.

We got the three cars home in relays, ours, and Clarence's, and Mrs. Patton's, and then we had a perfectly lovely party, and made ever so many jokes about the whole affair. Before Clarence left we had made a theatre date and I broached the subject of Prom and he said, "You bet."

Of course it's going to be hard to introduce a man with a name like Clarence Witherspoon, but when I think of that red car, and the smile—Well—I shouldn't care if his name were—Ignatz.

Eternity

DOROTHY BUTTS

Dim with the light of centuries
(Enduring twilight, neither sun nor moon),
Without the pall of night, the blaze of noon,
Run corridors forever, out of sight,
Their only decoration shadow-frieze.
Room after room with arching doors,
Holds silence and gray light.
No footsteps clatter on the quiet floors.
There are no windows and no furnishings.
No luxury, no stint, no garnishings.
Through all the halls, there is no living soul,
Save one who plays such music that the whole
Of time is spent in happy searching.

THE SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

BOARD OF EDITORS

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

DOROTHY BENSON, 1922

MANAGING EDITOR

JULIA LINCOLN, 1922

EXCHANGE EDITOR

ADELAIDE COZZENS, 1922

LITERARY EDITORS

ELEANOR CHILTON, 1922

ATHENA MCFADDEN, 1922

MARGARET TILDSLEY, 1922

ALICE PARKER, 1923

BUSINESS MANAGER

VIRGINIA HATFIELD, 1922

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS

MARIAN WATKINS, 1922

VIRGINIA ANNAN, 1923

ANNA OTIS, 1924

ELIZABETH BOORUM, 1924

Editorial

The Monthly has of late received a good deal of suggestive and constructive criticism, for which its but newly arrived Board feels very grateful, since with the help of these suggestions and the traditions of high literary and artistic standards, developed by the last Board, it should have a very good chance of redeeming that second-hand imitativeness recently condemned as characteristic of the average college magazine. But there are a good many shoals to be avoided, it seems, and we, far from attempting the task of a literary "Hervé Riel" can only hope to steer clear of a few of the difficulties our friends have pointed out.

We should like to have more of a reflection of college life in *The Monthly*; not merely anecdotal and superficial variations of the daily routine, but sincere expressions of the attitude of individuals who

realize the significance college, with its influences and its associates, will have upon their later life. There are people who have stirred us; happenings that have awakened avenues of thought; enthusiasms and hobbies we have eagerly discussed, more vivid and real to us by far than the fancies our imaginations have brought us from the outside world. Yet it is the latter that we have rather chosen to portray for a long time; perhaps because we mistakenly thought our imaginations could find nothing to elaborate upon in our daily life here, perhaps because we were afraid of expressing thoughts or personal impressions that might be understood too well. But how infinitely more valuable to the thoughtful reader is that story or sketch which has the quality of vitality and sincerity, rather than of pure imagery and ideality. The one may in many cases arouse and stimulate us; the other, for the very airiness of its foundation, interests or amuses us for scarcely more than a short time. Signed articles are a tradition, but not a requirement, for *Monthly*; if contributors prefer the freedom of anonymity, they can have it.

The material which we receive from Sophomores and Juniors for the first three months next year, we shall consider for the first period of *Monthly* Board trials, which terminate at the end of November. According to the merit and amount of their contributions, two more members will be taken on the Board at that time. The trials for the remaining places on the Board will be concluded in March, as heretofore.

We are grateful to the old Board for its welcome and its commendation of us. We hope that we shall be able to satisfy the ideals of literary merit so well upheld before, and we also hope that, in our turn, we may be able to contribute as much to the success of *The Monthly* during our guardianship of it.

The Monthly does not profess to be a magazine of poetry, and yet with the increasing preponderance of verse over prose—good prose—in its contributions, it bids fair to become one, willy-nilly,—or die for lack of balanced nourishment. Can it be that all the good story-writers and essayists, concealed in every large aggregation, have been completely perverted by the recent tidal wave of poetic frenzy? Have they learned to rhyme and reduce to measure, those inner impulses to expression, which used to expand so glowingly and abundantly in the romance and realism of the short story and of

the sketch? It is not a cheerful thought that these people who are so obviously full of ideas, interesting, intriguing ones too, which are not half appreciated, compressed in a miserly half dozen lines, are under the blight of a passing fad; that in other, happier, days their feelings might have had full play, poor things! and, in their own appointed realm, have expanded into thrilling romances,—love stories,—mysteries,—nay, even reflective sketches or essays! What soul, be she never so æsthetic or poetical, has not a tender feeling for some one of these? How many times our most cherished “idea,” which has kept us seething and fidgeting to madness, when we tried to fit it into a ten-syllable line,—or perhaps two lines,—has lent itself graciously and enchantingly, to exposition,—or narration. Or, if glowing with pride and righteous self-appreciation, we do, manage to compress it into a jingling couplet, ten to one our most sympathetic friend will overlook the “meaning,” or find it too much to digest, and so, swallow it in one, uncomprehending gulp. Which simply goes to prove that some temperaments cannot be justified by a Steero tablet; the expansive beef-steak only is sufficient to do them credit.

Nor do we willingly belittle that most excellent medium of writing, by this, perhaps irreverent, comparison. Not for anything! There are, undoubtedly, some few of us who really see the world through metaphorical eyes, to whom philosophy and experience only penetrate in musical echoes, to whom life is a vision, which no other art save poetry may interpret. Let us not encroach too much upon their undisputed realm, when another field may be possessed more wisely and more well, by those of us whose literary boundaries are not so clearly defined. Let us not cramp our expansive natures, or stint them uselessly, in a vain imitation of those to whom come naturally, a fine-spun rapture and instinctive compression. A well-balanced magazine needs good prose, parlously. The zest of the college magazine would be lost, in a great measure, without good prose: without intelligent and interesting stories that give one something to think about,—an attribute that at the present day belongs more frequently to the poem than the short story,—perhaps because short story writers have rather wasted their efforts on those magazines known as “time-killers.” If our tellers of tales could retain the ideals of the poet, the depth of thought and significance, the æsthetic beauty of well-chosen words, without losing the measure of plot, suspense, and character study, that is the endowment of the imaginative person,—

we should have a magazine to linger over and even re-read; and poetry, rather than being our mainstay and bulwark, might resume its function of a delicate relish or condiment, to muse upon at leisure; for gossamer must be laid between more substantial substance to be fully appreciated.

And so, ladies, we do adjure you, if the propensity to prose be at all in your nature, to forego for a space, the tempting fragility of poesy; to write which is a grateful task, we know, and one less time-consuming, perhaps, to those who do not take it too seriously,—an advantage, which we sometimes suspect, is not altogether ignored by the college literary aspirant in choosing a medium. But in the end, one saves time by working faithfully and fruitfully in that particular vein for which one is best fitted and needed,—there is sure to be some sort of crown in store; if your endurance is not great, but intensive, there is *The Monthly*; missing that, there is the wider possibility—public acclamation, perhaps, as a novelist,—but failing all this even, weary, yet persisting one, you know there is bound to be—Heaven.

So I Shall Stand

ELEANOR CHILTON

So, I shall stand upon a spot I know,
A patch of threadbare hilltop, Tree withdrawn,
And wait until the wind shall come along.
And silently, I know, I'll be aware
Of restless, flapping skirts about my knees—
And, stealthily, around my neck, my hair.
The leaves will stir, and turn their glistening backs,
And straight ahead I'll see the sky again.
The sky that drifts across the steady hills
And folds itself around the far-off sea—
Around—around—and always back to me.

The Inner Shrine

(A Bit of Inside Information.)

LENORE WOLF

Cast :

ALLA LIKE—A modern girl
GREEN CHIFFON—An evening dress
HENNA HOMESPUN—A sport suit
GREY CANTON CREPE—An afternoon dress
ORANGE VELVET—A tea gown
BLACK LACE—A dinner dress
GREY SQUIRREL—A fur coat
BLUE DUVETYNE—A dress coat
BLUE SERGE—A street dress
TAM—
PICTURE HAT—
FEATHER HAT—

Scene :

The inside of a clothes closet. Dresses hung on the rod. On a shelf above are three hats. When the curtain rises there is a short silence—then the dresses begin to talk :

HENNA HOMESPUN—Goodness, isn't it stuffy in here! I feel as if I were fading—and I am such a pretty color too!—all the rage you know—

BLUE DUVETYNE—(Complacently.) Not any more so than I am. Besides I have the latest lines. This clinging mode is just from Paris—shows off the figure so well you know—

HENNA HOMESPUN—You Paris styles make me sick—always bragging because you come from Paris—You're most of you just imitations anyway! Now, I—am original. I began here, and here I'll wear out. What's the matter with me, anyway? Haven't I a short enough skirt? I measure fourteen inches from the floor.

BLUE DUVETYNE—Oh, your skirt is all right—though you might show the knee.—In Paris—

HENNA HOMESPUN—(Disgustedly.) Paris.

BLUE DUVETYNE—Paris! Just the same you're too flabby—too loose. You should have lines. Alla Like revels in my line—But then you see I'm from Paris, and that makes me above suspicion.

HENNA HOMESPUN—(*Crossly.*) Oh, I'm tired of Paris! Besides it is stuffy in here and hot too—Whew! It smells like stale cigarettes. Who's been around them last? (*Sniffs.*)

GREEN CHIFFON—(*Laughingly.*) My dear, what can you expect? I just came in at four this morning, and I was put right in here—

BLACK LACE—Don't apologize!

GREEN CHIFFON—I'm not! I'm rather proud of my late hours, you know. (*Smugly.*) I see life! All the gaiety of the theatres and the restaurants. And the dancing—well, really, I can't tell you. Some of you aren't old enough to know—And what of smoking? Everyone does it. Alla Like does it too.

ORANGE VELVET—(*Peevishly.*) Well, turn your back. You make me ill!

GREEN CHIFFON—Dear me—I have no back!

ORANGE VELVET—No back?

GREEN CHIFFON—Oh, none of the best evening dresses have nowadays—and I pride myself upon coming from one of the best families. Dear me, Chiffon, my ancestor, was famous long before Homespun or Crêpe or Duvetyne were ever more than stuff for gunny sacks!

HENNA, DUVETYNE, CREPE—(*Indignantly.*) Indeed!

GREEN CHIFFON—(*Languidly again.*) These nouveaux riches bore me—

BLUE DUVETYNE—(*Furiously.*) Indeed? In Paris—

GREEN CHIFFON—"Paris" again—you're no more French than Homespun is—you upstart!

BLACK LACE—Hush, hush! Don't quarrel. You both are worn by Alla Like. Tell me Chiffon, what have you done with your back and sleeves?

GREEN CHIFFON—You're so dense, Lacy! What good do your back and sleeves do you? Why have you holes as big as a dime in you, Grandmother dear? (*Mockingly.*) All the better to see Alla Like, my dear. Why haven't I sleeves and a back? For the very same reason.

GREY CREPE—(*Sarcastically.*) I always said there wasn't much to you, Chiffon—you're mostly effect anyway.

GREEN CHIFFON—(*Flippantly.*) That's all that is necessary—and the less there is—the more effect. Alla Like will tell you that.

GREY CREPE—Well, that may be true, but when does she wear me? Whenever she wants a proposal. I heard her say the other day that the way to make a man pop the question is to wear a grey dress. The color is demure and simple, but the cut must be extreme. Whenever a man is particularly difficult, she simply cuts another inch off her skirt.

BLACK LACE—(*Defensively.*) Black is just as effective. It is much more interesting too. It makes Alla Like look as if she had a past.—

GREY CREPE—Talk about a past!—Do you know what Alla Like calls me? Her "proposing dress." I've been through them all. I've heard cave men, students, artists, actors, davenport artists, and singers, propose—I've seen them get down on their knees, rage up and down, plead, storm and rave—Past?—Oh my!

PICTURE HAT—(*From above.*) Who's off? I've never heard such a eulogy. You're not the only useful one. I hide a multitude of sins. My shadow makes the face of Alla Like intriguing.

FEATHER HAT—But *I* am much more useful. I am flirtatious. A shake of the head sends me all aquiver. With the head cocked on one side, I am coy; with an elevated chin, I am alluring—you see, my value lies in my versatility. I'm never twice the same.

RED TAM—That's just it! You keep people guessing too much. Alla Like needs me to keep her youth. I am rakish, and full of joy! *I* am the most useful!

ORANGE VELVET—(*Peevishly.*) Dear me, listen to the children fight. Now I have been silent so far—but really—I have all the virtues put in one—

HENNA HOMESPUN—(*Sweetly.*) How modest, Velvet dear.

ORANGE VELVET—Well it's true! I have line—I have grace—and I have color! I've heard her say she liked a vivid color because she liked to have her clothes help out her conversation. *I* am indispensable to Alla Like!

BLUE DUVETYNE—(*Sarcastically.*) You *would* do that, Velvet darling—and nowadays the conversation of Alla Like would, if it required any help at all, need something like your color—bright and—speedy, shall we say?

HENNA HOMESPUN—(*To Velvet.*) By the way, do you run, dear?

ORANGE VELVET—(*Indignantly.*) I'm fast!—Guaranteed not to run or fade!

GREY SQUIRREL—(*Testily.*) Here, here! there's too much noise. A person can't even have a little nap. Why—

GREEN CHIFFON—Why have you been so quiet, Squirrel?

GREY SQUIRREL—I'm hibernating, my dear.

GREEN CHIFFON—Hibernating?

GREY SQUIRREL—Yes. You see it's too cold for Alla Like to wear me now. She wears Duvetyne there and saves me for warm weather. Ho-Hum!—this is only January. My rush season doesn't begin till next month. Be quiet now, and let me sleep. (*Sinks her head down, and seems to go to sleep.*)

ORANGE VELVET—You might as well sleep. Alla Like isn't up yet! Wonder whom she'll wear today? I was out yesterday, and so were Duvetyne and Chiffon, and so was Henna.

GREY CREPE—Well, I haven't been out in several days. Neither has my skirt been shortened. Girls! (*In a frightened voice.*) Is there a newer color out?

GREEN CHIFFON—Well, there's none come in here. Of course—I'm not sure. What do you say, Duvetyne?

BLUE DUVETYNE—(*Thoughtfully.*) Well—When I left Paris—they were considering purple—

GREY CREPE—Oh dear! Oh dear!

SERGE—(*She has been squeezed against the wall and no one has paid any attention to her. She is very plain. She now says shyly*) Why, I think grey is lovely.

GREY CREPE—Good gracious! Who is that?

CHORUS—Who are you?

SERGE—I'm the dress Alla Like's mother made over from last year—

GREEN CHIFFON—Oh, you're little old last year's model, are you?

HENNA HOMESPUN—And made over by mother? Oh! Oh! (*She laughs hysterically.*)

SERGE—Alla Like doesn't care for me—I can't imagine why.

HENNA HOMESPUN—(*Laughing.*) Doesn't care for you. Oh! Oh!

SERGE—I haven't been out of here in so long—I wish Alla Like would wear me again.

HENNA HOMESPUN—Oh! Oh! really, girls, this is too good.

SERGE—(*Naïvely.*) I used to be quite a favorite with the mother of Alla Like—

HENNA HOMESPUN—Listen, listen!

SERGE—I have such pretty shoes too—nice wide ones with flat heels. I don't seem to see them here any more.

HENNA HOMESPUN—Hear, hear—flat heels. Oh, this is too good!

SERGE—(*Sadly.*) I'm afraid Alla Like has cast me off for good. The last time she wore me she tore a hole in my skirt. (*Tearfully.*) I think she did it on purpose. (*Then brightly.*) But the mother of Alla Like mended me beautifully, you can scarcely notice it now.

CHORUS—(*Laughingly.*) Mended!!

SERGE—And I used to have such a pretty hat too—a wide one with a bow and streamers. (*Craning her neck.*) Is it up there?

PICTURE HAT—(*Languidly.*) Oh, I say! This is too much. A hat with streamers! *Streamers!!* Imagine it.

SERGE—Well I wish Alla Like would wear me again—I do!

BLACK LACE—(*Gently.*) Never mind, child. She'll wear you again some day.

HENNA HOMESPUN—Say, what do you want? You've had your day. Made over by mother.—Oh!—oh!—I say, that's rich.

GREEN CHIFFON—Yes! My child I fear you're done for. You can't expect to live forever, you know. And you've really had quite a long life considering how fast things go out of style. Now, Chiffon, of course, is always good—

BLUE DUVETYNE—(*Sarcastically.*) Oh! of course. And then, then, naturally, anything from Paris—

BLACK LACE—(*Anxiously.*) And Black is so interesting. Don't you think?

HENNA HOMESPUN—(*Wailing.*) Everybody wears Homespun.

GREY CREPE—And grey is demure—

GREEN CHIFFON—(*Cruelly.*) Oh, Grey, you're done for—you haven't been out for several days.

GREY CREPE—I'll surely go out today—

ORANGE VELVET—Sh-h! Here comes Alla Like. Wonder who it'll be?

SERGE—I want to go—Oh, I want to go!

GREY CREPE—(*Excitedly.*) It's me! it's me! I knew there was a man around. (*As a hand is pushed in from the back to take her down.*) Oh, I hope it's a cave man. They're much the most fun!

CURTAIN

Break

DOROTHY BUTTS

Break my heart, O Spring!
Beat with your bright bird-wing
And fling your petals till they smart!
Pry at mended edges till they start
And with your eager fingers,
Empty your cedar chest of yesterday!
Shake out the wrinkles! Surely, here
Is something bright enough to wear this year!

A Bubble

ELIZABETH HART

“Well, Jack, old man, how’s America?”

“Oh, not so bad, but thank the Lord for Naples.—You, Whistler, let the poor eat alone.—Fine dog, Whistler.”

“Undeniably fine dog. How did he take to America?”

“We had some good races, but Naples for ours, n’est-ce pas, Whistler, old boy?” Jack’s hand smoothed the dog’s head, while Jack’s eyes wandered off across the dusk-deepened blue of the bay. Jack’s companion adjusted the back legs of his wicker chair in a crack in the red tiles of the terrace, and tilted back comfortably.

“Suppose you make a clean breast of it, Jack,” he suggested, scrutinizing the square-cut face whose glance was resolutely kept from meeting his.

“What’s the use, Hal?”

Jack brought his eyes back at last, and looked at Hal too directly for the latter’s comfort.

“Have a cigar,” Hal offered, thrusting his hands into his hip pockets.

“Thanks,” replied Jack with a wry face, “I’ve quit smoking.”

“Given up all of a sudden?” asked Hal. “Did America do that?”

“Well, I wouldn’t blame it on the Italian consulate.” Jack was silent for several minutes, as the night grew abruptly darker. When the twilight had become quite pronounced, he leaned forward in his chair, and pulled Whistler’s head between his knees.

“I guess you know I came first to Italy ten years ago,” Jack began. “I secured my appointment here with the consulate bureau, through the influence of an uncle who lives in Connecticut, in one of the little towns along the Sound.

“Do you know that Connecticut country? I remember just how it looked ten years ago, the week before I sailed, when I went up there for a last interview with my uncle. He lived a mile or two out of the town, and I walked out there to see him; it was in late April.

I had my dog with me—Whistler's predecessor—Sir Walter Raleigh, his name was. Dear old Sir Walter! He was forever running after the squirrels and barking at robins and woodpeckers. He was just a pup then, and I wasn't much better—only eighteen.

"I carried off the interview successfully, to my way of thinking, at least, and set out once more with Sir Walter at mid-afternoon. We had been racing down a hill, and sat down to rest on a stone wall built close in front of a low hedge. Just as we were about to go on, I heard a voice on the other side of the wall."

Jack stopped, and sat twirling Whistler's ears.

"Well, what was it?" encouraged Hal.

"I jumped down on the inner side of the hedge," went on Jack, "and walking a little way along the path, I saw that it was a little girl. Her sun-bonnet had come off, and she was holding up a scrap of a gray kitten, and ordering a snappish little poodle to take himself off. The kitten was spitting like a good one, and the poodle was growling, but when he saw Sir Walter, he disappeared in the bushes. I caught Sir Walter before he could swallow the kitten, and stopped a minute to talk.

"The little girl gravely disentangled the kitten from her curly mop, and stood looking up at me.

"'Is that your big dog?' she asked in a tone sufficiently unawed considering Sir Walter's bulk.

"'Yes,' I said. 'His name is Sir Walter; my name is Jack.'

"'S'Wal'er?' she repeated, 'and Jack. Do you know my name? I'm Peggy, and this—the kitten—is Tommy, and this—an enormous rag-doll with shoe-button eyes—is Arabeller. Where are you going, Jack?'

"'I told her I was going to Italy.

"'I hope you'll have a nice time there,' she said politely, 'you an S'Wal'er. But we likes home.'

"'How old is Araminta?' I asked.

"'Not Araminta, Arabeller,' she corrected me. 'Oh, she's five. I'm her murver; me's six. An' her legs is awful loose. I teach her to write. I can write lots of fings—"Peggy" an'—"Peggy"—and "pussy"!' "

"'How old are you, Miss Peggy?' I asked.

"'Not very,' she said, doubtfully.

"'Six years old?'

“ ‘No, jus’ six.’ ”

“You can’t imagine, Hal, what an adorable little woman-thing she was. I tore myself away at last, with only eight minutes to make my train. Before I went, the baby promised to write me a letter, ‘Oh, very often; every time there comes Sunday.’ She wrote, too. I suppose her mother or her nurse humored her in it. Perhaps they knew my uncle.”

“There was her first letter,” Jack’s hand went to his pocket in the dark, almost as though the letter were still there. She said, ‘Peggy loves Jack. Come back soon. Peggy.’ The address was tipsy, and the stamp was in the middle of the envelope. She kept on writing for eight years, not often, but as though she didn’t mind. Then the letters stopped suddenly.

“When I went back to the States last month, I wrote and asked if I might call. I found her entirely grown up. Pretty? Well. . .

“ ‘I can’t see you more than an hour, Jack,’ she told me, ‘because I have a motoring date with Billy at five. Won’t you come to walk in the rose-garden?’ ”

“I asked if I might bring Whistler, and she had no objections if only he wouldn’t rub against her. She had forgotten all about old Sir Walter.

“We sat down on a bench in the garden, and talked a little. She had been away at boarding-school, like all the rest of them. She asked me a hundred questions about Italy, but didn’t pay much attention to my answers. Presently she pulled out a little silver case, and said, ‘Won’t you have a cig, Jack? I’m simply dying for one.’ ”

Hal smoked silently, looking out into the black space where the sea had been visible twenty minutes before. Whistler was dozing.

“Naples is the place for me,” said Jack, straightening up with no regard for the sleeping Whistler. “What’s that dancing-girl’s name? You know, the svelte brunette.”

Gwin

ELLEN EVERETT

New York City.

(You know it's vacation and I
haven't time to look up the date.

Kate me darlin',

Of course I've arrived all right—"hale and hearty" as Dad would say. Oh, my dear, if he could but see me now!—I'm working in Macy's; didn't have a bit of trouble getting a job, even though you do have to pass an intelligence test now. I've been here three days and my back has ached three nights. The first day, I might as well have been at home for all the experience I got; the girls were perfectly all right—but, oh, you know the variety, flat stale, unprofitable, as Shakespeare would say. They had the shop girl lingo but they didn't get anywhere with it; one of them had a paralytic mother, a pneumonic father and a consumptive sister—but I haven't time to tell you about her. I had decided to study her when SHE arrived on the scene of action. Kate, she ought to be in a book and, be gorry, if me little pen will help, she sure will, some day. She's dreadfully good-looking in a vivid golden way—reminds me of somebody at college but I can't think who. You should hear her talk! She wasn't a bit backward; the floor-walker put her with me—I'm at the glove counter 'cause I'm supposed to have fairly decent hands. She gave me the once-over, ruffed one portion of her auburn hair (it's good looking hair but she has it hennad terribly) cocked her shoulder and said, in the airiest tone, "Well, girly, do you like my looks? If you don't, you know, we'll ask the Lord if he can't do better. We Aim to Please—that's the Lord and me all over!" I could have hugged her—isn't it great to be with people once in a while that you don't at all approve of? They're so interesting, especially for talking over with one's best friend. And to think I am getting just what I came after! Dad and mother weren't at all enthusiastic—(observe Beowulf's method of understatement)—over my coming. Mother said, "Anne, why you want to go into a store and spend your entire Easter vacation with

shop-girls, I can't see—and you'll miss the Dodson's dance, and the Glegg's dinner, and Mrs. Deane told me Horace was coming home especially to see you." Of course, I do hate missing them, that is, the first. I'm sorry to say it, but Horace simply fatigues me to tears; but, you know, his mother and mine are such good friends that I'd never have the heart to tell him that, so I think this is a very tactful way for us to end, don't you? Besides, George and Paul are in Bermuda; not that I care anything about them—you know that, Kate—but Paul always dances on his own feet, and that's no small thing in a man these days. And George just naturally wields a wicked tongue when it comes to current topics and, after a date with him, I can have the most interesting discussions with dad. Sorry, but haven't a second more to write, as I just have to get to work on time,

Ever thine,

ANN.

April 2, 1921.

Kate dear,

Thanks for your letter; you think I'm just on a lark but really I'm serious. Hear? O! I feel I owe this bit of real life to my career. You know Mr. Thington said we should write about what we know, and I can't write about anything that happens at college except the things I know—and the girls never would forgive me if I did that! You'd make an adorable book, only I've promised never to breathe anything you've told me—at least I've promised so much that I haven't the least idea what I can and what I can't tell, so can't tell either. Well, I wanted to know about the Real Shop-Girl and her Heart and you needn't laugh, because I am absolutely serious, and I'll really be hurt if you refer again to "The Lure of the Shop Gal's Soul," or "Breaking off with Horace."

Having convinced you of my seriousness, I shall proceed to my subject of experimentation. Her name is Gwinivere—isn't that gorgeous? By the way, I forgot to tell you my name, and if I hadn't gotten your letter before the rest of the boarding house got down to breakfast, I should have fainted! My name is Daphne, I always did want to be named Daphne but never had the nerve to tell anybody. My last name is the same—Daphne McClaren; not bad, is it? Gwinivere is everything that she should be for purpose of literature, and things are getting quite lively. She has taken a fancy to me, too, though I don't know why, for she's so big and attractive. She snubs

the other girls awfully. I asked her yesterday, "Gwinivere, why are you horrid to May and Fuzzy? May has a pneumonic mother and—" "Oh, can the hospital stuff, Daph," she said in that languorous voice of hers, "She's nothing in my young life—besides you've told me the family ailments three times and you get them mixed." "Don't you care about anybody that isn't something in your young life?" I asked. I have cultivated my voice so it sounds as if it was born selling gloves; but I live in terror that she will discover I'm a college girl; she simply hates them; says she waited table at Shattuck Inn once when a bunch from Smith were there—I'll tell you some other time what she said about them. She's the queerest combination of deep and light. I'd give anything if, somehow, I could get her to Smith and really know her; it seems a pity that such a wonderful girl should be wasted, the way she is—and Kate, life here *is* dangerous. The things she has told me! The first day I was here, I felt sorry for Fuzzy who's going to marry a clerk in the rug department, as soon as they save enough money to take them on a trip to the mountains; neither has ever been outside of N. Y. C. It was on the tip of my tongue to tell her she ought to move to Hamp, because they give you fifty dollars there to marry, if your family hasn't over a thousand dollars—you remember, that tortoise-footed maid we had before Xmas did it. But, Fuzzy is simply nothing compared with Gwinivere!

I must stop,

ANN.

April 3.

Dearest Kate,

I'll begin this letter where the middle of yesterday's left off. When I asked Gwin if she didn't care about anybody who wasn't "something in her young life" she looked at me queerly and patted my hair. "I like you, Squirt," she said. (She calls me "Squirt" lots, because she says my eyes squirt grins—sounds like a grape-fruit, doesn't it?) But I'm nothing to you," I said, hopefully. She laughed. "How do you know, dearie? There's one favor you could do for me." At the idea of doing her a favor, I felt like crying, "I gloat."—you know how "Stalky and Co." were always doing. "What?" I said the way a Freshman is supposed to gasp to a Senior,—though I haven't noticed them doing it. "Get out of this damned life," she said cool as a cucumber. "You're too little—you'll go under." Then two old ladies came in and we had to fit them. One was so sweet I nearly

wept. I must have an awfully baby-doll face, Kate, why didn't you ever tell me about it? The old lady asked me lots of questions and I told her the same story I told Gwin and the girls;—how I'd always lived in Boston, and how my father and mother were killed in a riot when I was six and my brother five, and how we sold papers and grew up, and I came to N. Y. and worked in a chorus until—here I blush—and the old lady squeezes my hand; and then I go on to say how I worked in several stores and posed for an artist, and thus helped my brother to stay in school. It's very touching and I say it just as naturally, with not a bit of self-pity, though sometimes I get so sorry for myself I nearly cry, especially since I've worked up the chorus scene. The old lady gave me some beautiful advice. I don't believe in lying but—oh, I guess I am ashamed of myself about the old lady—I never would have raved on if she hadn't been such a wonderful audience; she left five dollars in my hand. I treated the girls to strawberry sundaes. Am sorry, though. 'Bye.

ANN.

April 3, night.

Dearest Kate,

Some real excitement! Gwin and I left the store today and meandered up Fifth Avenue. It was getting dark but the shops are so pretty that we just had to stop and look. I simply ached to say, "Gwin, get that wisteria hat; dad doesn't care how much I spend!" But instead I had to pretend to long for a gray Bramley—as if I hadn't seen enough at Hamp to satisfy any craving for one for the next century. Tears came into my eyes when I saw the agony—nearly that in her's when she looked at the window. She turned around suddenly. "There, there, don't cry, girly," she said to me soothingly, "Life may be a trap of circumstances, but I'll get you out of it if you will—trust me. Won't you, Daphne?" I don't know what I would have answered—she wants me to go to a backwood's aunt of hers as a waitress, but about this time, an attractive looking man stopped and said, "Good-evening." Gwin's entire expression changed, and she responded with the icy sweetness of a frozen sweet pickle, "Good evening." "How would you like a little supper party?" asked he, real genially. "Why, I would just love it," answered Gwin in the same tone, "But really, you know, I don't believe it's being done this season," and with that she marched me off. Kate, if you could have seen his expression! "You were wonderful," I told Gwin—

think I said it devoutly. (I usually forget when I'm undergoing an emotion that I've got to describe it later.) "You'd have probably gone with him," Gwin half sneered. "Well, I might have," (That's true, Kate, though I don't think I would. I just adore experience but am awfully lacking in nerve. It's like having the appetite of an elephant in a land of plenty with the stomach of a wren.) But you know yourself, Gwin," I continued, "That you said a girl had to do a lot of risky things to have a good time; that shop girls like us didn't have nothing but a choice between unhappiness and poverty and unhappiness and glitter." "Did I tell you that?" Gwin asked fiercely "Yep," I said. "Well, I take it back, every blamed word," she said tensely, "That may be all right for girls like me that can fight their own way but not for you."

That's all for today, *ma chère*,

ANN.

P. S. Kate, I am excited and happy, but when I think of how I am deceiving Gwin, my heart nearly breaks. I wish I were Daphne so Gwin could save me! But even more, I wish father could adopt Gwin in some way; I've written him about it."

A.

April 4.

Kate, I am thrilled! The good-looking man that spoke to Gwin yesterday strolled by our counter today and winked at Gwin! My, how she did look at him! It's a good thing she isn't a Medusa or we would have had a marble Apollo growing right in front of the glove counter. He wasn't even phased. He walked over and said in the most saccharine voice: "Hello, dearie. Henna sure is your color," and walked out. Whether he was talking about her hair or her tie I don't know.

Gwin's eyes were just blazing. "If he ever speaks to you," she hissed in my ear, "Tell him to go to the devil, and then you beat it!" "Why Gwin," I said, surprised, for she's usually as calm as Hamp, "He looked harmless." "That's just it," said she, "I know him—and I know his kind; rich fellows who think they'll have a bit of fun with 'poor working goils,' and forget that there's such a thing as hearts in us painted machines behind the counter!" "But I can take care of myself," I said. "Nope," her assurance had all returned and she reddened up her lips as she spoke, "I can, but not you. You're nothing but a baby—and you as much as confessed you didn't know

what to do with that stage manager and—Squirt, you're a cross between an angel and a fool and N. Y. ain't no place for either, though the devil knows there's enough of 'em both here. You're going to my aunt in the Adirondacks; I've written her about you being a waitress at her boarding house." "I don't want to," I said, "Why don't you go?" She shrugged her shoulders. "Me? huh? I ain't afraid of these little Broadway lights or any other stuff that glitters. Get me, kid?" *Au revoir,*

Your ANN.

April 5.

Friend o' mine, you are a treasure! I adore my parents, but I can't tell them about certain kinds of things; they love the May and Fuzzy stuff, though. But a woman needs a confidante, even eliminating the question of the career. Today, "He" came again. There are lots of "he's" that come, but none quite so nice looking. If I were Daphne, I'm sure I'd go to the ends of the earth with him. It's not what he says but something in his eyes. He stopped in front of our counter, and said in a soft voice, "Aren't you going to speak to me, Gwinivere?" "I've spoken to you already more than I wish," she said, both hot and cold. His eyes wandered toward the ceiling in a manner that Daphne would have thought divine, but that Ann thought terribly melodramatic and sentimental. "But dearie," he said, "You know I'm just a fool about you." "I am sorry to be the cause of such an obvious condition," said Gwin. Here he grinned and it was the variety of grin that Ann liked. But immediately, his face took on the sick cow look again. "Gwinivere," he cooed, "I'll be your Arthur or your Lancelot or—" "Can it," said Gwin, her eyes flashing. "If you don't leave at once, Phil, I'll call the floor-walker. I mean it." "But your little friend—I'd like to meet her," he said in a lower tone. But at the expression on Gwin's face, he made a hasty exit.

Gwin turned to me and her cheeks were redder than the paint on them and her eyes all pupils. "That man!" she gritted her teeth over both words. "He is nice-looking," I said—you see, I have to lead her on; each time I make a remark of this order she tells me another of her awful experiences, all of which nearly terminated sadly. "He is scum, scum!" said Gwin. "I liked him," said I. "You little baby," she said, "You'd like anything with a decent smile! Suppose he asks you to dinner?" "Well, if he gave me some good food," I began.

(Thank heavens, Kate, you know I'm nice, or you'd never believe it, would you?) Gwin caught my hand and squeezed it so it hurt. "Can't you understand what Life'll do to babies like you?" A customer came in then, but later she started again—sad, beautifully sad. "Daphne," she said solemnly, "I didn't intend to tell you, but I guess I've got to. I—I care for Phil—but I'm paying him back for—well, I don't want you trying to vamp him. Get me?" I got her Kate—and feel like a villain, an unhappy one.

As ever—no decidedly different,

ANN.

April 6.

Dearest Kate:

The climax has arrived and I feel like a Hardy heroine, a regular "vessel of emotion." I long for College—shan't even mind fish on Fridays. He—Phil—came this morning and said to me, "I'd like to make your acquaintance, Miss Friend-of-Gwinivere's." He said it not in that "smooing" fashion he used to Gwin, but as a really nice man would. "I'm sorry, but you can't," I said at length. "Do you believe in love at first, second or third sight?" he asked. "I don't think I do," I replied. "What would you say if I told you I loved you—honorably loved you?" he asked in the gentlest, finest voice. I felt sorry for Daphne and Gwin and Ann—for all three liked him. "I'd say I heard your speeches to my friend, yesterday." He looked puzzled, then worried. "But, if in a week—I explained—" "You mean," I interrupted haughtily, "That if you break off with her—a case of 'off again, on again, gone again, Finnegan?'—no, I love Gwinivere," "Oh, I do too," he said impatiently, "But it's different—" Gwin came back at that moment. She looked at us and became superlative. "Daphne," she stated quietly, "You can choose between my friendship—and his." "I'll take your's, Gwin," I said miserably, "But I want to speak to him a minute." She left us. "She really loves you," I told him. "Marry her and make her happy—" He looked sick, and said good-bye. Gwin came back and we started home. "My aunt will take you," she said, "Will you go?" I finished at the store today, so I said, "I'll let you know tomorrow." "Telephone me," she said, "For I'm going to leave Macy's tomorrow. I have a better job offered me." And then she kissed me.

Everything's wrong, Kate. I start for Hamp in the morning so please be waiting to welcome

Your sadly experienced ANN.

April 8.

Kate, you blessed child, what possessed you to get measles and not be here—and I never had so much to tell you. You'll never never guess what! You know how enormous "Government" is? I was late yesterday so had to sit on the back seat. My dear, we simply gobbled up each other's' Senior pins with our eyes—can you get over it. I haven't the least idea what I said but she gasped, "Squirt—Daphne. What were you doing there?" "I was looking for the working-girl's soul, there," I said flatly. "What were you Gwin?" she looked stunned. "I, Margaret Howe, was studying social conditions among shop-girls. Heavens! To think of how I nearly ruined my hair and of the things I made Gwin do to get in touch with—another Senior." "Well, I've ruined my voice for ever," I returned woe-begonely, "And wasted two weeks and—" Gwin's—that is Margaret's,—face lighted and we found ourselves shaking hands. "Not wasted!" she said, "Not a bit!" "But the man," I asked after a while. "Phil?" Margaret began to giggle. "He found out where I was—and adores to tease, so did all that silly talking to have a good time out of me." "Then you do love him?" I asked with a sinking heart. "Love him? Of course I love my own brother," and then we both laughed, till note-takers looked peeved. "He really liked you—but he's just a giddy Yale man and I was afraid you might fall in love and that he might be playing." "And your backwood's aunt?" I put in. "Oh, my dear, "she half choked, "If Aunt Chris could hear that—she has a wonderful place in the Adirondacks and I'm going up in two weeks to see Daph—and am going to take Anne along if she'll go—and Phil has simply begged to be allowed to go—he really—"

Kate, isn't it screaming? Please get well and hurry back to room 20 and

Your worscr' half,

ANN.

P. S. I forgot to tell you the grand news. We have butter for dinner.

P. S. 2. Kate, what do you thing about love at first sight?

Book Reviews

BEAUTY—AND MARY BLAIR

(By *Ethel Kelley*)

LUCY HODGE

The last two years of the "teens" are momentous ones in the life of a young girl. Mary Blair, having arrived at this age—ardent, impetuous, pathetically eager for beauty, (Shape undecided), a typical girl of today, is hopefully eager to look at life through the proverbial rose-colored spectacles. That the spectacles should seem dim and the view discolored is inevitable, and the overwhelming disillusionment follows.

The Blair family is really not a family at all. Mr. and Mrs. Blair, finding that they have gradually drifted apart in their interests, and each feeling shut out of the other's life, indulge in the rather dangerous pleasure of playing with fire. Mrs. Blair finds a "soul-mate" in one Ellery Howes, a man of artistic temperament, and ineffective character. Almost helplessly he lets himself drift into an intimate friendship with Mrs. Blair, not realizing the danger until the hurt and angry Mr. Blair, feeling that his wife is faithless, leaves her. He himself, meanwhile, has sought relief for his loneliness in taking a giddily dressed, would-be vampire to dinners and theatres, and this results in further misunderstandings with his wife. It is on Mary's shoulders that the burden of responsibility falls, as Stella, the married sister, who is a "modern woman" and refuses to live with her husband, is small help. Mary undertakes to bring up Bobbie, her small brother, in the way he should go, and to be a mother to him. Her own craving for understanding—the perpetual craving of youth—leads her to become much interested in a man with whom she imagines she has established an ideal friendship. Unwittingly she leads him on until he disillusiones her completely.

The plot itself is an old one,—the cry of Youth against the sordid suffering of the world, its struggling quest for beauty, its disillusionment, and its final “journey’s end in lover’s meeting,” when Mary finds beauty in the love of a strong, sincere man. The story is well told, however, and has just the right amount of humor to keep it interesting.

The characters, nevertheless, are not convincing. One feels that the Blair family is made up of interesting types of people which the author has known at some time, and has strung together at random. Stella is exceedingly amusing, but is decidedly overdrawn, and Mrs. Blair is an absurdly silly woman. As for Mary herself, it is hard to say whether or not she is convincing. Her conversation, her character as revealed through her way of telling her story, all seem very real, yet there is something about her readiness to cast her burdens on the shoulders of one young man, so soon after having been so completely disillusioned by another, that does not ring true. One wonders, if one were a Mary, sensitive, bewildered at seeing one’s dreams torn apart, would one do this?

The most natural character in the book is Bobbie. He holds the sympathy from the start. He is a pathetic little figure,—so early acquainted with the disagreeable side of family life, dreading with a child’s vague terror of unknown things, a crisis which he can but dimly understand, and with no one to turn to except a very young sister.

But perhaps the very improbability of the characters lends to the story a humor which it would otherwise lack. Its vitality and interest—for interesting it certainly is—depend rather on the clever weaving of the problem of Youth’s search for beauty, and its attitude toward certain aspects of life, into the story, than on any “true to life” characteristics of the story itself. The author has successfully defended Youth against the attack of the older generation, always inclined to judge rather harshly, and if one can forget the strained characters and the inconsistencies in the story, one can find a great deal to interest one in *Beauty—and Mary Blair*.

The Exchanges

The Illinois Magazine contains a number of articles of local interest to its readers. "Still They Think of War," is a successful poem; "The Shadow," however, shows the neurotic influence which is reflected in so much college literature today.

In *The Spectator*, of Capitol University, we find the jolly spirit and lively interest in college life that is characteristic of those who publish it. One is reminded of Carl Sandburg by the poems entitled "Spring Dust."

If to be dull is the only sin in magazine making, the *Nassau Literary Magazine* need have no fear of the eternal bonfire. The prose is well-written and carefully chosen with regard to the tone of the issue. "Our Educational Handicap" presents one point of view upon a topic that interests others beside the college world. The book reviews are particularly keen; while the poems indicate artistic workmanship, the effect of which is carried out in detail by the cuts.

The Lantern of Bryn Mawr shines with some very interesting book reviews; but the stories lack vitality. "The Withered Nothing" savors of that morbidity which young writers should heedfully avoid.

The University Pen from the University of Utah, opens on some lovely verses, of which "Glimpses" is one, and "A Wish," another. An amusing piece of child psychology is "I Run Away"; but better prose would add to the charm of the magazine.

The Harvard Advocate for April, alias the *Atlantic Monthly* is an example of clever literary mimicry.

The
Smith College
Monthly

To
Mary Augusta Jordan

June
nineteen hundred twenty-one

CONTENTS

FOREWORD		277
A CANDLE OF UNDERSTANDING	<i>Josephine Daskam Bacon, 1897</i>	278
A TRIBUTE	<i>Alice Lord Parsons, 1897</i>	281
A TRIBUTE	<i>Susan Titsworth, 1897</i>	282
SHE WAS A GREAT TEACHER	<i>Anna Hempstead Branch, 1897</i>	284
THE GREAT TEACHER	<i>Elizabeth Lewis Day, 1895</i>	286
THIRTY YEARS AGO	<i>Bertha Waters Tildsley, 1894</i>	287
A TRIBUTE	<i>Bertha Bennett Denison, 1895</i>	289
TO MARY AUGUSTA JORDAN	<i>Marguerite Dixon Clark, 1906</i>	290
THEN AND NOW	<i>Ruth Shepard Phelps, 1899</i>	290
A TRIBUTE	<i>Constance Plumer McCalmont Humphrey, 1896</i>	291
SHARDS—A PARABLE	<i>Harriet Chalmers Ford, 1899</i>	292
A TRIBUTE	<i>Rita Creighton Smith, 1899</i>	293
A TRIBUTE	<i>Grace A. Hubbard, 1884</i>	294
DEAR LADY OF ENGLISH 13	<i>Charlotte Marsh Post, 1900</i>	296
A TRIBUTE	<i>Olivia Howard Dunbar Torrence, 1894</i>	297
A TRIBUTE	<i>Edith Kellogg Dunton, 1897</i>	298
TO M. A. J.	<i>Caroline Marmon Fesler, 1900</i>	300
TO MARY AUGUSTA JORDAN	<i>Mary Buell Sayles, 1900</i>	301
PROTEST	<i>Grace Kellogg Griffith, 1908</i>	302
TO M. A. J.	<i>Mary Hastings Bradley, 1905</i>	303
HOME TO ROOST	<i>Marjorie Wesson Francis, 1911</i>	304
A PORTRAIT	<i>Frances Carpenter Huntington, 1912</i>	305
A TRIBUTE	<i>Lois Gould Robinson, 1914</i>	306
LINES TO MISS JORDAN	<i>Helen Walbridge, 1902</i>	307
TEA	<i>Judith Matlack, 1920</i>	308
A TRIBUTE	<i>Candace Thurber Stevenson, 1904</i>	310
TO MISS JORDAN	<i>Edith Hill Bayles, 1921</i>	311

The Smith College Monthly is published at Northampton, Mass., each month from October to June, inclusive. Terms \$1.75 a year. Single copies 25c.

Subscriptions may be sent to Dorothy Stearns, 30 Green Street, Northampton.

Contributions may be left in the Monthly box in the Note Room.

Tables of Contents for the year 1919-1920 will be sent upon request.

To
Mary Augusta Jordan



Mary A. Jordan

THE SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

Vol. XXIX

JUNE, 1921

No. 9

BOARD OF EDITORS

DOROTHY BENSON, 1922

JULIA LINCOLN, 1922
ELEANOR CHILTON, 1922
MARGARET TILDSLEY, 1922

ADELAIDE COZZENS, 1922
ATHENA McFADDEN, 1922
ALICE PARKER, 1923

BUSINESS MANAGERS

VIRGINIA HATFIELD, 1922

MARIAN WATKINS, 1922
ANNA OTIS, 1924

VIRGINIA ANNAN, 1923
ELIZABETH BOORUM, 1924

Foreword

The debt of *The Monthly* to Miss Jordan, great as it is, can be at best but inadequately told. She has been at once founder, champion, critic and friend; she has lent her coöperation to its production, her influence to its development toward the highest of standards. In apparent failure she could see some merit, in evident success, something still worth striving for. Never has she been trite in her criticism, nor uninterested in her sympathy. To say that we shall miss her is to put in futile words a truth we all feel more deeply than we can express. Though all the college body will wish to express how much they appreciate what Miss Jordan has been to our college, how keenly her loss will be felt, and how sincere are the good wishes that follow her, we cannot but feel, that Miss Jordan's retirement is a more momentous and serious matter to *The Monthly*, her very own off-spring, than to the rest of the college. And so, partly because of their prior claim to her sympathy and interest, and partly because they are so much better endowed to voice our gratitude and appreciation for her guidance, it is to the former editors of *The Monthly* that we relinquish our privilege. And we hope that though we are neither so gifted nor so eloquent, she will know that we, the youngest members of *The Monthly* family, are no less sincere and ardent in our appreciation and good wishes.

A Candle of Understanding

In every school there must always be found two kinds of teaching. One kind concerns itself with the mind as an empty vessel: into this vessel the instructor pours—efficiently, patiently, continuously—the stream of his knowledge, until it overflows, and the mind is full. Often in the course of his duty he must break an opening into this sealed and stubborn vessel before ever his ministrations can begin, and this is truly one of the martyrdoms of a great profession.

The world is not ungrateful to those who teach in this kind: indeed, the most of our schoolroom life is a memorial to it, and the most pettish and recalcitrant among us must allow that there are facts in this life, and weights and times and measurable distances. There is a thing called the Binomial Theorem—you must take it as it is, or you must leave it!

But from the day when Education took her place among the arts, the school children of this world have preferred to give their hearts and their smiles and their loving memories to those who hold another way of teaching, and glimpse the mind not as an empty vessel, formed and predestinate, but more like a small, shy creature, struggling to its unguessed stature in the safety of its natal caves and burrows.

To tempt this obstinate, elusive, tongue-tied thing out into the light—nay, to strengthen it to run to meet the light and face the light on its own feet—appears, to those who teach after this manner, to be at once the most and the least of their chosen task.

Not as an alchemist in his laboratory do they select empty jugs and beakers and fit them gravely for the wonderful formula; more like the water hen, they flutter ahead of their broods, clucking, warning, beguiling, humoring, down through the confusing, wonderful wood to the river.

“There it is!” they cry, “now, children . . . can you swim?”

Even the proverbs long ago found out that though you may lead your horse to the water, you cannot make him drink.

But might you not have led him so that he should be thirsty on arriving?

Again we are told that you cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, and this has been the comfortable excuse of many harassed teachers, wearied out with casting of pearls before the sow's prolific litter.

But there are many and useful and worthy articles to be made from leather—and the very silk worms differ one from another in glory, even as the stars. And whoever does not know these things, or knowing, does not remember them, or remembering, does not apply them, may call himself a teacher, but will never be called a great educator.

Smith College says goodbye today to one whose perception of these and kindred truths amounted to genius, whose constant and steadily perfected treatment of them was, for those who appreciated it, a marvel of technique.

Inapplicable to every mind and subject, for those who thrive on it and in those broad fields where her method most firmly justified itself—the liberal arts and letters, the real Humanities—it was perhaps the only form of discipline possible. To instructors of a different school, to dispensers of information otherwise acquired and otherwise imparted, her discipline must ever remain a puzzle and a despair.

“Unto the Jews a stumbling block, and unto the Greeks foolishness . . .”

But those who during her forty years of continuous and incredibly enthusiastic service have filled the growing ranks of her literally loyal legion, join hands today around the world and renew again their gratitude to her as the most vivid and unforgettable influence of their college days.

To the suspicious and critical young intellects to whom she gave her greatest care, nothing was so comforting and reassuring as the breadth of view, the mellow tolerance of standards other than the academic, cheerfully conceded to prickly young intelligences chafing at a suspected paternalism. It was felt that she said these things because she believed them to be true—not because they were adapted to youth at a certain stage. And that she might (and often did) believe otherwise at other times, did but add to their delighted respect—to the confusion of those consistent souls who persistently underestimate the shrewd, appraising powers of clever youth.

Dearest of all, perhaps, to her loyal brood was her passionate appreciation of perfection in any form. You had no need to work in her particular medium, if only your work were sincere and good. You had no need to share her particular beliefs, if only your own were ardent and justified in you. In no other thing were her vivid and active imaginative powers more certainly demonstrated than in her capacity for comprehending atmospheres and principles and behaviors not her own.

Orderly and punctual as any clerk, she battled fiercely for the rights of the vague and visionary; conservative by training and tradition, she incessantly demanded sympathy for her troublous young anarchists; ingrained Protestant, she loyally interpreted the Catholic and the Jew to their misunderstanding mates.

And this remarkable endowment, the more remarkable in an academic community of selected specialists, has expressed itself concretely in the extraordinary cosmopolitanism of her loyal legion of forty years' recruiting. Do not make the mistake of looking for their names on library book shelves alone; you will find them on every list—from the Social Registers to the Salvation Army records. Sure of her congratulations and understanding, they bring their poems, their symphonies, their statues, their business ledgers and their babies, for they know that she will be honestly delighted with them all.

Nor will the poor attempt to express a little of what she meant to so many of us be complete without this final word, this acknowledgment of "the eyes of the heart" with which, in the last analysis, she saw her various brood, so rich in possibilities of either sort.

With what tender and amusing pride she watched her swans, from the bank, needs no chronicling. Sure of them, from the first, the most critical must forgive her delicious and scornful ironies aimed at an incredulous generation!

But only her lame ducks, only the bruised and unsuccessful, can know the passionate defense, the ready comprehension of all they meant to do! Incurably idealist, she reminds them always that only a low aim is failure, that though the arm may have proved too feeble for the torch, there will always be one who knew that it burned clear. They may limp back, behind the squadrons of her strong-winged pride, but let them only hold a high head and she will wield a sharp, maternal beak for them against the world!

For the painting of such a picture neither a great number of words nor deep feeling in the artist nor a clear conviction of the actual material, can wholly suffice.

Only by a chance and happy allusion, a high-light caught, a phrase remembered, a hinted atmosphere, a warmth of affection to sun the whole, could the desired impression be produced.

If these things have been in some sort accomplished, for that loyal legion of hers, if remembrance has been touched, so that for a moment the heart swells and the eyes fill for her, it will be enough.

For the new generation and for those outside her magic circle, her pupils may state, perhaps, more clearly and directly, their *apologia* for her personality and method.

Whatever treasures of learning, whatever brilliancy of teaching, whatever efficiency of system, whatever growth in numbers of people, sums of money or reputation may come to the great institution she worked for so long, unless there shall be found in it some representative of her cultural creed, some unerring recognizer, chooser and protector of originality in any form, able and eager to adapt the method to the individual, and to surround the individual with an atmosphere fitted to its present need—then, indeed, for some of us, will the special glory of Smith College have departed!

JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON, 1898.

A Tribute

It is not possible to say much in one hundred words, but perhaps I can give one facet of the sparkle which Miss Jordan's very name always has and always will give me. She gave me one of the chief articles of my *credo*: that the study of literature is a delicate, hazardous and beautiful adventure and the reward thereof is the joy of the adventure and, perhaps, the achievement of a fastidious, discriminating taste. Taste and distinction and the impress of her etched and mellow personality are two of the gifts of Miss Jordan to the generations of Smith students in which I am happy to have had a share, and which I shall cherish together with that feeling of renewed youth and the possibility of all things which even her very name gives me.

ALICE TULLIS LORD PARSONS, 1897.

A Tribute

“To write a tribute to Miss Jordan,” is a privilege, but surely a work of supererogation, for are there not, at a conservative estimate, several hundreds of better tributes already in existence, walking all kinds of paths in life, human documents to which her sign and seal are indelibly affixed? If in 1850 Mark Hopkins at one end of the famous log was a liberal education to the student at the other, Miss Jordan, at the close of the century, in her evening theme classes in the “old gym.,” was a dynamic force, generating an inspiration that with some of us is still, like Johnnie Walker, going strong and exhilarating. And unquestionably education that exhilarates is, at the time of taking and in retrospect, something to be thankful for.

Not that that is the only cause for my gratitude to Miss Jordan—I must of necessity become personal, for her generous instruction was discriminating, and I venture to say that there were times when some of us got little pieces of education that were entirely our own, neither needed nor shared by our friends. I well remember one occasion when a member of the retiring *Monthly* board listened with disapproval to my prophetic remarks about the board just to be elected from my own class, and then observed crushingly, “I think it very indiscreet of Miss Jordan to let you know so much.” She has learned since then, I think, the value of a well-timed indiscreet confidence; I had already discovered that it makes often for loyalty and the sense of responsibility, and undoubtedly Miss Jordan was not unaware of the practical advantages of valorous indiscretion as an educational factor.

I am afraid I am more grateful to her for such memories than for many of the things that she taught me in class. Unfortunately, the merely academic aspect of my college days never did stir my imagination as much as the visions of life, only later revealing their real significance, that she flashed before us often enough to keep us conscious that she was a real human being. I had it on her own authority, somewhat tartly expressed, at the end of my paper written after taking her course in argumentation, that I couldn’t write an argument, and even then I could not remember enough of the course

to dispute her thesis, but for twenty-five years my memory has held good for the hours I spent in her room at the Hatfield. Does the pilgrim forget his Mecca, or the inquirer at the shrine of the oracle the answer of the priestess? Two severe scoldings, among other things, deepened my awe at two several times; one of them reduced me to tears and the other to speechless wrath, both adding to my knowledge of what is and what is not with a finality unknown in the class room. I have consciously used in many an interview of my own in more recent times—the discerning will have guessed by this that I speak from the point of view of an educator—the technique I learned in front of Miss Jordan's fire; it was a most illuminating fire! One went out from the stimulating warmth of its flame and its owner's interest readier to stand without help; and, Henry Adams to the contrary, in so far as one does that one does not remain entirely uneducated.

It is because I have in some degree followed in her steps that I know the measure of my debt to Miss Jordan. No one but a teacher can appreciate fully the responsibilities, the everlasting conflicts, and the eternal rewards that belong to the real teacher. My own lesser experience is a mirror in which I can see myself a perfectly definite element in her problem, and I recognize the tolerant determination with which she met and conquered and brought into line the kind of student of which I was an undistinguished example. Whether or not the game was worth the candle is quite another story; one played better in the light, and she knew it. As for rewards, some of us, after these years of Miss Jordan's friendship, hope she knows also what it means that her banner still flies wherever two or three Smith women are gathered together.

While we live, we salute you, Mary Jordan!

SUSAN TITSWORTH, 1897.

She Was A Great Teacher!

If anyone had asked me, during those curiously uninterrogative years when I was in college, just why I so admired and revered Miss Jordan, I doubtless would have replied that "Miss Jordan was perfectly wonderful," and, resting in the contentment of that comfortable adjective, should have believed that I had offered a satisfying analysis of the psychology and methods of my beloved teacher. I can, after the lapse of many years, explain a little more readily than I could, once upon a time, the reasons for my admiration but I feel more than ever justified in my young and trusting conviction that she was "wonderful."

To begin with, one is always grateful for the quality of personal distinction . . . and it is so much rarer than almost any other human attribute! Culture, charm, genius, intellect, all appear rather pale in its presence. They seem more or less accidental, or at their best the gifts of gracious gods. But a person's distinction—by means of which he is absolutely individualized from every other person . . . and not only that but individualized finely, so that he is not merely a successful human being but the actual founder of his own noble and peculiar type, will always seem to me the essential quality, worthy of study and admiration and regard. I think this quality of distinction in what she thought and said and did was one of the things that quickened my admiration for Miss Jordan. There she was—a real true person, one to be reckoned with, and with a proud solidity of resistance to other personalities which helped more than any other influence in college to put me on the track of at least a little discovery of myself. Her mind possessed a serpent-like subtlety—it lit the landscape like lightning when she perceived and chose to reveal another person's point of view; but her personality never yielded. That inflexible possession of her own state of mind and her own valuations was, I think, part of her instinct for veracity. She was always too honestly deferential of other people's personalities to be too affably yielding. She has always had the habit of assuming valor and vigor and durability in the people with whom she had dealings.

From her I learned that honesty has in it medicinal attributes which heal such wounds as it may inflict. With all her vigor I never knew any one more vigorously 'protective than she to any one who was really in need of it. In her the heart of proud or shy or suffering or almost inarticulate youth found a defender amazing in watchful tenderness, in counsel, in delicacy, and in her goddess-like ability to dispel the cloudy criticism of unimaginative and unintelligent attest. It has been my privilege to listen to several of these large scale defenses of those whom she chose to justify or to render intelligible to others. Her explanation of the lives, character and pursuits of the erring (when she believed in those who erred) were masterpieces of *apologia*, and because of her I shall never, as long as I live, be able to sit unashamed in the presence of light-minded or banal or shoddy criticism.

Miss Jordan never wrote a novel, but she has the novelist's type of intellect—the only kind that gives one a right to sit in judgment upon other people.

The nature that was having a battle with itself, the mind that could not be tabulated, the spirit that ailed if it were too closely scheduled were the objects of Miss Jordan's jealous solicitude. Above all she desired for us the privilege of growing in freedom.

But do not dream for a minute that she allowed us to rove like aimless sheep. Far from it. She was a disciplinarian in all the greatest sense of that noble and but little understood word. She needed, however, no mechanical device in the way of external authority. She disciplined because her superiority of intellect and character and heart gave her the right and the power to do so. It was a spiritual quality. To know her was to be disciplined . . . and it is the only kind of training that ever counts at all. Here is one of the rarest, and to my mind, one of the most splendid, of human powers. Miss Jordan had it.

There is one more special comment I want to write in regard to Miss Jordan and that is in regard to her teaching of English and her rare ability to discover, protect and inspire the creative instinct. At this point she was a positive genius.

As I look back upon it I think it is no wonder that if anything went wrong we literally flew to her. There was no Dean then—but she literally was the Dean—not from office but because she just simply

was the Dean. And how she did work for us, and take care of us, and believe in us. We knew, quite well, that flash of keen deep pride in us when we did well.

After all, when I begin to attempt some sort of analysis of Miss Jordan as a woman and as a teacher I realize I have not grown as much as I thought I had in my ability to give one. The main thing is this: the students who really came to know her felt for her a positive reverence and a love which was for them the best gift that Smith had to offer, yet, though she "learned me" all I could be taught and though she did her best to teach me how to write, I find myself at the end of this article returning humbly to the adjective which I once used so innocently and unquestioningly. She was, she always will be, "wonderful."

ANNA HEMPSTEAD BRANCH, 1897.

The Great Teacher

To M. A. J.

A promise of the Muses' mystic power
To rouse ambition for the endless quest;
To urge that aspiration without rest
Which never falters in the darkest hour;
Yet vital knowledge of each mortal dower;
Deep love of all in art or lore the best;
A quickened sympathy to lend a zest
And cherish every bud to fullest flower:—

This is the teacher's gift. Yet more: she waits
Unsatisfied, a future yet unborn.
Mindful that pride the spirit devastates,
She meets complacency with flaming scorn.
Thus to our heart's Gethsemane is sent
The perfect fruit of god-like discontent.

ELIZABETH LEWIS DAY, 1895.

Thirty Years Ago

Those college days thirty years ago seem but a string of vivid yesterdays. I fancy that the stepping from home into college was about the same sort of a shock, thirty years ago, as it is today. We at once missed most desperately the contact with older minds, the association with those who believed in us, and the spur from those who expected much from us. We felt stifled by the change from an atmosphere in which we were somebodies, into that in which we were nobodies. Probably it takes the blind courage of youth to face such a plunge.

In that first week, back in the autumn of 1890, we went from lecture room to lecture room feeling more and more like empty receptacles made only to catch the streams of knowledge which were being poured out to us. We couldn't seem to connect the flood with anything we'd previously known, there was no time to rack our brains for some landmark of earlier knowledge to tie to in these new Niagaras of information. Years of omnivorous reading of English seemed to have no connection with a new study of Chaucer which led only into ponderous notes on the Italian Renaissance. The dullness of unrelated Latin notes gave a stuffed and choked sensation until we seemed merely helpless flotsam and jetsam on this rapid river of facts.

It has always seemed like a Saturday afternoon, which it couldn't have been, that we went to our first Freshman class in rhetoric. In that maelstrom of first days it stood out like a festival day. We took up our new fountain pens, and the now indispensable note book for more benumbing sensations of ignorance and hopelessness. Into the room and up to the desk came a small, alert, dark-haired woman. She looked us over with a keen glance, as if the real business of teaching were acquaintance with her students. Catching a responsive face, her eyes and mouth lighted with a smile that included us all. Then conversation, conversation too rapid for untried pens, conversation that came like rain after days of drought, conversation that assumed that we used our minds, that related what we did know to what we didn't. That day she made us compare the narrative style of Kipling (whose "Plain Tales from the Hills" was then in every room in college)

with the narrative style of Scott. She asked us to write on the "New Education" with references in the *North American Review*, the *Atlantic*, and in Professor Shaler's "Individualities in Education." College began for us that day. We came out from that rhetoric class eager to get to work, feeling that we really had the preparation necessary for this new adventure in learning.

In the reading room, (the college had only one big roomful of books in those days,) this rhetoric teacher heaped books from her own library for our reference work. Like bees we gathered about them after recitations. No lack now of people to talk to, to compare notes with, but a host of girls with interests like our own. From that first Freshman class with Miss Jordan in September of '90, all experiences through the four years at Smith were lived through with the desire to use them in work for her. Everything that gleamed was gold for the Bain Class (afterwards English 13). Beauty in Crito and Horace, the discovery of Walter Pater, the Russian of "War and Peace," trips to Mt. Tom, music, college friendships, everything went into our work for her. And all this came about not through individual meetings, but through class-room contact. For most of us never took a walk with Miss Jordan in undergraduate days, never went to call upon her save to take some visiting relative. It was the compelling power of developing by class-room contact, everything that lay latent in us, that made Miss Jordan so overwhelming an influence in Smith College. Her class-room conversation implied that she thought she was dealing with educated women, so that if we found ourselves falling short of her expectations, we felt impelled to make good immediately. This was perhaps the greatest of all the good gifts that came to us at college, this creation and nourishment of a sense of strength and ability to do what Miss Jordan believed we could.

Anna and Josephine, Fannie and Dorothy, Marie and hosts of others have dedicated their books and poems to Miss Jordan. Others of us have shown even greater faith. We have sent our children (little as we could bear to spare them during four of the most fascinating years of life), to be educated by her, to find the priceless direction of her leading.

BERTHA WATERS TILDSLEY, 1894.

A Tribute

Every once in a while during my college course a certain old Ogre of Fear would stalk through our class. His name was "Miss Jordan's Sabbatical Year." The rumor would fly around, in true Virgilian fashion, that Miss Jordan was to be away from college during the whole of the following year. The very thought of such a calamity struck terror to our hearts. After a while the rumor would die away and we would go on serenely into the next college year, only to meet the Ogre again. Happily he never really materialized, and so we were fortunate enough to have Miss Jordan in the English work from our Freshman fall term till the close of Senior year.

To tell in three hundred words what those four years of work with her meant is as difficult as it would be to reduce the Einstein theory to a grammar school sentence. I thought at the time I graduated that I fully appreciated what she had given me, but the perspective of twenty-five years shows me now that I merely "understood as a child"; she was, and is yet, one of the greatest, farthest-reaching blessings of my life.

In thinking of Miss Jordan a saying of Sydney Smith's comes to my mind: "Make a man happy today and you make him happy twenty years from today." She revealed to us, twenty-five years ago, the joy of intellectual effort; she taught us to appreciate the power and fascination of words; she inspired in us a zest for the finer things of life. Today, in some measure, we each possess what she gave us.

The thought of the riches of her mind and spirit that she shared with us always thrills me. Their amazing variety! Their inexhaustible freshness! From the first week of Freshman year she led us into new worlds, vivid, surprising, often baffling worlds, but always stimulating. For the study of English with Miss Jordan was more than Beowulf or Gummere or Jevons or Carlyle or Kant—it was Life itself and Life made beautiful. With a tear and a smile I wish for her now the happiest years of her life.

BERTHA BENNETT DENISON, 1895.

To Mary Augusta Jordan

If love could put in words what you have meant
To those of us who felt your watchful care
As on your daily round of duties bent,
You helped, oft times, when we scarce knew you there
And yet did know, for in each loyal heart
There burned always a pure and steady flame
That mounted up to you, a thing apart,—
Our girlhood's worship of your soul and name.
If love could say it, this poor pen of mine
Would shine, a glistening star-point in the night,
This ink would turn to blood-red, glowing wine,
This page would ever be immortal white.

Words cannot say what we still owe to you
Nor tell the myriad dreams you've made come true.

MARGUERITE DIXON CLARK 1906.

Then and Now

Today they learn in English courses
Of first editions, dates and sources;
Who married whom, who died unwed,
Where authors studied, what they read;
Translations published in their day;
The debts they sometimes failed to pay;
The foreign travel they enjoyed;
Their ailments, studied after Freud:
So there is left but little time
To read their works of prose and rhyme.

I thank whatever gods there be
For earlier embarking me
Upon the seas of learning, with
My chart and compass set for Smith,
Dropping my anchor in those waters,
Where I, among Sophia's daughters,
Enraptured at her feet could sit,—
That miracle of lore and wit,
Who waved her white hands at the shelves,
And bade us read the men themselves.

RUTH SHEPARD PHELPS 1899.

A Tribute

A quarter of a century ago, '96 sat for the last time in Miss Jordan's classes. There was Miss Jordan, small and brown and wonderful, at her desk or in her distinguished room, with a pencil in her lovely hands, asking us confidently for our thoughts.

It was Miss Jordan who dug up such minds as unconsciously we had, exercised them in new worlds of beauty and interest which she opened, and gave them to us as tools for life. Always she believed better of us than we ever could of ourselves—always she accepted any measure of success in us as just her expectation. Here was a constant out-pouring of fine courage, of belief in life, and we grew toward her—very far away, but toward her we grew, trying to add a cubit.

When we brought her outside troubles, so lavish was her response to our need, we never realized our draft upon her endurance but took from her with unconscious selfishness. Oftenest she divined our difficulty, and always we felt her seeing it through with us. She gave us the refuge of our minds; we loved her—we love her. We felt that we were especially hers, and she especially ours. So felt every other class.

Our limitations lost us much, but to our capacity she filled us; we were hers, and we believed we appreciated fully her priceless gift. We had scarcely glimpsed our debt. Now that we are nearly half a century old we understand better. Through all these years Miss Jordan—all that she gave us—has been our staff and scrip. Every happiness has been greater, every sorrow less devastating, because of her. It is a high privilege to have known her in some measure—to have lived while she lived.

Returning to college one was eager to find Miss Jordan to tell her much from memory not written here, to offer her the deepest gratitude. And instead there one was, drawing again upon her courage and wisdom, absorbing faith and strength from her—the same Miss Jordan—grown even more wonderful—the same Miss Jordan!

CONSTANCE PLUMER MCCALMONT HUMPHREY, 1896.

Shards—A Parable

(In Appreciation of Mary A. Jordan)

There we stood in long rows in our arrogant youth,
Row upon row.
Tossing gay balls in the sun and laughing,
Brittle balls that we'd painted in fanciful colors.
They spun in the air, weaving, like midges, pretty as bubbles.
We were skilful as the jugglers on market-days.
But we tired. The balls fell and broke.
Then came some street music banging and tinkling.
We danced to it, crushing our toys into the earth as we danced to it.
Of a sudden there strode into the square a priest,
Blazing and with a scourge—
He drove us to the steps of the temple.
Then gathered together the shards
And bore them high in his hands, past us and into the temple.
We too entered, wondering and afraid,
We saw him bear the pieces, poor and dusty, to the high altar.
Then the sun smote through a flaming window and our eyes were
opened and we saw.
Our shattered playthings stood, a row of sacramental vessels,
Shining and proud.
And the legend above the altar was,
"I am the Altar of the Living Word."

HARRIET CHALMERS FORD, 1899.

A Tribute

In one of my desk drawers at home there is a notebook dating from my Senior year in college, more than twenty years ago. It deals with a lecture course, called, I believe, "Criticism." The right hand page contains notes on the ostensible subject of the day's lecture; the left hand, remarks on anything the lecturer had been reading or hearing or thinking about. For some days the right hand page is almost a blank, while the other is crowded with statements witty or wise, surprising, paradoxical, sometimes blankly puzzling to my undergraduate mind, or rousing furious dissent. It would have taken many notebooks to record my unspoken rejoinders, further pursuit of the subjects opened up, and eager discussions after class. By Senior year, some of us felt our courses badly arranged unless the hour of Miss Jordan's lecture was followed by a free hour to talk it over in—for of course the lecturer was Miss Jordan. It is really surprising to find how many of those long-ago utterances I recall as if they had been spoken yesterday, bits of "Aristotle and Kant," made a part of our permanent mental furnishing; working formulas of the relation of art to life, vital enough to stand the strain of twenty years; a view of the unending contention of classicist, romanticist and realist; and an abstract of the characteristics of our leading American newspapers! (To one guileless student at least, they had hitherto been distinguished only as New York or Boston, Republican or Democratic.)

And fancy writing about Miss Jordan without touching on her courses in "Themes"! From what deep wells of personality did she draw that eternal freshness of interest: the capacity to be surprised, delighted, exultant over undergraduate work, after all those generations of undergraduates? (But never pleased twice with the same kind of work from the same student. "You shan't begin imitating yourselves yet," said she.) If I try to put in one word what made her the great intellectual force in the college of my day, the word must be *stimulus*. Not by any pedagogic process of drawing us out, but by the contact of her own keen, subtle, curious and unresting mind, Miss Jordan made us think, and made us take delight in thinking.

RITA CREIGHTON SMITH, 1899.

A Tribute

The news of Miss Jordan's resignation from Smith has filled me with consternation. I suppose I knew that she would one day wish to resign, but I never fully faced the fact. I face it now. And I realize to the full what this means to countless alumnae.

It is a satisfaction to me to have this chance to say what I feel about Miss Jordan. One likes to pay tribute to a great influence in one's life. I particularly want to speak of her contribution to Smith on the educational side, and it seems to me that I can do so with rather more conviction than can many others, having been one of her earliest pupils and then for twelve years a colleague on the English Faculty and later still a fellow worker along similar lines in a sister college of the east.

Very early Miss Jordan became a strong influence in the educational movements in New England colleges. She was on many important committees. Her brilliant intellectual gifts and strong personality made many friends for Smith among prominent men of the day and gave her, of course, great power in our own Faculty. She knew the inside of many debated problems and kept Smith in close contact with them. She brought a marked breadth of view to their discussion, too, that was of the greatest value. I have always felt that it was largely her influence that kept Smith in close touch, as I think she always was, with the most liberal educational movements of the day.

It has long been a matter of pride to me that Smith, while true to the fine old traditions that President Seelye gave us from the outset, has on the educational side been exceptionally flexible and broad-minded, and has steadily tended to direct its policies on the most enlightened lines. Faculty meetings are generally regarded as dreary affairs. So they are as a rule. But if anything can save one, it is the presence of a few who regard education as a serious matter and care to discuss principles as well as endless detail. Miss Jordan was always one of these few. I have long felt that the discussions in the Faculty meetings of my day were exceptionally rich in ideas and thoughtfully considered opinions. To this side of the work no one contributed more than Miss Jordan, and it is impossible to exaggerate our debt to her here.

But influential though Miss Jordan was on our general policies, her influence was still greater on the student body. It came through her class room work largely, but it filtered through the college. It is difficult to speak of her teaching; it was so individual in method and so subtle in result. Certain things made an impression on me and I am inclined to think that many shared my experience. She always cared, I think, to an extraordinary degree for personality in her students and for individual reactions to her own work and to everything. She was never much interested, perhaps, in the usual class room results, but she was unerring in her power to detect any expression of individual feeling or opinion. And she encouraged this to the full. So that those who responded to her method found themselves suddenly thinking and feeling as never before. This I regard as very important and, perhaps, the first step in mental growth.

Miss Jordan always encouraged discussion and the free expression of opinions. This was more or less unusual in the earlier days of English teaching. She always valued characteristic things and points of view. She always threw into her class-work all manner of suggestions on whatever lines offered themselves. All this greatly added to our interest, I felt, and, best of all, enlarged our boundaries. To me, this was infinitely stimulating and fascinating. This was related to something else that to me was most inspiring. She made me feel the inter-relation of different kinds of knowledge so that learning seemed one great whole. I have never lost that impression nor ceased to value it. I never knew whether or not she meant to do this, but she did it for me. As the years went on—I am speaking, of course, of the years during which I was on the Faculty—not only her regard for intellectual matters, but her rich humanity entered into all her values. And this human side and its bearing on her judgments and influence was something especially dear to those of us who knew her well.

These are a few of the things that characterized Miss Jordan's teaching in my day and long after. I regard them all as supremely valuable and by no means common. But these things had no more to do with English teaching than with many another subject. It was sometimes said that Miss Jordan taught herself rather than her subject. There was something in this, and Miss Jordan knows it well. But why not? What I should prefer to say is that she taught not

her subject but you, her student. This is sound, too, according to many modern theories. Miss Jordan's interests were far wider than the subject of English, though no one ever taught English better. She released your faculties. She educated you. It is as a remarkable intellectual force and as a really great educator along lines of which I have suggested a few, that I pay my affectionate and glad tribute to Miss Jordan.

GRACE A. HUBBARD, 1884.
of the Barnard College English Faculty.

Dear Lady of English 13

(Delightfullest Class Ever Seen)

I wish I had writ
A comical skit
All prickly with wit
To make a great hit
In your honor, but no.
Pegasus wouldn't go—
Too sober, too slow,
Too housewifely, you know,
Poor old beastie, and so
I think I'll just say,
Though my hair may be gray
I love you to-day
In the old college way,
Dear Lady of English 13
(Delightfullest class ever seen).

CHARLOTTE MARSH POST, 1900.

A Tribute

This hasty message to the Mary Jordan Number happens to be written in a small middle-western coeducational college where, to an Easterner and a Smith graduate, every hour supplies some provocative suggestion of contrast. This is not a case of instinctive conservative disapproval of every educational novelty introduced since 1894, or of every custom unsanctioned by New England. It is rather a case of the deepening of one's valuation of what at Smith, in 1894, was most valuable. If there were space and time to explain all that I mean, I believe the explanation wouldn't be wholly a bore. But since there isn't, let me at least make one point—a point suggested by the profound and prostrated surrender of this quite typical little college to the Grade and the Credit. The whole phraseology that the grade and the credit have brought into being—fortunately I don't know, I merely suspect, how generally it prevails at Smith nowadays—sounds, to one whose own school and college days were not “graded”, a good deal more commercial and a good deal emptier of authentic thrill, than the sort of thing one might overhear in a big grocery. Campus and classroom resound, in fact, with the clink of academic change. From the hour of preliminary bargaining, six or seven years in advance, the privilege of graduation is bought coin by coin from salesmen who must at least affect to grudge and haggle. Under such conditions a teacher cannot offer any interpretation of art, any approach to science, so new, rich, individual, compelling, strange, that his students can gratefully and excitedly accept it as such. On the contrary, they have to keep a cool shrewd eye on the whole business to make sure whether what they are laboriously buying is really worth what, in the only sense the authorities recognize, it shall ultimately net them. One gathers that it would scarcely be possible to be guided at college nowadays, from one's first month till one's latest, by the one simple sincere consistent policy of electing everything—and in my day at Smith this included a program ample and diverse—that the Head of the English Department offered. Or, if this could be contrived without the violation of any commercial principle, at least one couldn't do it without

incurring suspicion as to the commerciality of one's motive. In those innocent days, one was at liberty to elect all the English in sight from the sheer love of intellectual adventure, without a thought of cost or profit. One may have had "hours" enough without those many electives, four years of them. One could have been graduated just as punctually, just as legally, without most of them. What one gained from them wasn't weighed in any academic scales, computed in any academic arithmetic. It was one's secret affair. And what I should like to insist on is that the frame of mind in which we pursued those electives, year after year, with a deep unformulated knowledge that this was what "education" meant to us, was a tribute to the Department, to the personality of its Head, such as a student in the conditions I have lately been noting, lamentably hasn't the power to offer any teacher. And this seems a pity.

For it should, of course, be a platitude that no accumulation of grades or credits can measure the value to a student of having been intellectually quickened. Or of having had contact with a personality that made her, in spite of the inertia that besets all of us, really want to think.

All of which is by way of partly expressing my sense, in particular, of what was available to us at Smith in the remote day I speak of, and, in general, of what any college gains in significance by including in its Faculty, if it can and will, some of the gifts of personality with which Mary Jordan has so long and lavishly enriched Smith College.

OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR TORRENCE, 1894.

A Tribute

There is no writing down what Miss Jordan means to many of us in '97; it goes too far and too deep. She and her theme course were much the biggest things in college. The opportunity to work under her supervision on *The Monthly* was our most prized honor, and invaluable training besides.

Miss Jordan took the business of writing out of the realm of formal rhetoric and made it alive—the veritable expression of experience. She communicated what she gaily called "the deadly delight

of thinking." She touched a dull, turgid subject and transformed it into a deep, shimmering pool of thought, darkened with flickering shadows from above, gleaming with buried treasure below. She made the commonplace exciting, and drudgery delightful, since, for minds not gifted with her wit and brilliance, it must be the road to thinking things through. The world and yourself were worth more after you had known her and grasped her point of view, which put the art of writing in its place among the things that might contribute to the achievement of the greater art of living.

She was the friend of all the outstanding personalities among us, but she meant even more, perhaps, to the shy, aloof, undeveloped girls, whose ambitions she shrewdly guessed, whose timidity she infused with confidence, and whose share in the pleasures and honors of student life came wholly in many cases from the influence of Miss Jordan's suggestions. Often these were so subtly offered that neither the girls nor the College guessed whose plan was being followed, and others, who knew how much they owed her, never got the courage to thank her; but Miss Jordan got what she wanted; she had given somebody a chance.

"When I want a thing, I go out after it," she said to me once not many years ago, when, as I always feel that I may, I had gone to her for help. She has always been willing to "go out after" the success of another's project with all her splendid energy, enthusiasm, and resourcefulness: has always answered a halting request for help with much more than was asked or dreamed of. Her welcome has been one of the things we went back to the College to enjoy.

She is not leaving Smith College this spring; she cannot if she would. She has had too much part in its fine tradition, is too deeply responsible for the type of education it furnishes and the type of woman it sends out. No word that we can say, no tribute that we can pay her, is more than an insignificant thing, compared to the monument of achievement and of memory that she has built for herself at Smith.

EDITH KELLOGG DUNTON, 1897.

To M. A. J.

We stood about like little stiff-growing trees that dot the campus on Ivy night, waiting for someone to come out and light the lanterns that should "fruit the dark." And out they came, the faithful lamp-lighters, from many doors,—the doors of Science, of Art, of History, of Literature. They reached with ease the lanterns hanging on the lower boughs; they climbed painstakingly to reach the dark high-hanging lanterns. Again and again candles went out in sullen smoke; sometimes a lantern caught fire, blazed, and vanished. The lamp-lighters struggled unceasingly in the encompassing twilight, and here and there a golden globe began to glow steadily and serenely, the centre of a little radiant world, and the tree that bore it seemed to stand more crisply erect, with a prouder self-consciousness and more buoyant alertness. There were certain little dumb, happy, trees over whose lanterns one lamp-lighter labored untiringly. She coaxed and persuaded sulky candles, readjusted them in their sockets, rehung slanting lanterns on straighter boughs. No tree was too small, too unpromising to receive her attention; and lo, when she had finished, the little tree all aglow with carefully lighted lanterns said to itself, "Never was there so delightful, so interesting a world as do my candle lights reveal!" And as it watched the little springy figure of its chief lamp-lighter hurrying away to another tree, it had a thrill of gratitude which still, after many years of growth and change and buffeting, relives in all its original warmth, as memory again lights the lanterns that were then so happily set aglow.

CAROLINE MARMON FESLER, 1900.

To Mary Augusta Jordan

O heart of fire, your torch lit ours,
As spell-bound, ardent, young,
Groping for light, dreaming mad dreams,
Upon your words we hung.

Kindling we hung, glimpsing a world
By flaring beacons lit—
The wonder and the splendor, pain,
Passion, and joy of it.

You swayed us and you molded us,
Lifted our hearts with praise,
Dashed us to earth, caught us to heaven,
Enraptured with a phrase.

You taught us truths never forgot,
You smote with stinging stroke
Our follies and our weaknesses,
Fresh powers to evoke.

For all the richness of those days;
For all the precious store
Of memories twined about your name;
For every opened door

Leading to prospect new and wide
Or gleaming treasure-trove,
We render you our gratitude,
Our homage, and our love.

MARY BUELL SAYLES, 1900.

Protest

Impossible to think of our Smith without Miss Jordan! The old chapel—the campus walks—Boyden's—that little parlor in old Hatfield whose four walls were covered from floor to ceiling with books and paintings—all the old remembered land-marks bear some souvenir of her.

What is one's mental picture of "Seelye 16" but a background for a vivid image of Miss Jordan, standing, holding aloft in one hand somebody's brain-child, scissoring the air with two fingers of the other hand, like Solomon waving his sword, the while a mysterious smile wreathes her lips and her delighted eyes dance impishly to and fro across our uneasy upturned faces?

What quality of her was it that makes one see her, after thirteen years, so vividly and distinctly against the blur of other faces, other forms, immortalizing even the trivial details of her dress, her jewelry; the coat with the big black and white checks, the ring with the big pink stone and pearl rays? The sayings of hers that we used to quote, the trenchant criticisms jotted in the margins of "English 13" papers—what quality vitalized them so that after all these years the very words are still intact in memory? One "old Alum."—the only one for whom I can speak—can hear, across the years, the very tones of Miss Jordan's voice, as, in sensible and kindly words, it set to building up the ruins of a world which had just tumbled down about a discouraged girl's ears. Alas that that girl made so little of her re-created world. . . .

Others will speak of Miss Jordan's long and faithful service, of her loyalty to Smith, of her high achievement in academic and literary lines, of her rare culture, of her broad sympathies. I speak only, in my little paragraph, of the abundance of life in her, of the greatness of her heart. . . .

No, it cannot be. You write me, dear Editor, that Miss Jordan is going to leave Smith. Miss Jordan will never—can never—leave Smith. If she insists on trying it, she may reduce herself there to a legend. But the mere legend of Miss Jordan will be livelier and more potent than the flesh-and-blood of most people.

GRACE KELLOGG GRIFFITH, 1908.

To M. A. J.

In my thought of you
You are Light,
Quicksilver light on the stream of our lives.

Your glance,
Questing, exploring,
Was a ray of your spirit,
Lightly ironic, elusive, illuminating,
Delicate, humorous, tenderly wise;
Flashing as fire and steadfast as faith,
Deep as the waters of life.

You were a touchstone for truth,
You flung open the doors and bade us look out,
You foretold wars and put worlds together for us,
You poured yourself in a passionate shining upon us. . .

Not our words can repay you
Nor the love in the hearts of us,
But the soul's clear sincerity. . . .
Oh, I am sorry for those who come after,
Untouched by your light.

MARY HASTINGS BRADLEY, 1905.

Home To Roost

"A human life, artistically lived, is the most artistic thing in the world." The words, which were the beginning of a diverting and stimulating digression from the matter in hand, reached rows and rows of strivers after literary fame, from Seniors who had arrived—on the *Monthly* Board—to obscure but hopeful members of the First Class. Suppose that lives, like papers for English 13, could be poked through a slot into a box, and later returned, with a neat and pithy comment inscribed upon them!

A Freshman, with aspirations toward the basketball team, and fears of a condition in Math., a hunger for fudge rather than a thirst for learning, but a real, if unexpressed, enjoyment of some of her academic pursuits, with trembling fingers picks her essay from the pile and deciphers the words, "Interesting material." Stopping for a moment on her way from a committee meeting to a dramatics rehearsal, a Senior looks at her wrist watch (where do they wear Phi Beta Kappa keys nowadays?) and lays down her copy of *Europe Since 1815*, to read "Excellent local color." A plump, matronly alumna, frisking about in a costume designed by a slim spinster, pauses in the midst of her dissertation on the management of husbands, measles, and washing machines, and finds the criticism, "Good enough to be better."

Lastly the professor comes to receive the verdict upon the work which she so skilfully planned, carefully wrought and perfectly finished. Upon it hundreds of appreciative women have written the one word, "Good."

MARJORIE WESSON FRANCIS, 1911.

A Portrait

Had I but the key to the magic of the palette, what a portrait I would paint for you! I would not show the physical likeness of my subject, but in my picture there should lie the many treasures of her mind and spirit, and the meaning of her life and influence to those who know her.

I think I would paint a deep, deep pool with unplumbed depths, its ripples circling on and on to the edges of my canvas. There, upon its banks should be throngs of women and girls, some from foreign lands, others closer at hand, some with children at their skirts and others bearing symbols of achievement in lines of art or business. All alike should be stooping to dip the fingers of loving memory into the wavelets flowing to their feet from the deep pool.

With my magic brush, I would put into these ripples the many gifts which she has given them and which they can never forget—the lightning flashes of her rapier-like wit, the flickering sunshine of her sparkling humor, the warm glow of her ready sympathy, and the crystal clearness of her far-seeing vision. And on the surface of the waters I would paint the reflections of her joy in the beauties of life and of art, and in their constant level I would symbolize her unerring judgment between truth and falsity.

All this and more should live in my portrait, and on the metal plate upon its frame I would print her name, “Miss Jordan of Smith College.”

FRANCES CARPENTER HUNTINGTON, 1912.

A Tribute

Ah, dear friend Paul of Tarsus, how truly I can utter with you, "The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak"! Not many generations ago—is it less than ten years?—how freely did those "three hundred more words for Andy's copy" flow from the tip of our Waterman's Never-leak,—or was it "Ever-leak"? But now, even with the aid of Friend Husband's cherished Eversharp, and a *de luxe* edition of scratch paper, with what difficulty are the cohorts of memories marshalled into any sort of rank that they may utter what is in our heart!

May I, perhaps, be a humble spokesman for those loyal students and friends of Miss Jordan, who, since leaving college, are much more versed in writing recipes than theses—who can recite glibly baby's milk formula with its intricate combinations and permutations, and yet who feel quite unable to express adequately their deep appreciation of all that she has done for them.

Truly, as yet, we have been perhaps too busy to "go on with our writing." But we are "carrying on" in our everyday lives the spark of inspiration which Miss Jordan kindled for us. Hers was a perception which instantly grasped whatever was worth-while and beautiful in thought or expression, no matter in what humble garb or unlovely surroundings it might be. And hers also a keenness equally quick to expose, and, if necessary, ridicule to its death, whatever was petty or false or unworthy. Four years of class work with such a teacher have given us a sense of balance in criticism which enables us to go through life with a finer sense of discrimination, a keener appreciation of the beautiful and the true, a broader tolerance for differing opinions, and a wholesome distaste for anything less than the best.

May I thank you, Miss Jordan, not only in behalf of the College and of myself, but also as a spokesman for the host of your former students who are now business-women, housewives and busy mothers. They are grateful, as am I, to the brilliant woman, the ever kind friend, the fair-minded critic, for the added richness and breadth she has brought into our lives.

LOIS GOULD ROBINSON, 1914.

Lines To Miss Jordan

(*From an Old Grad.*)

When our day came for leaving the college
To sail our uncharted seas,
We were some of us sad,
And some of us glad,
And all of us weak in the knees:
For we dreaded those fair fields before us,
And wondered what fortunes we'd find—
And I'm free to confess
That the worst of the mess
Was our having to leave you behind.

But now that we hear you are coming
To enter the race by our side,
Why our hopes, they fly high
With your star in our sky,
Who knows how much further we'll ride?—
Our regrets to our sisters benighted,
Whose genius must smoulder unseen;
As for us, we can't fuss
For you're coming to us,
And will start our *own* English 13!

HELEN WALBRIDGE, 1902.

Tea

The white-panelled door is just ajar. There are murmurs on the other side, and through the opening seeps a faintly aromatic odor of lemon and alcohol (denatured). The lady's hands have a cordial grasp. They are fine hands, moving here and there in speaking gestures, and making transitions easily, introductions and tea in close sequence. Her amber beads swing a little. The ornamental comb nods graciously from her black hair. The room is filled with curious, incoherent things and Personages. If Alice in Wonderland had wandered from the Dutchess' kitchen into her parlor, she might have found it thus. There is a strange, rich atmosphere emanating more from conversations than from furniture. None of the chairs is like another. A masculine element rises and bows and produces more chairs, and a feminine element sits and bows and tinkles its spoons in its thin china tea-cups.

One or two favorite young men from the Faculty are much at ease—very much. It is disheartening when they leave almost immediately. The "petit salon" casts a glamour over them which the class-room has not. They glow with human instincts and passions. It is as if they were not members of the Faculty, but almost—almost—(hush!) eligible. Oh female hearts! . . . The Paragon of undergraduate learning and elegance reclines on my Lady's right hand. She is altogether awful in the reaches of her erudition as she casually reviews in the tone of polite conversation the recent numbers of the *Nation*, the *New Republic* and the *Independent*. She disports herself with bold strokes upon the high seas, while the timid ones wade in the shallows and wonder if, even as Seniors, they will be able to swim quite as well.

It is pleasant to listen to the talk, pleasant to think of little contributions to it, which a timid one might make, if she had the courage—but she never has. A stray word reminds her of a family incident, she shifts in her seat, she loses her appetite, she waits for an opportune pause. It comes. She clears her throat, and lo, one of those more fortunate ones who never have throat-throuble, has skil-

fully turned the conversation and the timid one sinks back in her chair. Her chance is gone. Too bad; it was rather a clever remark. Never mind. Her appetite returns. Everything is still pleasant.

The time passes; there is a general movement. An exeunt seems somehow much less bold than an exit to the timid one, and this is her opportunity. She does not dare to miss it and so she files out with perfunctory adieux which are not the expressions of her heart.

It is not the words which are spoken there that seem to matter afterward. It is the sense that the person entering the little dusky room has stepped up from a level of common campus and academic dust to a vista of green and pleasant places. There comes a time to most young people when they begin to realize that all printed matter is not literature, that a great deal of it is nothing but garbage, variously composed but savouring always of coffee-grounds and egg-shells. Perhaps a kinder name for it is "trash." Its Eternal Triangle presents no new angles. It bores us; we have an instinct to get below or above the surface. We wish to dig a little, and to fly a little, and then it is that we must not be laughed at. Often to those who have long been soaring, our initial efforts are ludicrous. Their laughter, cutting cruelly, clips our wings until we turn into common barn-yard fowls, scratching among pearl-less oyster-shells and crowing to bid the sun rise because we know no better. We never forget the rare personality, which, though a Power among powers in its own sphere, is yet keen and sympathetic enough to recognize the value of our little thoughts, and to express its recognition through so simple a medium as a cup of tea. Poured out in that environment by those eloquent hands, it is a symbol of initiation into the goodly Fellowship of Thoughtful People. We may be very young, we may not quite understand at the time the full significance of our satisfaction and the richness of its quality; but we remember, ah, indeed we do, and our appreciation grows in retrospect.

JUDITH MATLACK, 1920.

A Tribute

Smith College without Miss Jordan! Impossible! Every old *Monthly* Editor must have some such reaction when she hears of Miss Jordan's resignation. We endure again our first exquisitely painful, pleasurable thrill over having our works read aloud in English 13. How cleverly she enticed us into doing our best those of us have tried teaching have learned to appreciate. We could reminisce indefinitely, but we are sternly curtailed. One episode of our Senior year stands out with vividness. It was the night of the midwinter meeting of the Alpha Society and we were making our *début* as President. The play was particularly fine and had been rehearsed for weeks. Suddenly the Powers announced that Harriet Boyd Hawes would speak to the College on that very night. Never did it enter our innocent minds that there was an alternative. The Alpha Society met and had its play, but the next morning *The Monthly* received an article from Miss Jordan which stated that the Alpha Society had "sold its birthright for a mess of pottage." What a buzzing there was on *The Monthly* Board! Should we print it or should we not?—Strange are the ways of seventeen years! I can't remember now whether we printed it, or whether we rebelled. I only know that now I agree with Miss Jordan that the lecture was a "sold birthright," though wild horses would not drag from me an admission that the play was "a mess of pottage."

Although the course of the '04 *Monthly* Board seldom did run smooth, I am sure I speak for all its members when I say that we are all grateful to the college for giving us in our plastic days contact with that witty, sarcastic, kind, stimulating personality—Miss Jordan.

CANDACE THURBER STEVENSON, 1904.

To Miss Jordan

A kindly critic looked upon our youthful works of art, and sometimes wrote... not merely "Good," nor merely "Bad"... but "Good enough to be better." We were chastened, but encouraged... and we knew that she was just.

So we took this criticism to our hearts; we felt it also scrawled across our lives; and it became a secret spring of inspiration to us... and a seed of new philosophy.

We write across our memory of her... "Above all others, 'Excellent.'"

EDITH HILL BAYLES, 1921.

1

1/2

